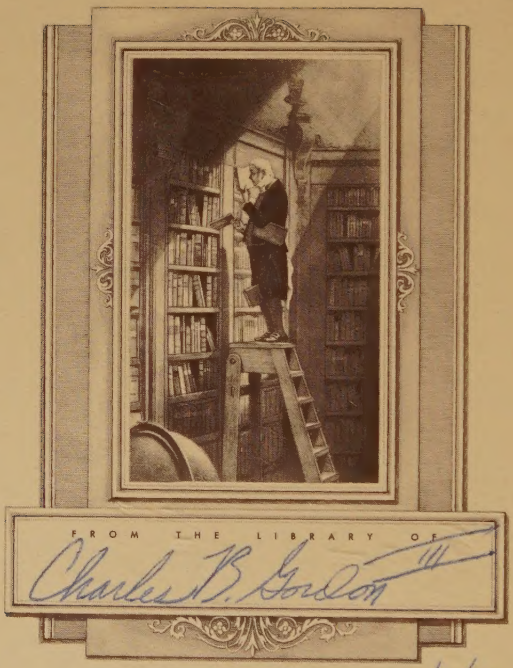
GOSSIP FROM PARIS
DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE

ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT



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DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE

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ANTHONY R. NORTH, ESQ.

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DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE

CORRESPONDENCE (1864–1869) OF
ANTHONY B. NORTH PEAT
Attaché au Cabinet du Ministre
de l'Intérieur and, later,
Attaché au Conseil d'État

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
A. R. WALLER

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PREFACE

THE letters from which the following selections have been made were sent daily from Paris during the years 1864 to 1870, by Mr. Anthony B. North Peat, Attaché au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur, who died from the effects of an accident during the early days of the siege of Paris. They were addressed mainly to the readers of the *Morning Star*, a daily London paper, the organ of the Manchester school of politics, but several appeared elsewhere, notably in *The Yorkshire Post*. Thanks are due to the proprietors of the latter paper, and to the proprietors of the *Daily News*, with which the *Morning Star* was incorporated when it ceased to exist as a separate paper in 1870, for their kind permission to reprint.

As Attaché Mr. North Peat saw every morning the telegrams which passed through the Home Office, and thus was enabled to test the accuracy of current reports. The natural objection to a Government Attaché being the correspondent of a foreign paper was waived shortly after the correspondence began, and, the sanction of His Excellency, the Marquis

de Lavalette, having been obtained, the letters were continued with the approbation of the Government.

The letters thus contributed were handed to the publishers of the present volume for publication in the spring of 1902. They form nine bulky volumes, and range over the political and social life of Paris during those few years. They are essentially the letters of a journalist, and, in selecting about one-twelfth of the material to form the present volume, I have sought to give that which might interest readers of to-day. In the form in which they were preserved the letters were naturally full of misprints; I have tried to eliminate these as far as may be, but I cannot hope entirely to have succeeded.

A. R. W.

NORTH PEAT LETTERS

ETRETAT

"A CHEAP bathing-place on the French coast"—such is the desideratum inquired for in a letter bearing the London postmark, signed "The Father of Six Children," which the *facteur* handed me this morning. I reply to pater-familias, Take the steamer from Southampton to Havre, and thence proceed by omnibus to Etretat.

Twenty years ago the very name of Etretat was unknown. Even now it is marked on few maps. Alphonse Karr, that most fascinating of French modern writers, was ill. He had overworked his brain. Rest and seclusion were ordered. His friends advised him to try Fécamp, but Fécamp is a mere port, and the scenery around is bare and rugged—therefore utterly uncongenial to the future amateur gardener of Nice. He wandered on, and a few miles farther east found himself in a green valley lying between wooded hills. The scene became more picturesque at every turn of the road. Broad fields of golden corn, quaint homesteads, luxuriant orchards, rich pastures dotted over by the splendid animals so peculiar to Normandy met his eye on every side. Suddenly a lovelier picture still burst on his sight. A broad expanse of liquid sapphire, fishing-boats and their sepia-tinted sails, a quiet bay half encircled by a tiny village and guarded, as it were, by gigantic rocks, standing out at sea like monster sentinels. On the extreme right these rocks form a magnificent arch,

beneath which the tide gurgles in rolling masses of white foam; while on the left a needle-shaped peak stands out in the sea: on either side a line of white cliffs and a wide extent of green downs. Alphonse Karr stood amazed, and inquired the name of the village.

Brought into notice by the magic of his brilliant pen, Etretat has become the favourite resort of the literary and artistic world. The valley leading to it is now studded by villas belonging to many of the celebrated men of the day, who seem to take delight in fixing their abode as near heaven as possible. The edifice, however, which, seen against the sky-line as you arrive from Beuzeville, attracts most attention, is the residence of a retired grocer, who, having accumulated a considerable sum of money in the brown sugar and yellow soap line, bethought himself of turning into a Norman baron of the feudal times, and accordingly he built himself a castle, with moat and keep, and dungeon dark and drear, and strong portcullis, putting, as he fondly flattered himself, the finishing touch to his faithful imitation of the habits and customs of Norman barons by seducing the village sexton into digging up a skeleton out of the churchyard, which the man of sugar and spice hung in chains over the tower-flanked entrance of his castle. The consternation of the simple-minded fishermen, and more especially the terror of their wives, at this spectacle can be easier imagined than described. M. le Maire "transported himself," as the French express it, to the spot, a *procès verbal* was made out, but the baron grocer refused to return his skeleton to its mother earth in the churchyard. The affair came to the ears of M. le Préfet, whereupon not only was the order issued for the instant restoration of the skeleton to its rightful place, but the instigator of the deed was heavily fined for having induced the sexton thus to violate the sanctity of the churchyard, the poor man himself dismissed with the malediction of the Church, and furthermore sentenced to three months' imprisonment. I must do the would-be feudal baron the justice to say that on his release he promoted him to the post of

warder, or, in common parlance, *concierge*, in which sinecure he now flourishes.

Beneath this formidable castle stands the residence of Offenbach, with whose musical compositions Europe is so well acquainted. Less ambitious than his neighbour, M. *l'épicier*, the author of *La Belle Hélène* built a comfortable house, where he dispenses hospitality with no sparing hand. Paul Courrier's castellated mansion, by its size and solid masonry, proves that journalism is not utterly unremunerative. The house of M. Prévost-Paradol has a less imposing aspect; but instead of discussing the architectural fancies of literary celebrities. We quitted Paris by the first train, having booked ourselves for Beuzeville. From Beuzeville we proceeded to Etretat by omnibus. Unfortunately, it was market-day, and the said vehicle—an abominable cross between the diligence of olden days and a third-class railway carriage, was therefore filled by stout Norman dames, each in charge of heavily-laden baskets of squeaking fowls, odoriferous onions and every variety of strong-smelling herb.

The road was at first profoundly uninteresting. However, after enduring martyrdom for two long hours, the view of the lovely valley and distant sea somewhat restored our equanimity; and by the time we entered the Grande Rue, where the arrival of the omnibus was evidently the event of the day, a benignant smile illumined our hitherto irate countenances.

La Grande Rue! You naturally picture rows of gas-lighted restaurants and plate-glass-windowed shops. These illusions must be dismissed. Etretat is innocent of gas. The word "restaurant" to its inhabitants would be as intelligible as a passage from the Koran. 'Tis true La Grande Rue boasts of a library, where, after minute investigation, I discovered some of Paul de Kock's worst novels *en feuilleton*, of which I was offered the perusal for the moderate sum of thirty sous. La Grande Rue likewise has its jeweller, whose stock consists of a few silver-worked clasps, and I did once see an ancient watch in the window; but I suspect that

respectable timepiece belonged to the proprietor, and was expected to act the part of a decoy duck. There is likewise a *modiste*, who, I was informed, constructed the wonderful flannel headgear, hood-shaped, in which the fair portion of the visitors, for some inconceivable reason, delight to disfigure themselves. And, lastly, La Grande Rue has a butcher, whose stall is occasionally decorated by one or two headless sheep.

The *plage* is the grand rendezvous for the world in general. The exclusives take refuge in the Casino—a gay little edifice erected on the beach, possessing a terrace-walk. From this height the rank and fashion of Etretat look down with pity not unmingled with scorn on the vulgar crowd below.

The *plage!* How can I convey an idea of its picturesque and comical singularity? The said *plage*, or beach, stretches in a crescent form around the bay. Rows of bathing-boxes separate it from the village, behind which stretches the green expanse of downs and the receding valley, while as you lounge on its sunny banks the lovely bay, walled in by white cliffs, terminating on the right by the arch of rock and on the left by the needle peak, lies at your feet, and every now and then its rippling waters compel you to shift your position to a higher ledge of shingle. Beneath an awning formed by a tattered sail stuck on four poles are to be found those who have bathed, and who therefore criticise those who are bathing, and not a little unmercifully, oblivious of the fact that they themselves presented quite as grotesque an appearance as their victims a few hours earlier in the day. It is impossible not to be struck by the imperturbable coolness with which bathers of both sexes emerge from their boxes and brave the gaze of the loungers, each attired in a tight garment of dark serge, to which ladies add a sort of kilt, the object of which has ever been a mystery to me. With a laudable desire to conceal this frightful costume from the public, each bather shrouds his person as best he may in a sort of *chlamyde* of white flannel, which he deposits on the beach as he enters the sea. Ladies adopt hats of oil-silk, and perhaps

imagine this head-dress becoming; others adorn round caps with red trimmings, but vain are these efforts. The whole get-up is conspicuous for ugliness, and neither the genius of Poole nor the art of Worth himself could mitigate its hideous character. The best swimmers go out in canoes, and paddle far out to sea, whence they take headers, and, pushing the canoe before them, return to shore; but the majority, especially the ladies, are satisfied with jumping off a boat moored for their advantage about fifty yards out to sea, thence swimming home. It is a fact that almost every French woman swims with remarkable ease, whilst few amongst the English can accomplish above a few strokes. I saw better swimming by the fair sex than by the male bipeds. A good swimmer is quickly known, and becomes the hero of the beach. As he appears on the *plage* he is pointed out to new-comers, and from the instant he emerges in the flannel *chlamyde* he is a personage of interest. As he takes his first header every lorgnon is directed to his movements. He feels this, and, inspired by the ambition of an acrobat, does his best to amuse his audience. Marvellous are the costumes in which the male portion of the visitors attract the attention and, for aught I know to the contrary, the admiration of the fair sex. For what reason I know not, Hessian boots extending high above the knee are extensively patronised even by such men as Offenbach, Prévost-Paradol, etc. Now, as—unless you deliberately walk into the sea—you have no more chance of wetting your lower extremities at Etretat than in Oxford Street, the object of this precautionary measure I never could fathom. Some men—evidently the "swells"—break out in entire knickerbocker suits of white flannel; others in bright blue; and a few in black velvet. The ordinary "tile" is naturally discarded, and the brilliant scarlet *berret* of the fishermen universally adopted. These patches of bright colour scattered on the beach have an admirable effect.

A sudden movement among the knickerbockers aroused our attention, and a rush to the water's edge "*motivé*," as we

perceived, by the approach of fishing-smacks, returning after twelve hours' absence. Roughly as these boats are built, they are especially picturesque and graceful in their shape. The dark brown sails, patched and discoloured, tell of many a storm-tossed night and many a day of hardship. On a boat coming in, the women of the village swarm down to the beach, their first motive being to hear the news, and the next to wind up the windlass by which each smack is hauled up on the beach high above the water-mark. Men take no part in this arduous undertaking. I have seen as many as twelve women engaged for half an hour in pushing round the spokes of the huge wheel by which the rope to which the boat is attached is wound up on shore, whilst crowds of men and boys looked on without the slightest offer of putting their own shoulders to the wheel. I am not an advocate for women's right of voting as a general principle, but I maintain these women have as good a right as their ungallant other halves to have a voice in the councils of the nation. Mr. Stuart Mill ought to come to Etretat.

The washing establishment of the village is a most primitive institution. On washing-day you may see some dozens of women kneeling on the beach, delving amongst the shingle till they each make a circular basin-shaped hole amongst the stones. If you watch for a few minutes, this hole is speedily filled by fresh water, in which your shirts and collars are submerged and acquire a far better colour than under the *eau de javelle* process, so extensively practised by your Parisian *blanchisseuse*. The most curious fact is that when the tide is in, the sea covers this part of the beach, and completely washes over the holes recently made by the *blanchisseuses*. Nevertheless, the supply of soft water never fails, and is, the women assured me, of the best quality. I can assert that my shirts were remarkably well washed.

Croquet flourishes amongst the English colony. A member of that respected portion of the community informed me, in a tone Lord Dundreary himself would have envied, "Etretat is looking up, I have played three games to-day." The

ground is reached along a perfect labyrinth of green lanes, overshadowed by beeches and oaks; on either side are charming residences of every possible style of architecture, each surrounded by brilliant flower gardens and masses of wood. That of Madame Dorus Gras is most picturesque—the house being on the side of the valley, with the pleasure grounds sloping down to the road. M. de Villemessant's is perched on a rock, defying the elements, after a most uncomfortable manner.

But, alas for France! Croquet will never be acclimatised beneath her sunny skies, any more than cricket, in spite of the efforts of the club and its spirited president. The French look on while we play, but they "do not see it." Meanwhile let me recommend La Passée, where this popular game is celebrated, to the serious attention of all persons engaged in love-making or flirting of any kind. The romantic wood which clothes the hillside is eminently designed for the research after botanical or entomological specimens, or for the pursuit of sylvian studies in general. It is rich in spots peculiarly appropriate to those *tête-à-têtes* wherein brown hats are to be seen in close propinquity to scarlet *berrets*. And when these shady groves have been duly explored, you have but to cross the hillside to find yourself on the downs, from the edge of which the white cliffs shelve in a perpendicular line to the sea.

A charming expedition is that to the Chambre des Demoiselles. Once upon a time the castle of a Norman count crowned this peak. A Saxon chief loved his daughter. But the Norman scorned the Saxon alliance. The fair Clothilde pined in her bower, and looked out towards the sea. One moonlight night a man's form appeared at her turret window. It was the Saxon with a rope of silken scarves. She allowed him to lower her into the boat which had conveyed him across the Channel. This done, he prepared to follow; but, lo! he stumbled, and fell into the boiling surf, never to rise. The young lady expiated her attempted escape by perpetual imprisonment in the Chambre des Demoiselles. The spot

where her lover sank to rise no more is called Le Trou à l'Homme. It's a lovely story merely; I beg leave to doubt that a castle ever existed on the cliff. The fragments representing the said *chambre*, to my eye, bear a strong family resemblance to the rocks that lie scattered around. Unromantic this, but, nevertheless, true.

Another expedition, but one which involves almost goat-like activity, is that to the Chaudron on the opposite cliff. On the way thither you pass the little chapel de Nôtre Dame du Bon Secour, where the wives of fishermen out on distant expeditions pray, day and night, for their husbands' safe return, and, confident in the Virgin's power to save, deposit their little offerings at her shrine. Passing this rudely-sculptured chapel, you proceed along the *falaise* till you perceive steps cut in the rock, by which, supposing you to be endowed with peculiar tenacity of purpose, you descend to the level of the sea, and find yourself at the entrance of a gallery bored in the solid stone by the action of the tide. Having crept through this narrow passage, you reach a fissure in the cliff called the Chaudron. In rough weather, or at high tide, the sea rushes up this fissure in clouds of steaming foam. This spot invariably recalls to my memory one very similar on the south-western coast of Ireland, where, not many summers since, I joined a party of friends. One stormy afternoon we set forth from their house to observe the effect of the gathering tempest from a projecting rock, called the Puffing Hole, there being in its centre a large hole through which, in rough weather, the sea rises in columns of spray, producing the effect of a monster *jet d'eau*. Our party consisted of my friend and his wife, and two daughters, the youngest of whom on this fatal afternoon leant on the arm of an officer in the army, to whom she was engaged. The walk was rendered most unpleasant in consequence of the rising wind; but we considered ourselves amply repaid by the magnificence of the scene. The Atlantic was literally lashed to fury. Never had the waves risen to such amazing height. The lovers stood together on the brink of the slippery rock. The columns of water forced by the violence of the waves through the hole

rose to some sixty or seventy feet high. Well-nigh blinded by the clouds of spray, we turned to leave the spot when a wild shriek, louder than the storm, pierced the air, and we saw a whirling, struggling mass disappear from the rock. Twenty-four hours later the corpses of Emily C—— and Colonel S—— were washed on shore—fast locked in each other's arms. The young girl's mother died a few months afterwards of the effects of the shock.

Etretat has also its romance. Amongst many English visitors there arrived in the autumn of 186– the daughter of an English peer. The lady lived alone. She was a fervent Catholic, and, although somewhat eccentric in her habits, she was evidently a person of cultivated mind and artistic tastes. Months elapsed. Winter, in all its bleak desolation, made of Etretat the most lonely spot on the coast. Still the lady dwelt with her little Norman maid in the cottage on the cliff. Another summer and autumn brought the usual influx of visitors, but the lady mixed not with them. She lived apart, and for all amusement went out boating, attended by her little maid. The boat the lady preferred belonged to Cyrille, a fisherman, whose daring exploits at sea had won for him the *sobriquet* of "Le Hardi." His *fiancée* had died on the eve of their marriage. This sudden grief imparted a sadness to his manner which subdued its native roughness. Moreover, he was marvellously well-looking. At the close of the second winter, the marriage of Le Hardi and the English lady of the cottage on the cliff was celebrated at the ancient Norman church by the old curé of the village. The world of Etretat greatly marvelled. "Que voulez vous?—the lady has money," said the world. Five weeks elapsed. A white sea-gull flew past the cottage window and perched on a distant cliff. The lady wished for its wing to place in her hat. Cyrille took his gun—her gift to him—and, promising to return in a few hours, kissed his bride—his last kiss—for the gun burst, and he was carried home a lifeless corpse.

A window of peculiar beauty and splendid colouring in the ancient Norman church bears the following inscription:—"A la Mémoire de Cyrille."

THE FLOWERS OF PARIS

FLOWERS have the rare privilege of being loved by all—by the rich as well as by the poor, by the civilised as well as by the savage. It is not only in the midst of plenty that people conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with flowers. Their cultivation on a large scale among the French peasantry and by the poorer classes of great cities, has, perhaps, contributed more to the civilising of the coarser organs than all the treatises of philosophy ever penned. Those who have studied French life in its different phases can testify that a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, or a jessamine on a window-sill, are always good omens to a tired traveller. For my part I know of a professional beggar in Paris who only tunes his harp and sings before those houses on whose balconies ivy, nasturtium, or sweet pea are struggling for existence, well aware that the hand which cultivates plants can never be closed against the supplications of the poor. At one of the windows of the house in which I live are a few geraniums, a fuchsia, and a rose. I always notice that it is before this window that those who have obtained a licence to beg congregate, very certain that from the flower-pots will fall something to their advantage.

Fortunately, however, flowers do not attract the attention of beggars alone. Many are the great men and women of France who have held these floral apostles in reverence; many have been the consolations derived by kings and queens from their twined petals and perfumed breath. Louis XIV. specially loved the scent of the orange blossom, and had one huge tree in every room of his palace. Mdlle.

de la Vallière, wishing to conceal her state, surrounded herself with tuberoses, the scent of which, although peculiarly agreeable to the Grand Roi, was considered as fatal to women in her situation. Marie Antoinette was passionately fond of flowers, and constantly wore natural ones on her Court dresses. On the morning of the day on which she was to receive for the first time the Emperor and Empress of Russia, travelling under the name of the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, the Queen desired her tirewoman to bring the dress she was to wear into her boudoir, and wreathe it with fresh flowers according to her own directions. The woman was thus employed when Louis XVI. and one of his ministers entered ; the King looked surprised, as his visit had been announced. "You will pardon this breach of etiquette," explained the Queen, "but the flowers are natural, and would fade if not arranged at once." The flowers she loved so well conveyed to her the last pleasurable sensation she experienced in life. When immured in the dark and damp dungeon still to be seen at the Conciergerie, Madame Richard, the wife of the *concierge* of the prison, brought her daily a bouquet of the flowers she had always preferred—pinks, tuberoses, and above all, her favourite juliennes. For this innocent act was Madame Richard denounced to the revolutionary tribunal and imprisoned. In later years another, who likewise occupied a throne, and was also hurled from her high estate to reap the bitter fruits of humiliation, devoted her latter days of solitude to the cultivation of flowers. The Empress Josephine's gardens at Malmaison were the wonder of her time. With the aid of her gardener, Dupont, she collected every variety of rose then known in Belgium, Holland and England, and even succeeded in raising many new varieties still in high repute in the horticultural world.

The lily and violet have played an important rôle in the history of France. Under the Bourbon dynasty, the great actress, Mdlle. Mars, was hissed and insulted because she appeared on the stage with a bouquet of violets, that flower having been selected by the first Emperor as his emblem.

The circumstance was the cause of several duels being fought. In France at present the rose is the favourite flower. I believe but one woman ever lived who hated the very sight of that blossom, and still more its perfume, and that woman was Anne of Austria. At the present moment roses are the fashion, and specially sought for by lovers and *fiancés*. In winter, as well as in summer, four hundred pounds' worth of roses are sold in Paris alone, which makes 4,320,000 roses in the year. As it is the custom in France only to give white roses to young girls, even throughout the winter, the gardeners of the environs have invented a special system of forcing by which this flower can be produced at any time of the year. Rose trees are placed under frames at a heat of 20 Réaumur for thirty to forty days, during which time the plant, whatever be the original colour of its blossoms, produces white roses. To alter the colour of the plant this heat is gradually increased and every ray of light excluded from the frame during the last days previous to the opening of the flowers. The white lilac plants and bouquets, sold at so high a price in the streets of Paris during winter, are produced in this manner. Many are the purchasers of white lilac plants who, having carefully preserved them during the winter, have planted them out in their gardens in the spring and been amazed to see their delicate white blossoms reproduced in the coaser kind of the common tree lilac. This fact very nearly caused the rupture of a long engagement between two young friends of mine, which engagement had, however, stood the test of time and much opposition. A few years ago the young *fiancée* received from her lover a beautiful plant of white lilac, covered with delicate blossoms and pale sea-green leaves. I am not learned in the language of flowers, but I am instructed by one less ignorant than myself that white lilac signifies constancy, and I know not how many other equally valuable attributes. It was a parting gift. Victor de M—— was to start the following morning for Algeria, to join his regiment of Spahis quartered at Blidah. Lucille well-nigh killed the plant with care, for the *fiancé* was to

return in spring and claim her for his bride; her whole heart was set, therefore, on its reflowering then. Truly the poor lilac recovered marvellously (when planted out in the open ground) from the evil effects of spending a winter in the heated atmosphere of a drawing-room, and grew and put forth leaves, but lo! they were a horrid dark green, and blossoms came of a vulgar lilac such as one gathers in the hedgerows. The very next day after this discovery Victor de M—— returned, and horror! his first inquiry was for the white lilac, for he had attached a superstitious interest to its reflowering. Lucille vainly tried to turn his thoughts to another subject, but he persisted, and, at last, with a beating heart, she led him to the sunny spot in the garden where it was flourishing, and at that moment a mass of lilac flowers.

"But that's not the plant I gave you."

"*Mais si*, I have taken such care of it."

"That is not my plant; that has been given to you by someone else—by your cousin perhaps in the Garde Impériale, that Alphonse, as you call him, who was always hanging about, and, now I think of it, bringing you flowers besides."

In vain his betrothed assured him that it was the very plant he had given her on that last day when she had shed such bitter tears. She admitted the transformation was strange—inexplicable; but she had prayed so much to the Blessed Virgin, maybe it was a special mark of her favour—a miracle, in fact.

"*Sapristi!* Miracle, indeed! Cousin Alphonse, in the Garde Impériale, was the miracle, and it was for his sake, or for the sake of his uniform, she had watered it, and wept over it, and prayed to the Virgin over it, and—and——"

A thought struck poor Lucille at this crisis. "You remember where you purchased the plant?" Certainly he remembered—at Montreuil, and it had taken him half a day to get there; and he might have saved himself that journey and another beside it.

"Will you return there," sobbingly asked his *fiancée*, "and relate what has occurred, for my sake?"

Not he. He wouldn't go to Montreuil with such a *coq à-l'âne* story. The case was plain. He would return to his regiment, and never think of woman again. They were all alike for that matter, as his father had often told him, and his colonel and all his comrades—only he had thought Lucille was different.

It is easy to get into a rage and storm away, but it is not always quite so easy to act up to what one has said in the white heat of jealousy. The ride from Ville d'Avray to Paris was long, and M. le Lieutenant had scarcely cantered down the avenue of my friend's château before he repented his hasty words. The thought occurred to him he might as well turn his horse's head towards Versailles and dine at Duboux, and perhaps in the evening he would take Montreuil on his way home. True, it would be fourteen miles! What cared he for fatigue? Life was all one to him now. He had come from Algeria—and, by-the-by, given up the chance of a lion hunt with Pertuiset—all for the sake of the veriest coquette that ever breathed; but he ought to have thought of it before. That Alphonse was always at Ville d'Avray, and, besides, his regiment of La Garde had been quartered at Versailles that winter. So convenient a lounge too—just ten minutes by rail. However, for the curiosity of the thing, and just to clear his conscience, he would go to Montreuil, and never mind the dinner at Duboux. And to Montreuil he rode, and at a slapping pace too, very much as if he cared to get there.

On reaching the gate of the nursery garden his heart beat somewhat quickly. "Was Monsieur Bertin in the gardens?" Monsieur was engaged—he was making up a *bouquet de mariage*, for which he was selecting the flowers. "Monsieur le Lieutenant would find him at the white-lilac frames."

"Ravi de revoir, monsieur," exclaimed old Bertin, on again seeing his excellent customer. "I am making up the wedding bouquet of the great heiress who is to marry Capitaine ——"

"Hang the bouquet!" thought Victor de M——, as he ruthlessly interrupted his loquacious friend by a succinct

narrative of what was said to have occurred to his last purchase, adding that naturally he did not believe in any such transformation.

"Pardon, M. le Lieutenant, rien de plus simple. This is my forcing-house. There are three hundred lilacs; their blossoms, as you see, are white, their leaves pale green. Next spring I plant them out; they become common lilacs, or rather return to what they originally were. Here is my system."

"Merci!" cried Victor de M——, "I am rather in a hurry, as I have to get back to Ville d'Avray before dusk"; and so saying he dashed out of the garden, much to the amazement of my quiet old friend Bertin and to the discomfiture of an officer in the uniform of La Garde, against whom he knocked as he tried to rush out of the narrow gate.

As he raised his *képi* and attempted to apologise, he recognised the identical cousin Alphonse he had so much belied.

"So you have returned from Algeria. I invite you to my wedding to-morrow. I marry Mdlle. Bonnefonds, the millionaire," said the latter, after a hurried recognition.

"Ah, I congratulate you," responded Victor, as he jumped on his horse.

One month later I received my *billet de faire part* for the marriage of M. le Lieutenant Victor de M—— and the fair Lucille; and as the bride swept past me in the aisle of the cathedral church of St. Louis, at Versailles, a delicious fragrance of white lilac perfumed the air, and I remarked that her bridal robes were profusely adorned with that graceful flower.

The nursery gardens of Paris are well worthy the attention of the visitor. The most interesting, however, is that belonging to the city, known by the name of the Fleuriste de la Muette, situated at the Passy gate, in the Bois de Boulogne. This vast horticultural laboratory contains about forty hothouses, some of which are of colossal proportions. There are few roses cultivated here, for the simple reason that their flowers are invariably robbed during the night by lovers anxious to win a smile from their various lady-loves by the offering of a rose. It required at least three *sergents de ville*

in each square, and several more in such open gardens as the Champs Elysées and the Parc Monceaux, to defend the roses. This being considered a somewhat superfluous duty by M. le Préfet de Police, who required his men for different work, roses are but sparingly bestowed on the inhabitants of Paris. In the establishment in question, which is one of the most extensive in Europe, and the largest in France, fuchsias, cannas, pelargoniums, verbenas, calceolarias, ageretums, and chrysanthemums are chiefly cultivated. Three thousand frames shelter the young plants from the changes and chances of this variable climate, and immense subterranean chambers, lighted and heated by gas, preserve the bulbous plants during the winter. One immense hothouse is devoted to the rearing of the palm trees so successfully planted out during the summer months, four to camellia trees, and several to solanums, caladiums, begonias, hibiscus, musa gigantea, wigandea, etc. One hundred gardeners alone are occupied in the task of multiplying these plants, whose number this year amounted to 3,000,000. The City Nursery Gardens possess 350 varieties of fuchsias, represented by 100,000 plants. Of pelargoniums there are 200,000 plants, of which 15,000 are of the kind so popular in England called Mrs. Pollock. I saw but one specimen of the Lucy Greve, which single specimen is taken as much care of as though it were a delicate young duchess. Of the palm tribe, these gardens possess 400 different species, and have 20,000 trees at this moment scattered over the various public gardens of the capital, where, thanks to the immense care bestowed on them, they thrive, as will be remembered by those who visited the Parc Monceaux this summer. Several thousand are likewise employed to decorate the Imperial residences, and more especially the apartments of the Empress, who much admires their graceful form. The amorphi, with which the Tuileries Palace is decorated on fête nights, are here cultivated on a large scale; and I was informed by the Chef Multiplicateur, who accompanied me through the gardens, that for a ball no less than 60,000 of these flowers were forwarded to the

palace. Of camellias I was shown 1,400 varieties. One greenhouse is filled with plants in a state of convalescence, struggling back to life and health after a season of dissipation, sufferers from their many appearances at Court balls, State dinners to sovereigns at the Hôtel de Ville, *soirées* at Princess Mathilde's, and all public entertainments; and, poor camellias! they had a hard life of it this year, what with the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan, and all the rest of the Royalties—they had scarcely a night of fresh air, and indeed their appearance tells of gas-lighted corridors and stifling saloons. Another greenhouse is occupied by camellia trees kept in reserve, from which blossoms are cut and fastened on any bare branch of the trees intended for the decoration of one of these Court or Ministerial fêtes. Of these, four have historic interest. Each measures from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. These, with two others, were sent to France in the year 1814, as gifts from Emperor Francis to his daughter Empress Marie Louise, and were then considered as Imperial gifts of no slight value, each plant then valuing one hundred and twenty pounds. Two alone have died. The four that remain are in splendid health, and are at this moment covered with buds. The Empress Eugénie's apartments, at whatever palace she may occupy, are supplied with fresh plants to the number of eighty or a hundred twice every week. When Her Majesty is in Paris it is the duty of the chief city gardener to see to this. He personally superintends the selection of the plants, which are conveyed to the Tuileries in a covered spring cart. Her bouquets are sent daily.

On entering the fern houses I was struck by the subdued light which was produced without the aid of blinds. I remarked that all these houses had a white appearance on the glass as of a substance smeared over it. On inquiry I learnt that this shade was favourable to the growth of weak plants, and was obtained by a composition of *blanc d'Espagne* and *colle de poisson*—whiting and isinglass—which, once applied with a brush, cannot be washed off by rain or snow. Ferns and plants whose chief beauty consists in their foliage

are now more the fashion in Paris than mere flowering shrubs, as they are considered more decorative. Ferns are therefore specially cultivated, and being the tenderest foster-lings of nature, it is no wonder they are tended with so much care and attention. The grand object of every French gardener is not only to shelter them from the direct rays of the burning sun, but to produce for their benefit that moist and still atmosphere which prevails in tropical climes. Some of these festooning the branches and trunks of trees sent from Australia on account of the rare ferns attached to their bark are of extreme delicacy of structure, and I could not help admiring the wiry drapery of their verdant fronds. Much struck was I also with the specimens of the lycopodium, sending out their runners or creeping stems in all directions, to the length of many yards, which strike deep in the turf below, taking root there and thus multiplying the plant *ad infinitum*, and without the intervention of the talented Chef Multiplicateur, to whose intelligence and kind consideration I owe these details.

What strikes one most in the treatment adopted by French gardeners is that their shrubs and fruit trees seem to be cut and shaped, and follow a fashion, as do our coats and waistcoats. Of this, for instance, you have a proof in the laying out of some of the Paris squares, and more especially in the fantastic forms given to the yew trees and hedges which skirt the alleys and terraces of the Parc of Versailles, the stiff formality of which is eminently suggestive of the stately and dignified manners of the Court of the Grand Monarque. Even the twining, graceful ivy, trained screen-wise against the railings of the palaces in Paris, is trained to grow in even undulations. The artificial and somewhat stiff regu-larity with which the geraniums, fuchsias, etc., are planted, in admirable contrast as to colour, it is true, leads one to fancy that the system of training adopted for the schoolboys of France is now being applied to French flowers. The latter, it must be allowed, appear to prosper marvellously well under this system of Imperial discipline.

LETTERS

August 28th, 1864.

IN the *Figaro* there appears a most amusing letter *soi-disant* from the "spirite" of Madame de Sévigné, remonstrating in most pathetic language against the statue which is proposed to be erected to her memory at Vichy. She complains of the unfair harshness of the decree which condemns her, merely because her letters to her daughter were agreeably written, either to stand upright in the middle of a public square, or, like Molière, to sit eternally on a fountain at the corner of a street. She implores posterity to spare her being thus held up to ridicule, and suggests that the money voted for the purpose be distributed among distressed authors, or devoted to the erection of an institution for their support in old age or sickness.

Of the late fêtes at Versailles, an amusing episode has come to my knowledge. After the opera, it had been the Empress's intention to amuse her royal guest by a promenade in the gardens of the palace, which were illuminated by myriads of coloured lights, and whence the fireworks could be better seen than from the windows of the palace. The gods, however, were not propitious, and the Emperor decided against needlessly running the chance of being thoroughly drenched. Her Imperial Majesty had no idea of sacrificing any part of her programme, and, turning to the King of Spain, said: "Il ne pleut pas; Sire, votre bras," and sallied forth, the Emperor being thus compelled to follow. The result was that the crowd, surprised at seeing the Court party in evening costume and blazing with diamonds on the terrace, burst through the lines of soldiers who ought to have

kept a clear space as far as the Fontaine de Latone for them, and literally mobbed the Imperial party. With his usual tact, however, the Emperor, addressing the people, said: "Mes amis, je vous ai cédé la fête; amusez vous bien, mais de grâce laissez nous circuler," which words had a magical effect.

August 29th.

Orders have been sent to the naval authorities to hasten the departure of the various transports under orders for Vera Cruz to bring home the French troops from Mexico. The first regiments are expected to arrive here about the middle of October; their entrance into Paris will of course be the excuse for a grand military fête, at which the National Guard will probably display the same laudable zeal for self-preservation which they evinced after the last review, returning as they did either sheltered under umbrellas or comfortably ensconed in cabs, carts, or nondescript vehicles, to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on.

M. Delangle, Vice-President of the Senate, in a speech to the Agricultural Committee of Cosne, was most eloquent on the subject of liberty, stating that the year 1789 had been the era of the emancipation of French intellect, and proclaiming, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of his audience, that the spirit of civilisation had transformed every part of the world where the flag of liberty floated. These fine sentiments fall harmlessly on the ears of Nivernois peasants, but I venture to counsel Monsieur Delangle to alter his tone when next he apostrophises the Senate, otherwise he will have to endure the mortification of seeing his photograph disappear from the prominent position it occupies at Nadar's: at least, if I may judge by the curious document which emanated yesterday from the Ministère de l'Intérieur, bearing the signature of one of the heads of the Home Office, M. Juilleret, who, poet though he be, and of mean merit, is evidently not an admirer of Victor Hugo. This document is a reply to a demand made by M. Lebœuf, a sculptor, for

permission to sell copies of a bust which he has just executed at Jersey of Victor Hugo, of a striking likeness and remarkable execution. After some legal preliminaries the minister, through M. Juilleret, consents to the sale on the following peculiar and express condition, namely, that copies of the bust intended for sale should on no pretence whatever be exhibited either in the windows or in any exposed part of a shop—*à la condition expresse de ne mettre ce buste ni aux vitrines ni à l'étalage.* Is this meant as a ministerial joke?

Poaching has become a standard evil in France, and the most stringent measures are about to be adopted for its prevention. Although shooting is only to commence on the 3rd of next month, which is somewhat later than usual, game has already been sold in Paris, every imaginable expedient being resorted to in order to elude the vigilance of the custom-house officers stationed at the barriers. Their attention was last week attracted by the unusual number of pigeons and fowls brought into the market. On investigating these innocent-looking birds, they proved to be partridges and pheasants in disguise—"wolves in sheep's clothing." Last Friday, at the St. Lazare Station, the unusual dimensions of a crinoline having created some surprise, the fair wearer was politely requested to step into the waiting-room, when, with the aid of some of the female employées, no less than forty partridges were detached from the above-mentioned "cage," as in this instance the lady's garment might with every truth be denominated.

August 31st.

A most singular trial has taken place at Madrid. A soldier was cited last week before the police-court for having stolen a gold cup of considerable value, which had been placed as a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated in that city to the Virgin. The soldier at once explained that he and his family being in great distress, he had appealed to the Holy Mother for assistance, and that while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of

jewels displayed on her brocaded petticoat, she stooped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden cup. This explanation was received by the court in profound silence, and the case handed over to the ecclesiastical commission, to whom it at once occurred that, however inconvenient the admission of the miracle might be, it would be highly impolitic to dispute its possibility. They therefore gave the cup to the soldier, at the same time solemnly warning him for the future against similar favours from images of any kind, and impressing him with the conviction that the Virgin required profound silence from him as a proof of his gratitude.

September 4th.

A curious autograph of Tasso was sold to-day, which gives an insight into the poet's early struggles: "I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy 25 livres, for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons." The document bears the date of March 2nd, 1570, at which time Tasso was twenty-six.

The Jockey Club, before whose decrees the fashionable world bend, have decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first. The lions of this very exclusive and aristocratic club, in their anxiety to imitate rivals on your side of the water, not only employ English tailors, but cultivate beards *à l'Anglaise*, which *genre* being copied by the less privileged loungers of the boulevards, the outward appearance of the male portion of the Parisian public is undergoing a process of transformation.

In the absence of all political news, the French papers are entirely occupied by the ascent of the Géant from Brussels.

The interest King Leopold showed in its success has flattered the vanity of M. Nadar's *concitoyens*, and every detail is minutely given of his interview with the King. The difference of weight between the French and Belgic gas, the latter being so much heavier, caused a considerable delay in the first start. The King inquired if all was going on well. "Not yet," replied Nadar; "but now that your Majesty has arrived, I have no fear as to the result." "Above all," said the King, "be sure to throw out your ballast in Belgium. I have sworn to preserve intact *l'intégrité du territoire*."

The evening previous to their departure from Chalons, the Emperor, Prince Humbert, and General Roon escorted the Prince Imperial to see *Punch and Judy* performed at the soldiers' theatre. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial laughed immoderately at the well-known conjugal squabbles with which we are so familiar. Towards the conclusion, one of the colonels present went up to the Emperor and reminded him that he had not paid for his place. The Emperor, looking rather puzzled, asked what he was to give. "A cross of the Legion d'Honneur to one of my captains, sire; he is the bravest officer in your Majesty's service," which was, of course, instantly and very graciously bestowed.

The price at which Henri Plon is about to publish the Emperor's *Life of Caesar*, viz. 6 f. per volume, has caused severe animadversion. Henri Plon has already published the four volumes Louis Napoleon wrote when a prisoner at Ham, and must have made a good thing of it; but their price being 40 f. (£1 16*s*.), there has never been the slightest fear that the Republican ideas they contain should be disseminated among the people, by whose suffrage, however, their author was called to the throne. It is admitted as natural that this *Life of Caesar*, emanating as it does from an Imperial pen, should be got up with a certain expense, printed on good paper, etc., but at least, it is said, let there be a cheap edition for the people. As they chose the man, it is only fair to allow them to read his thoughts and inspire themselves with his ideas.

September 9th.

Madame de Sévigné, in one of her wittiest letters, previous to announcing to Madame de Grignan the startling intelligence that La Grande Mademoiselle, to whom four thrones had been successively offered, was actually going to marry an ordinary mortal—a mere duke—puzzled her daughter by stating that the fact she had to write was the most wonderful, the most surprising, the most astonishing, etc., of events, and proceeded to say she would give her ten, nay twenty, even a hundred guesses, and yet she defied her to hit on the truth. Had I not more regard for your precious time before revealing to you the news which has been to-day the gossip of political salons, I might string together a chapter of adjectives no less marvellous than those of Madame de Sévigné. It appears—what shall we hear of next?—that Italy—I mean the kingdom of Italy—is on the point of being recognised by—I am really tempted to let you guess—by no less illustrious personages than all the Hapsburgs collectively and individually! It certainly sounds more than improbable, and the *Indépendance Belge* doubts the possibility of those august Imperial Highnesses and Majesties being sufficiently up to the time of day to show so much common sense. It is thought, however, to be a clever dodge of the Cabinet of Vienna, who, by thus flattering Victor Emmanuel, hope to induce the Unitarian party of Italy to renounce their cherished hope of liberating Venetia. Even this argument would not, I think, stand good. Austria well knows that to free Venice from her hated and hateful yoke is the dream of every true Italian, and that Victor Emmanuel is not the man to be cajoled by any amount of Court ceremonial into so disgraceful a compromise.

Last Sunday the fête *Les Loges*, at St. Germain, took place. During the Restoration this fête was patronised by the world of fashion. The amount of wine drunk in one single day came to 19,200 bottles, besides beer, etc. In those palmy

days the clowns who came down from Paris were often most amusing and witty. I remember having been present with several of the *beau monde* when a mountebank, enumerating the treasures contained in his anatomical collection, mentioned the skull of the Duke of Wellington. "The Duke's skull!" cried out someone present. "Why, he is alive and perfectly well!" "Of course," said the showman, "I am aware of that; but this is his skull when he was a child! Walk in, ladies and gentleman, and you will never spend money more profitably."

September 12th.

The *Débats* of Saturday received a communication from the Ministère because it ventured to comment on the changes in the names of the streets—a harmless subject, I should have thought.

September 13th.

A farmer of Troyes having remarked that while the cholera was raging in that town some years ago the inhabitants of every house in the neighbourhood of tan-yards escaped the disease, has turned his observation to profit as to the cultivation of the potato. Previous to planting his potatoes he takes a shovelful of tan, which he throws into the hole. The whole of a field thus manured with tan has produced a magnificent crop, whilst an adjoining tract of land, which had not undergone this preparation, has only yielded diseased roots. It appears that potatoes, after being gathered, and placed in a cellar containing tan, are equally preserved from disease.

The mystery of the Iron Mask again occupies the attention of bibliophiles, and a new and rather amusing story is circulated in literary papers this week on the subject. It states that the Iron Mask induced the governor of the Bastille to admit a lady, who, for a very large sum settled on her, consented to share his prison life. A son was born, who was transported to Corsica, in the charge of a person who was

told that he came *di buona parte ;* or, in other words, that he was well born. The idea started is that this child was the ancestor of Napoleon I.

September 14th.

At the agricultural show of the Vaucluse a young girl of twenty won the first prize at the ploughing match, although there were several male competitors and she had to manage four horses.

A private letter from Foix contains the most curious details regarding Jacques Latour, who was guillotined the day before yesterday for his share in the murder of the four inhabitants of Château Baillard. It appears that on Sunday Latour received the gaol chaplain with respect, and listened to his prayers and exhortations with apparent attention, even accepting a crucifix and some books he had previously refused. This improved state of mind lasted till the gaoler entered his cell at five o'clock to handcuff him. Latour seemed surprised ; but the gaoler, who has shown the utmost forbearance towards him, explained with great caution that his last hour was approaching, as the execution was to take place at seven the following morning. For a moment Latour seemed to be stunned, then, becoming perfectly furious, he broke out in the most fearful language, cursing the judges, jury, and society in general—" The demons, the anthropophagi, and that chaplain, an *aide-de-camp* of Satan, perhaps Lucifer incarnate." His howls and shouts of rage seemed to excite him the more, and, catching the crucifix with his manacled hands, he broke it into bits with his teeth, spitting out the fragments with a concentrated rage that was awful to witness. Suddenly he made a dash at the books, and, throwing them on the ground, sneeringly said, " Ah, the old chaplain will be delighted when he comes, but he need not show himself—*gare !*" Then, hearing a ring at the door of his cell, " Ha, here is the fellow, Satan—Lucifer ! I will inform him that to-morrow I shall sing, ' De le Gargouille ' " (a most obscene song). " That will

be fun!" The aged chaplain, whose patience and devotion to the miserable wretch had been beyond praise, then asked for a final interview. "See him? Not I! I only want to see the executioners." At six on Monday morning the chaplain was, however, in attendance, determined to do his duty to the last. "Old sinner, what do you want?" was Latour's greeting. "Lucifer, avaunt! Go and see your friend Satan. Ah, how glad I shall be to see him! Jacques Latour is not the man to fear him. It will be the other way—Satan will be afraid of him!" His breakfast was brought to him, which he had ordered the night before. "This is first-rate beef," said he; "but I should have preferred a slice of my own leg, and if anyone had fried a bit for me I should have been obliged!" At a quarter to seven the gendarmes came to convey him to the carriage. As he walked along the corridors he heard one of the horses neigh. "Ah, I hear Rosinante, Don Quixote de la Mancha's steed." Then, seeing the young daughter of the gaoler, he called out, "Ah, there is Dulcinea Toboso, the lady of my thoughts. Good morning, Dulcinea." He wished to walk to the place of execution, but as it rained, he got into the carriage, the aged chaplain following on foot evidently absorbed in prayer, looking deeply distressed. A picquet of soldiers and several brigades of gendarmes surrounded the scaffold. The crowd was tremendous, but perfectly silent, even when the carriage was in sight, Latour standing in it and singing in a loud voice, "La Mère Gaspard," a song very popular among the people. He smashed one of the glasses with his head before getting out of the carriage. As he reached the foot of the scaffold, the chaplain again attempted to speak to him, but Latour turned to the executioner and ascended the steps of the scaffold, singing, in so stentorian a voice that every word was heard over the place, the parody he himself composed of the "Marseillaise"—

"Allons, pauvre victime,
Ton jour de mort est arrivé;
Contre toi de la tyrannie
Le couteau sanglant est levé!"

He continued to sing on the platform and while he was being tied to the bascule, and, literally, the sound of his voice only ceased when his head fell into the basket beneath the guillotine. There was not the slightest expression of sympathy among the crowd, who seemed utterly disgusted.

September 17th.

Last Saturday the town of Saumur was thrown into a state of the utmost excitement, yet neither Vermout, Fille de l'Air, nor the Emperor had made their appearance. Neither less nor more than a miracle had taken place; not, indeed, that a dying person had been restored, or a beatific vision rejoiced the soul of some true daughter of the Church: it was simply a hen that had suddenly acquired the power of laying illustrated eggs. Her last performance in this line, triumphantly exhibited to one thousand persons who congregated in the Rue de la Visitation, was an egg bearing a raised sphere on which a cross, a sun and a Latin inscription were clearly visible. The attention of the police was at last attracted, and the miraculous hen was put in charge of one of that respected body, who received strict orders to mount guard on the marvellous bird till eggs should be laid. This second egg proved even more rich in clerical designs than the first, an "Ecce Homo," a weeping Magdalen, and an inscription, this time in French, appearing to the puzzled policeman's astonished gaze. A *procès-verbal* was made out, and the affair tried at the petty sessions; it was explained by the well-known process of drawing in wax on the egg and plunging it for two minutes in a bath of hydrochloric acid.

September 19th.

If we are to believe the *Correspondance Féodale* of Berlin, the King of Prussia had good reason to be pleased with his interview with Empress Eugénie, as the Emperor had commissioned her to assure him of the very cordial feelings he

entertains at this moment for Prussia. The *Correspondance* states that the Empress, who takes the deepest interest in the political destiny of France, has been seriously offended by the supercilious and overbearing spirit in which England has thrown over her alliance with France. The enthusiasm with which Garibaldi was received in England offended the Empress much more than the Emperor, and suggested to her the propriety of seeking among Continental Powers for an ally less uncertain and more to be relied on than England. The reception given in France to General von Roon, the Minister of War of Prussia, confirms the *Correspondance Féodale* in the opinion that the Court of the Tuileries wishes to prove its friendly disposition towards that of Berlin. I am firmly convinced that the tone adopted by Earl Russell in his diplomatic communications with the Tuileries has displeased the Emperor, whose policy towards England has ever been dictated by a spirit of conciliation; but that he should seek for a *point d'appui* at a Court which invokes divine right as its political ægis appears utterly incredible.

The pumpkin, which, as you know, is very much cultivated in France for soup, had its annual fête the other day. It has been for several years the custom of the Agricultural Society of Paris to offer a prize to the gardeners of the suburbs for the largest pumpkin they can send to the Halles Centrales. Its coronation takes place, and a procession in its honour. This year the king of *potirons* weighed 276 lbs., and his waist measured more than three yards in circumference. His majesty cost 108 f., or £4 6*s*. Another phenomenon of the botanical world is a mushroom twelve inches in diameter and thirty-two in circumference, which was found in the woods at Viroflay, belonging to the Duc de Morny. It is a real fact—and not a newspaper story—that five amateurs of these fungi dined off this marvellous mushroom.

September 21st.

The *Moniteur* of this morning is mute on the all-absorbing topic of the day. The *Constitutionnel* alludes to it in guarded terms. However, *La Patrie*, which, notwithstanding its professions of independence, I have good reason to know receives its instructions from high quarters, announces the Franco-Italian Convention as the great event which occupies public attention. The *Opinion Nationale* writes on no other subject, yet in every instance the details are quoted from Italian papers. The *Opinione* of Turin states that on the 15th the Convention was signed at St. Cloud by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, M. Nigra, and the Marquis Pepoli, who started instantly for Turin, where he arrived at midnight. The King summoned a Privy Council, when it was decided that Parliament should meet on the 4th of October. The first clause of the Convention stipulates the evacuation of Rome by French troops within two years; the second, that Rome be garrisoned and the Pontifical territory defended by Italian troops, and that the Pope may enlist foreigners in his service on condition that their number does not endanger the safety of the Italian kingdom; the third, non-intervention of all Catholic Powers; the fourth, that Italy be responsible for that portion of the Pontifical public debt which has been incurred by the provinces annexed to her territory in the late war; fifth, that Florence be within six months the capital of Italy. This last stipulation has, of course, excited much regret at Turin. *L'Italie* hints at a secret clause wherein France undertakes to supply troops to Italy in case of an Austrian invasion. As the *Opinion Nationale* exclaims, it is not *Roma capitale d'Italia*, but it is a good step towards it. At the end of fifteen years of useless attempts at conciliation France leaves the Pope *tête-à-tête* with his people. Two years are given him, however, and the *Opinion* is glad of it, as otherwise the ultramontane party would accuse France of *mauvais valoir;* but, as is justly remarked, if Pius IX. does not use the next

two years to more profit than he has the last fifteen, it is mere waste of time. After all, France was by no means compelled to protect a Government which has invariably thrown overboard every advice it has given. Italy compromises nothing, and gives up nothing. She merely undertakes neither to disturb nor permit to be disturbed the territories which, thanks to the French bayonets, are still under Papal sway; and in the matter of foreign enlistment distinctly stipulates that on no pretence, or under no disguise, are foreign troops to garrison Rome; otherwise the French evacuation would be a mere farce; and, be it remarked, that in case the maintenance of temporal power is, after a fair trial, acknowledged to be an impossibility, Italy does not undertake to decline any inheritance to which she may be called by the voice of the people.

September 22nd.

A despatch from Schwabach announces that the Emperor of Russia was expected to arrive there yesterday on his way to Berlin. He will, of course, visit the Empress Eugénie, whose return to Paris is daily expected. The cause of her quitting France so suddenly is now pretty clear. She, a fervent Catholic, to say nothing more, could not of course sanction by her presence at St. Cloud, a Convention which will deprive the Holy Father of the French sentinels who for so many years have mounted guard at the Vatican.

The opening of the Yacht Club at Cannes is the great event of the day in the nautical world. Three years ago Lord Brougham and half a dozen English families were monarchs of all they surveyed in that very lovely spot. The French hatred for travelling is proverbial. When health did compel a family to quit its beloved Paris, Naples, Florence, or Nice were the only places thought of. However, the opening of a railroad between Toulon and Cannes has suggested the idea that within twenty hours of Paris a climate in which even tropical plants blow in the open air, combined

with charming scenery, can be attained with very little fatigue. Several names of distinction in the Paris world are inscribed in the visitors' book, among them Mdme. du Chaponay, Mérimée, the novelist, and Victor Cousin. It is reported that the latter is to be one of the new Senators. The rage of *La Gazette de France* is really amusing at the mere supposition that the old philosopher and historian could be seduced even to be useful to his country under a tricolour flag. The Emperor has rechristened one of the streets leading to the Hôtel de Cluny "Rue Victor Cousin." But to return to Cannes. On the first of October a magnificent hotel, which has cost £70,000, is to be opened, and next to this palace the members of the Yacht Club have built their club-house. This has been done by subscription, the inhabitants of Cannes having put their names down for £8,000. The situation has been admirably selected. The view from the windows is a perfect oceanorama. The members have got up their club-house with perfect taste, and have secured the services of a first-rate *chef*. The forty members who started the idea are to have their inaugural dinner on the 1st October.

Baron Rothschild has sent two magnificent female Wapiti, born at La Ferrières, to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, on their way to the King of Italy. The garden is a sort of grand hotel for travelling beasts, which, having landed at Marseilles, are delighted to find capital beds and excellent food—I can hardly write cuisine—at the jardin, on their way to the various Zoological Gardens in Europe. It is extensively used for this purpose, which was an idea of M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, the grandson of the great naturalist, and who is now the *directeur en chef*. Victor Emmanuel is one of the most successful acclimatisers of the day. His ambition is to introduce the larger species of game into Italy; he has already every known variety of the deer and the nucleus of a herd of kangaroos. Prince Napoleon is gradually turning his park at Meudon into a miniature *jardin d'acclimatation*, and takes great interest in the subject.

September 23rd.

At last, after having kept us for six days in suspense, Government condescends to allow the *Moniteur*, in its own special columns, not, indeed, to announce the Franco-Italian Convention, but to quote from the *Constitutionnel* the few guarded observations it has permitted that paper to communicate to its readers. Therefore, even now, the well-ascertained news is not officially stated. The passage quoted merely gives the first of the three clauses of the treaty, namely, the evacuation of Rome within two years, the permission granted to the Pope to enlist for his personal security foreign Catholic volunteers, and the clause by which Italy is made responsible for the debt incurred by the newly annexed States, which had belonged to the Pope. The next three columns of the *Moniteur* contain, in large type, a letter written by the Emperor in May, 1862, to M. Thouvenel on the state of Italian affairs, evidently now reproduced to prove that the present Convention was not a Napoleonic *coup d'état*, but the result of a preconceived plan. This is all the Government thinks good for us to-day; perhaps to-morrow we may be told a little more. Verily the care taken lest our nerves should be injured by too sudden a shock is really touching.

For the last two days it has hardly ceased raining; the result is that Paris coughs and sneezes from morning to night—anything but pleasant to witness or listen to; for when a Frenchman has a *grippe* he sneezes and coughs in good earnest, and sets to work as if he were paid to do so. If you enter an omnibus, walk on the boulevards, or go into a café you are now so much bored and persecuted by the *Dieu vous bénisse*, which invariably accompanies each convulsive sneeze, as one was a few weeks ago by that most senseless and stupid exclamation, "Hé, Lambert!" I could not gather any political news to-day in consequence of this epidemic. The friends from whom I generally get information I found either

in bed or taking foot-baths *à la farine de moutarde*—a capital remedy, by-the-by, and one which is particularly adapted to this hot-headed people, inasmuch as by drawing the blood to the feet it instantly relieves the brain. It would be well if the ultramontane and clerical party had speedy recourse to this calming process, for they are at present in a state of rage, the alarming symptoms of which are not far removed from *delirium tremens*. They can by no means digest the political pill which the Emperor has thought fit to administer to Italy. The very idea that French bayonets will no longer be employed to keep up the temporal as well as spiritual power of his Holiness is driving them mad.

An ecclesiastical commission sat this week to decide on the increased tariff for the chairs hired to ladies in the churches and chapels of Paris, it having been proved to demonstration that in a space which ten years ago accommodated a hundred persons, but thirty-seven can now find sitting room. Naturally an enormous deficit in the church revenue has been the result. The conclusion of the board of inquiry has been that as one crinoline takes the place of three individuals, the rent of chairs ought to be raised in proportion. In a church of Alsace it has been already decreed that wearers of crinolines should pay 1 f. for low mass and 1½ f. for high mass.

September 25th.

At the Bourse yesterday I heard nothing spoken of but the Franco-Italian treaty. In a financial point of view the prevailing opinion decidedly is that the Convention will be so far favourable to Italy as to allow a loan to be contracted for on very favourable terms; but *en revanche* it will in no wise facilitate the Pope's acquisition of the one hundred million francs he is in so much need of just now. Florence, I am told, is already in the hands of speculators, who are rapidly purchasing as much ground as they can get hold of, knowing that as the city is to be the capital of Italy, they will make

fabulous sums, and in a very short time. It is even whispered that certain *intimes* of the Tuileries, who were fortunate enough to have had an inkling of what was in contemplation some weeks before the news of the Convention reached us from Italy, went themselves to Florence; or in cases where that was not possible sent trustworthy agents, who purchased large tracts of land, with a view of selling them at an enormous profit as soon as the Court takes up its residence in the fair City of Flowers.

Last Friday afternoon the frequenters of the Tuileries Gardens were startled by the apparition of three fair ladies in costumes of the First Empire, evidently meant to typify the *drapeau tricolore*, one being in red, the second in blue, and the third in white. There was an utter absence of crinoline, and belts were the only articles above the waist. Certainly *ceintures* are now worn very wide, and the afternoon was warm. Still the *gardiens* did not appear to appreciate these toilettes, and they were speedily invited, as the French say, to retire, and with the honours of war. The scene recalled to mind the well-known story of the beautiful Madame Tallien (Prince de Chimay's widow), who in the time of the Directory appeared in the gardens of the Palais Royal in a somewhat similar costume, and early the following morning received a magnificent box, to which a gold key was attached. It contained one solitary vine leaf. It is not so very long since the Archbishop of Paris, having the private *entrée* to a concert given by an illustrious personage, entered by a door behind a crowd of ladies. In their efforts to make way for him, one said in an apologetic tone, "Your Grace must excuse us; really our dressmakers put so much material in our skirts——" "That none remains for the corsage," interrupted the Archbishop.

I mentioned to you some weeks ago that the Mexican ladies replaced diamonds in their coiffures and on their ball dresses by the luminous *cucujo*, captured by Indians for their special adornment. The *Presse* of this morning gives a most interesting account of these jewelled insects, six of which

arrived by the last Mexican steamer, and were consigned to the eminent naturalist, M. Pasteur. At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences experiments were made as to the light emitted, and an analysis made of its quality. As I stated, it is proved to be sufficiently strong to admit of reading by the light of one *cucujo*, which, although of the nature of that of the glow-worm, exceeds it in intensity and steadiness, casts no shadow, and has a slightly yellow tinge. Serious efforts are to be made to acclimatise and propagate these *insectes-bijoux*, which, however expensive a process, would be economy itself to the husbands of the queens of fashion, whose incomes are so seriously encroached upon and often utterly ruined by the sums lavished upon a Paris season. One of the heaviest expenses in which caprice involves them is the resetting of jewels, which the number of *bals costumés* given during the winter makes a matter of necessity. One instance last season came under my own knowledge of a *parure* of diamonds having been remounted thirteen times. The amount of the bill I leave you to guess; but indeed jewellers' bills are not the only heavy item in the household ledger, as Madame Rattazzi, *née* Bonaparte Wyse, and widow of the Prince de Solms, wore a muslin dress at Dieppe last week, the laundress's bill for the washing of which amounted to 250 f. (£10).

A novelty has just been started for the amusement of that section of the curious who delight in sensational horrors—a visit to the Morgue, for instance. The new excitement is a Monsieur Christophe Deland, who departed this life A.D. 1721, and who, having been buried between strata of guano, is now—A.D. 1864—not only in a state of perfect preservation, but rather good-looking to boot, giving one the impression that he probably made conquests in his day. He may be seen any day, from twelve to four, in his glass coffin, at the shop of his fortunate proprietors, opposite the Porte St. Denis, for the moderate sum of 50 centimes.

September 27th.

The spot has been decided upon for the erection of the Hôtel Dieu, and voted for unanimously. No less than nine of the most ancient and narrowest streets in Paris will be knocked down, to the regret of no one, as even M. Cuvillier-Fleury could produce no historic association which their destruction will efface, save that at the corner of the Rue des deux Ermites stood the shops of the barber and pastry-cook who sold the far-famed *pâtés*, so renowned for the peculiar delicacy of their flavour, which were discovered to be made of human flesh, the barber naturally supplying fresh corpses. This being ascertained, the worthy associates were broken on the wheel, their houses knocked down, and an edict passed forbidding any persons building on the spot, which decree was reversed in 1536 by Francis I.

You are aware that privates in the French army are each in turn taught and obliged to work at every trade necessary for the clothing and feeding of the regiment. For instance, every man takes it in turn to cook; and if the soup be not properly seasoned or the vegetables sufficiently boiled, woe to the unlucky cooks on duty! Now a novel experiment has proved most successful at the camp at Châlons, where the privates were made to turn gardeners, the practical result to each regiment being 40,000 cabbages, with potatoes, carrots, turnips, and parsnips in proportion. It has been decided that kitchen gardens are to be attached to every barrack, the work of which is to be done by the regiment, an immense saving being thus effected for the State, and much of the men's time employed which would otherwise be spent in public-houses or other mischief.

September 29th.

Garibaldi has written one of his charming and characteristic letters to the author of *La Grande Epopée de l'an II.*, in which the great man defines that period (1793–4) as "the grand

epoch of heroism and virtue," which for him has—I quote the hero's words—"*un attrait invincible.*"

Admiral van Dackum's order at Copenhagen to the Danish squadron has excited as much hilarity in France as in its native land. The Admiral liberally grants leave of absence to the men of the fleet on condition that but one goes ashore per day, by which economical arrangement the last sailor will spend a day on land in the year A.D. 1868.

October 5th.

I have noticed that several of the newspapers, commenting upon M. de Persigny's last speech, have said that the noble duke was right in stating that the French did not deserve more liberty than is now granted to them. Though I am myself a fervent apostle of liberty, still I cannot help partly agreeing in this statement. No one is less desirous than I am to speak ill of France, or sneer at everything French; still I do believe this country is governed pretty much as it deserves to be. A Frenchman is not fit to be trusted with liberty, a strong proof of which was given in '48, when, during the first few months, after the flight of Louis Philippe, the nation took advantage of the perfect freedom it possessed to commit every kind of excess. The fact is that when Louis Napoleon seized the reins the country was on the verge of ruin. A Frenchman is, more or less, born to be rode roughshod over, and he himself is positively happier when ruled with a rod of iron. Of course, I am not alluding to the poor and down-trodden who, cursing the inequality of human condition, now and then break out in occasional riots and are shot down by *canons rayés*. I refer to the middle and upper classes, who are the deadliest enemies of Republican principles, and especially the *nouveau enrichi* or *parvenu* class, who in France are more ostentatious and self-important than any aristocracy in Europe. The prominent features in a Frenchman's character are pride and vanity, and these are the only points on which you can speak. The

First Emperor understood this perfectly when he instituted the "Légion d'Honneur" and decreed that for any service rendered to Government a Frenchman would be rewarded by the *ruban rouge;* and by this same ribbon the nation has been enslaved. There is not a man in France, no matter what his station, who will not sneak and cringe to any party to obtain the right to adorn his buttonhole with it. It was a clever idea of the First Empire, inasmuch as every Government since its creation has obtained immense gratuitous services therewith. But to return to my subject—liberty. I maintain that a Frenchman likes to feel that everything around him is so organised that he has not the trouble of thinking for himself. Twelve hours after he is born on this soil of liberty he is taken to the Mairie, and there ticketed, as it were, through life. The paternal government watches over his education, and, at twenty-one, unless he buys a man to replace him, incorporates him into some regiment, and takes care that while there his ideas do not become too independent. If he proves a good and obedient boy, he will be rewarded by the "Croix." Ruled by despotism, the French become despots in their turn. Witness the tyranny of your landlord on every possible occasion, the wearisome forms railway officials compel you to submit to; and this spirit pervades every French administration, private as well as public. An amusing illustration of this was mentioned to me lately. M. Bagier, the manager of the Italian Opera, whenever he engages an actor or actress, makes them sign an agreement in which there is the following clause:—"A. B. undertakes to live within fifteen minutes of the theatre." Mario, the celebrated tenor, having been requested to sign this, telegraphed to the manager the following inquiry:—"What do you mean? Am I to understand fifteen minutes' walk, ride, drive, or railway?" M. Bagier's reply was, "Balloon travelling!"

December 22nd.

The report of an attempt on the life of King Victor Emmanuel has caused an immense amount of gossip. The first details of the affair were given by the special correspondent of *L'Europe*, who stated that the King had received a wound in the shoulder. The truth, however, is that his Majesty did receive a wound, not however in the shoulder, but a little lower down in the arm, and not from the dagger of an assassin but from the lancet of his surgeon in ordinary. He is not quite well, and was bled. *Voilà tout!*

December 24th.

A case of separation is to occupy the forensic talent of Lyons, arising from a most original cause. A husband of colossal strength complains of having been beaten by his wife. It appears that for several months the neighbours of this ill-assorted pair have been disturbed by the cries and moans of the wife, caused by the blows inflicted from the herculean arm of her lord and master. The lady vowed vengeance in words not loud, but strong; and thus she fulfilled her purpose: the husband returned one evening unusually weary, from hunting, dined and drank copiously, immediately retiring to his bed, when he was soon in the arms of Morpheus—dreaming, perhaps, but not of the long packing-needle and strong twine which, by the fair hands of his wife, were fast enclosing him, a helpless mass, in his sheets. This preliminary measure taken, the lady, armed with a powerful stick, returned with interest the accumulated blows of past years, till, exhausted by the exertion, she was compelled to pause. After an instant's rest she made a deep curtsey to her belaboured husband, and announced to him her intention of eloping to her parents' residence.

In one of my late rambles in the neighbourhood of Paris I was much struck by some labourers who were hard at work digging up a large tract of ground, and mixing up cartloads

of tattered cloth with the earth. Having inquired as to the utility of such a proceeding, I was told that rags possess great fertilising powers, and that they are now very generally adopted as manure, especially to counteract the bad effects of the siliceous soil. The quantity necessary to enrich four acres of ground amounts to about 3,000 kilogrammes, which is equivalent to 45,000 kilogrammes of stable manure, and costs only 180 f. The results produced by this mixture of old rags and earth are slow, but lasting; their beneficial effect can be traced six years after they have been put into the ground. The more torn and the more their texture is worn away, the more are they suited for manuring purposes.

December 26th.

On St. Hubert's Day Comte de la Ferrière, Master of the Hounds, opened the season by a grand mass at four o'clock in the morning, in the ancient church, which was brilliantly illuminated for the peculiar occasion. Twenty whippers-in and his whole hunting establishment, wearing the livery of his house, were arranged down the nave. At the elevation of the Host the men sounded their horns. The church even at that early hour was crowded by people attracted to witness this curious revival of an ancient custom.

The scientific world of Paris is much occupied by the experiment which M. Graof intends making of flying from the towers of Notre Dame by his new machine. He undertakes to remain suspended in the air with as much ease as a bird. I only hope he may not have borrowed the wings of a canard.

December 28th.

The cold is fearful and the Seine is partly frozen over—a hint the rats have taken to inhabit the sewers of the metropolis, where the temperature is always eight or ten degrees above zero. At ten o'clock this morning the sewer-

men of the Boulevard Sebastopol, who had entered by the opening near the Church of Saint Laurent, hunted before them a whole army of rats, who rushed by hundreds out of the gate of the sewer which issues on the Seine in front of the Théâtre du Châtelet. There was nothing for them but to swim for the sheets of ice floating past, and the effect of swarms of rats of every imaginable size thus navigating on the Seine was inexpressibly absurd. The flotilla arrived safely at the Pont Neuf, but the ice-blocks coming in contact with the piers of the bridge caused numerous shipwrecks. However, a considerable number went on all right till they came to the Pont des Arts, and some of the lucky adventurers even reached the Pont Royal. A crowd assembled to watch their progress, and seemed infinitely amused by the sight.

December 30th.

You are aware that the general character given to the English in Paris society is that of humour or eccentricity. These characteristics were undoubtedly exemplified by the appearance of a *soi-disant* English gentleman (?) at a ball last week, whose dress-coat was adorned by buttons of a novel kind, manufactured by no less a personage than France herself, issuing from a workshop on the quays called the Mint. These buttons were 20 f. pieces. The price of the coat I leave you to guess. The idea, however, is not as absurd as it might seem; for instance, if a button be missing, you have only to open your purse to replace it, and if you have forgotten your purse, as is the habit of some people, you have but to snatch off a button and pay for your wants, by which means your coat serves to pay your debts and your purse to adorn your coat. Then if this fashion of wearing coins for buttons takes, a glance will enable one to judge of a man's position. Coppers would indicate a workman, a franc button a lawyer or clerk, the broad 5 f. piece a retired butcher or grocer, and so

on. *Bonbons* and their boxes are the events of the week. A crowd collects daily opposite the shop of a celebrated and very amusing *vaudevilliste*, who unfortunately failed in changing his pieces into gold, and turned sugar-baker in despair. One window is occupied by a gigantic box of sky-blue velvet, extensively got up with roses and *point d'Alençon*, the price of which is 1,500 f. (£60), while in the opposite window stand Monsieur et Madame Polichinelle, whose glittering persons can be acquired for the moderate sum of 2,500 f. (£100), their humps, as I was instructed, being filled by *bonbons*. I had gazed with wonder at a huge white velvet case embroidered in pearls, but I confess its beauty paled before these gorgeous sugar-boxes.

January 2nd, 1865.

The Vienna papers publish the will of a half-pay Austrian officer, which has created considerable amusement. He leaves his fortune to his nephew, who has a situation in the Post Office, on condition that he shall never on any occasion indulge in his favourite occupation of reading newspapers. The old gentleman institutes three persons his trustees, whose duty it will be to watch his luckless heir, and, in case of a single infringement of the clause, dispose of his property to other members of his family. The said property consists of two houses, money in the funds, and a landed estate.

January 6th.

A few years ago a vast tract of country, called "Les Landes," situate to the south-west of Bordeaux, and extending to about twenty leagues in length and twelve in breadth along the Bay of Biscay, was inhabited by a few miserable shepherds, whose families lived in a state of semi-barbarism, and who were annually decimated by marsh fever and ague. The whole of this desolate region, parched in summer and submerged in winter, was valued in 1846 at 900,000 f., the precise sum for which a single hectare of ground at

Montmartre may be purchased. To M. Chambrelent it first occurred that it would be possible to transform this vast waste into a habitable country at the cost of one sou per square yard, or 20 f. per hectare. In 1849 he purchased the bog of Saint Alban, and commenced operations, the result of which is that a thriving farm and village have replaced a swampy marsh, a hectare of potatoes producing 145 hectolitres, or a net profit of 435 f.; a hectare of tobacco giving a gross return of 1,045 f. and a net profit of 330 f., or six times the value of the soil. The purchase money of the estate was 30,000 f.; 100,000 f. has been laid out on it, and in twenty years its woods alone will bring up the value to one million. M. Chambrelent in vain urged his neighbours to follow his system, when in 1857 an Imperial decree took the municipal councillors of the district by surprise, giving them twelve years wherein to drain and sow 150,000 hectares. There was nothing for it but to sell, and that quickly. At first purchasers came in slowly, but prices rose, and 85,000 hectares were bought by the Imperial Government, which accepted a contract by which this tract was to be thoroughly drained and cultivated by 1869: now, it will be completed by 1865. The result already obtained in one part of the country, where asparagus has been especially cultivated, is that the first bundle sent up to the Paris market last spring fetched the enormous sum of 30 f. This is scarcely to be credited of a country, where, five years ago, the inhabitants stalked about on stilts four or five feet high. The result is that 3,000 square kilometres—a space six times the extent of the department of the Seine—has been reclaimed, and 150 square kilometres annexed to the French territory without a shot fired or a protocol signed. Thus the Landes, from having been a mere waste of shallow pools, sodden morasses, and glaring heaps of sand, now bids fair to be one of the most productive districts of France.

January 8th.

Another trial which has already come before the courts is shortly to amuse the public. The Comtesse de Civry claims from her father, His Serene Highness Charles, Duke of Brunswick, a pension of 30,000 francs a year in consideration of her husband having lost his hereditary property during the revolution of 1848, and of her finding it impossible, with seven children, to live on air. The Duke's mania for wigs of various hues is well known, as well as the precautions he took to secure the safety of his diamonds in his strawberry-cream-tinted palace, Rue Balzac. Every spike of the gilt railing which surrounded it was movable, on the slightest touch setting hundreds of bells in motion. The diamonds were encased in a chest under his own bed, on opening which, unless provided with His Serene Highness's own key, a dozen revolvers fired in the intruder's face. Notwithstanding these prudential measures, his own footman, a man named Smith, quietly walked off one summer's evening of last year with some few millions' worth of the said diamonds. These accumulated trials, in every sense of the word, induced the Duke to quit his rose-coloured palace, and transport himself, his diamonds (for it will be remembered that Smith was captured), his wigs, and walking-sticks to Holland, and this will considerably retard the proceedings in the case of his daughter, the "Comtesse de Civry *versus* Charles of Brunswick."

The *Opinion Nationale* has a very clever *feuilleton* from the witty pen of Edmond About on the subject of *la culture des eaux*. M. About's idea is that nothing could contribute so much to the comfort of the poorer class than the proper working of the rich mine of food which the ocean contains. Amongst the striking facts which M. About brings forward to prove the superiority of fish *versus* flesh, in point of economy and nutrition qualities, he makes the following calculations as to what a tureen of soup, or, as the French term it, a *pot-au-feu*, has cost. The animal from which the

meat has been taken, admitting that he weighed 400 kilos., must have consumed 60,000 kilos. of grass during his life. When killed he yields 300 kilos. of meat, the hundredth part of which is required to make the above-mentioned *pot-au-feu*. Substitute for this piece of beef a young salmon of 3 kilos., of two years and a half old—he was born in a stream, he spent eighteen months in a river, he swam to the sea, and in twelve months made his 3 kilos., or 7 lbs. weight of good food. To convey an idea of the marvellous fecundity with which the inhabitants of the ocean are gifted, M. E. About states that one herring lays 35,000 eggs, a mackerel 845,000, a sturgeon 7,500,000, a turbot 9,000,000, a cod 9,344,000. Then, adds M. About, suppose the 845,000 mackerel eggs all became fish, and the 422,000 spawners produce an equal number, you will have 360 billions of fish—that is sufficient to support all His Holiness's faithful children in the French Empire during the whole of Lent; but, setting Lent aside, M. About triumphantly points to the hardy and healthy populations of the coast, whose numerous families are a strong contrast to the pale and sickly population of the Faubourgs.

January 9th.

La Patrie of this morning contains very curious details of nursery gardens at Epluchard, near Angers, belonging to M. André Léray, whose Gothic house was the ancient *maison de plaisance* of old King René, father of our Henry VI.'s Queen Margaret. The gardens contain six hundred varieties of evergreens, four hundred of coniferous trees, a most remarkable collection of Sophora willows, and every imaginable novelty in the way of forest trees and new kinds of underwood; but the most signal triumph won by this monster cultivator is the acclimatisation of the camellia, specimens of which tree cover one hectare of land, and in many instances have attained the height of six yards, or rather *mètres*—their magnificent condition and glorious flowers proving a perfection rarely attained in conservatories. Some of these camellia trees have outlived thirty winters, and endured twenty degrees *centigrades* of cold.

January 23rd.

Proudhon's death has been quickly followed by that of X. B. Saintine, who died last Saturday. His funeral took place this morning from his house, Rue des Marais, at the Church of Saint Martin; and all the literary celebrities of the day attended. Saintine was born in Paris, 1798; he was Honorary President of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and last August was given the cross of Officer of the Legion d'Honneur. To the world he was best known as author of *Picciola*, which has been translated into almost every European language; but in Paris his name is imperishably connected with the stage by his *L'Ours et le Pacha* and the *Riche d'Amour*. He was fellow-labourer with Scribe, Amelot, Varin, and Duvert in all their best works. *Picciola* won for him renown and the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur as early as 1837. Saintine was one of the few romance writers of France who, scrupulously avoiding an immoral allusion or a sensational effect, won a world-wide reputation as one of the most fascinating writers of the day. There is an exquisite purity of diction and a chaste tone of thought throughout his most poetic conceptions.

A most strange incident, which took place at the moment when Proudhon's funeral was about to leave his humble residence for the cemetery, well-nigh caused a popular demonstration. He died, as you are aware, true to the principles he had so energetically advocated, declined the attendance of a priest, and on being asked to confess to the curé of the parish, turning to his wife, said, "I shall confess to you." Thousands of the working classes, as well as immense numbers of his admirers, had assembled in the narrow street Rue de Passy, and were about to follow his bier, when the 92nd Regiment, with its Colonel at its head, and the drums beating a quick march, suddenly turned into the street. The crowd shouted, "Silence! Respect the dead!" The regiment came to a dead stop. The crowd

shouted, "Battez aux champs!" calling for the peculiar roll of the drums always executed at military funerals. The drummers obeyed. The Colonel then interfered, some of the friends of the family came forward, and some inaudible conversation took place. The Colonel gave the word to proceed, saluting the coffin with his sword. The mob, satisfied with this extorted homage, shouted, "Vive la Ligne!" A second regiment, the First Grenadiers, followed, but, warned in time of the temper of the crowd, they marched past, their drums having ceased beating. The strange part of this history is that a letter has appeared from Lieutenant-Colonel Pietri denying the whole transaction—refuting the affair as if it were a disgrace to the Service. Two letters have already been published in the *Opinion Nationale* from people present, who assert the facts above stated, adding their amazement that Colonel Pietri should venture to deny a transaction witnessed by so many thousands.

Horticulturists make fierce complaints of the ravages committed this year by slugs and snails, the destruction of which has become a serious subject of consideration. It is calculated that 100 slugs eat 2½ lbs. of grass per day; therefore 5,000 consume the food of a cow, and as they chiefly select the youngest shoots after sowing time, they are more mischievous. General Higouet has established on his farm a systematic war against these invaders by means of an iron cutting instrument attached to a stick, with which he arms his farm-servants, and sends them forth immediately after the harvest has been reaped. A single man has destroyed 4,000 in one day; thus on the farm of Veyrac 100,000 are killed annually. From August to October these 100,000 would have devoured 2,000 lbs. weight of grass daily, which is equivalent to 250 kilos. of hay, the value of which is 12 f. 50 c. Multiplying this by ninety days, the result gives 20,250 kilos. of hay (value 1,125 f., or £45), which would have been destroyed had not the war been waged, whereas the pay of the labourers employed in eradicating this plague of slugs and snails only amounted to 50 f., or £2.

The unpublished works of Proudhon are in course of revision with a view to their being published. It appears that at the period when Proudhon was a typographic printer he was employed in the editing of a very beautiful copy of the Bible. He kept one copy for himself, which he had bound with two blank leaves between each page. This Bible he read daily, writing his reflections on the intervening leaves, and their number proved how constantly he made the Scriptures his study. *Le Bulletin de Paris* states that the Minister of Public Instruction (M. Duruy) has, in obedience to the Emperor's commands, notified to Madame Proudhon that an annuity will be paid to her from the Civil List. It is certain that the family are left with very small means of living.

A new system of cure for nervous suffering has been the subject of conversation for some weeks past, but the first experiment triumphantly cited in proof of its success having been the cure of a frightful attack of neuralgia in the head, by means of a copper saucepan worn helmet-wise, I declined mentioning the subject. However, a serious article appears to-day, which I cannot leave unnoticed, reminding the world in general of the theory started by Paracelsus that every organ of the human frame has a certain affinity for a special metal or vegetable. The Zurich doctor argued thence that as the heart is known to be influenced by the sun, and as gold is the symbol of the sun, therefore most diseases can be cured by certain solutions of that metal; that as the liver is influenced by the planet Saturn, of which Mercury is the symbol, liver disease could be cured by preparations of mercury, and so on. Doctor Burcq, starting from totally opposite premises, has, however, invented a system of metallotherapia, which engages the serious attention of the scientific world at the present moment. The writer of the article states that he was present last Monday at the following experiment. A person had been for two days suffering intense agony from intercostal pain, which had all the characteristics of neuralgia. Doctor Burcq was sent for. He applied an iron disc to the

part affected, with no result. He wished to try the influence of copper. A brass candlestick being near at hand, he applied it, on which the pain instantly vanished.

January 26th.

I have been told—but I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the fact—that Colonel Pietri, whose most singular conduct at the funeral of Proudhon I informed you of, has been put under arrest for a fortnight. The adventure of Colonel Pietri reminds one of the story of another French officer, who, happening to pass one day at the head of his regiment before the Clos-Vougeot's celebrated vineyards, ordered his soldiers to stop and carry arms, thereby rendering military honours to the best of wines.

January 27th.

A new element of success is to attract the *habitués* of the balls in the Opera House to the next fête. Strauss, the well-known musical composer (not the apostle of Rationalism), has decided that Rossini's *fanfare* shall be introduced into a hunting quadrille, which he has composed for the occasion, to accomplish which he applied to all the masters of hounds residing in or near Paris for permission to employ their huntsmen to sound their horns at the right moment in the said quadrille. Permission granted, the next thing to do was to have a rehearsal. The place of meeting was naturally a wineshop, and the one selected was one well known in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Halles, the hour fixed being ten o'clock at night. Strauss was punctnal, gave his name to the *dame du comptoir*, who received him with the utmost politeness, and handed him a small wax taper, requesting him to descend a ladder, at the bottom of which he would find a staircase, then a trap-door, on opening which another ladder would bring him to the desired place of meeting. By no means liking this subterranean excursion, the great man, however, was ashamed to show the white feather, and,

dimly lighted by the flicker of the *rat de cave*, which only made the darkness the more visible, he obeyed, and, greatly to his own astonishment, at the third floor underground found himself in a vast hall, where a jolly party of huntsmen received him by a blast that would have aroused the Seven Sleepers. The mystery is explained by the fact that M. le Préfet de Police has issued a decree forbidding horns to be sounded in Paris.

The Rue St. Honoré is almost impassable opposite the Church of St. Roch in consequence of the reparations of the old portico now going on. It was built in 1738. Corneille, Maupertuis, Mignard, and Le Nôtre, the designer of the Gardens of Versailles, the Tuileries, etc., are all buried within its walls. In 1675 the Grand Monarque, in acknowledgment of Le Nôtre's genius and his great services, granted him letters patent of nobility, to which the King wished to add a coat-of-arms. "Sire," said the artist, "my family arms are three snails charged on a head of cabbage. I shall quarter a spade on my shield, if your Majesty will permit me to do so, as I owe to that instrument all the marks of royal favour with which I am overwhelmed."

February 2nd.

A new mode of robbery is recorded in this morning's papers as having taken place at one of the last performances of *Linda di Chamouni* at the Italian Opera, and the ingenuity as well as originality with which it has been carried out strikes one as worthy of Cartouche himself. Her Majesty was present on the night in question. A box within three or four of the one occupied by the Empress attracted the attention of the house, from the peculiar magnificence of the costume worn by a foreign lady, who, accompanied by her husband, had entered it at the commencement of the first act. The lady's dress bespoke an Eastern origin, but the peculiar form and exquisite workmanship of her diamond earrings excited great admiration. Her husband quitted her for a few moments

between one of the acts. A low knock at the door of the box attracted the lady's notice. A most gentlemanlike person presented himself, bearing a message from Her Majesty, expressive of her great admiration of the earrings worn by the lady, and her extreme curiosity to be allowed to look at one for a few seconds. The lady, somewhat astonished, complied instantly with the *soi-disant* equerry's request, and a few seconds afterwards, on her husband's return, related the circumstances. To him the story seemed improbable, and on inquiry from one of Her Majesty's suite he ascertained it to be the device of a robber—but too late. The next morning the husband started early to give all the details to the Prefect of Police, when, about half an hour after he had left his hotel, a person from the Prefecture asked to see the lady, and, producing a letter from M. le Préfet, explained the necessity of at once depositing the remaining earring in the hands of the police, in order to facilitate the search for the one abstracted on the previous night. The lady acceded to the demand of the detective with less hesitation than to the polite request of the equerry, and Cartouche's rival possessed a pair of rare diamond *pendeloques* instead of one—a close-fitting dark dress, tightly buttoned to the throat, and a huge beard having transformed the quondam equerry, got up in an evening dress of faultless perfection, into an active police agent.

February 5th.

Invitations have been issued for a grand *soirée* at Rossini's house for Friday, the 10th instant. The great *maestro* has allowed the secret of a new opera to transpire, of which, it is said in the musical world, he intends to allow his friends to judge on the evening in question. Rossini said the other day to Marmontel, professor of instrumental music at the Conservatoire, "I am told that my compositions for the piano are difficult to execute from defective fingering. This is more than probable; I am but a fourth-rate performer, and ought to apply for admittance to the *cours* at the Conservatoire to

improve myself," at which joke Marmontel laughed. To his surprise, next morning Rossini made his appearance at the Conservatoire, and asked for a ticket for M. Marmontel's *cours*. M. Auber, before handing it to him, wrote on it, "Regular attendance will not be required from this pupil."

The following anecdote of Count Pourtalès, whose gallery occupies so much attention at this moment, gives one a charming idea of the man himself, therefore I repeat it. The Count's attention was attracted to the works of a young artist, exhibited for the first time at the Salon ; the name was then unknown, and it was with some difficulty the Count procured his address. He wrote to request the young aspirant to bring one of the pictures exhibited to his house, which request was at once acceded to. "I should like to add your picture to my collection, sir," said the Count. "May I venture to inquire its price?" "Two thousand francs," replied the young man, debating within himself whether he had not ventured on too large a sum. "Ten thousand francs!" replied the great man, feigning temporary deafness. "Very well, then, consider the transaction as settled." The artist, unwilling to benefit by a mistake, at once explained the error he fancied the Count had committed. "Pardon," interrupted M. de Pourtalès, "je ne marchande jamais." The young artist died lately in the zenith of his world-wide reputation, and at the coming sale two of his pictures will be competed for by more than one crowned head.

February 8th.

Yesterday a party of Eugène Delacroix' friends met at M. F. Villot's house to see his great work, "The Assassination of the Bishop of Liége," lit up by a reflector precisely as Delacroix himself had directed. The evening previous to the sale, which is to take place next Friday, it will be exhibited thus lighted. The catalogue contains the following interesting details as to this *chef-d'œuvre* of the great artist. The rough sketch was made in 1827. Horace Vernet had

just been named Director of the École de Rome, and his father, Carle Vernet, accompanied him to Italy. Delacroix took his studio, No. 15, Quai Voltaire. There he set to work on this picture, but found so much difficulty in its composition that he recommenced it eight times. "The white tablecloth," he said to M. Villot, "will be my Austerlitz or my Waterloo. I begin it to-morrow, come and see me in the evening." His friend was punctual. Delacroix, in a short, red, flannel blouse, pallet in hand, opened his door. "All right," he exclaimed, "it is my Austerlitz," showing the picture. The cloth, thrown into strong relief by the bloody scene, lighted up the whole canvas with marvellous effect. The Duke of Orleans gave 1,500 francs for the picture, a mere fraction of its worth, but Delacroix was then unknown. M. Villot purchased it at the late Duchess's sale. It has been exhibited twice in Paris and once in London, in 1862.

You are aware that it is the practice for all French papers to offer subscribers a premium varying in value according to the length of the *abonnement*. Thus *La France* offered George Sand's *Histoire de Ma Vie*, sixteen volumes, for a year's subscription; the *Constitutionnel*, Lamartine's *Confidences*, two volumes, for six months; and in a *journal de modes* I saw twelve photographs of the subscriber, to be taken by Pranck, offered as an inducement for a three months' *abonnement*. To all this we are accustomed, but quite a novel idea has been struck out by a paper started at Rome last week. This journal has been fortunate enough to secure no less a boon than the blessing of His Holiness the Pope, and its editor offers to spread the papal benediction over all who subscribe within a specified time to his paper. The *Opinion Nationale* inquires whether three-months' subscribers will be equally blessed with more pious souls who write down their names for a year's benediction as well as for the paper.

The hippophagic, otherwise horseflesh, banquet came off yesterday, so I understand, at the Grand Hôtel, one hundred and thirty odd persons having taken tickets. The dinner took place in the great Salle Hémicycle.

Horse soup, horse-boiled *aux choux*, horse *en bœuf à la mode*, horse roast, horse *pâté de foie* with truffles, were successively eaten and discussed. At dessert M. de Quatrefages, the Chairman of the Horseflesh Committee, drank to the memory of the illustrious Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, who first suggested the idea of turning that noble animal to the vile use of feeding mankind. M. Gustave Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the Director of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, returned thanks for the honour done to his father. M. Jules Delbruck next addressed the company, putting the thing in a moral point of view which struck me as original. He said that, whereas now horses were abused and made to work while breath was in them, once accepted as an article of food pains would be taken by their possessors to preserve them from injury, and a speedier end would be put to their life of toil by the necessity of killing them before they had attained a great age. This, however, was victoriously refuted by the next speaker, the Director of the Veterinary School of Alfort, who pleasantly assured the guests that in order to prove that a horse was good for food to the last, he himself had supplied the *chef* of the Grand Hôtel for the dinner they had just eaten with pieces of used-up old animals, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, the youngest of the lot having attained fourteen years and the others twenty, and even two-and-twenty years of age. The effect of this speech on the assembly reminded me of a story told of Alexandre Dumas, who while travelling in Russia and being offered a bear steak for his dinner accepted the novelty, and, after eating the whole, remarked on its excellence to the master of the hotel. The latter replied, "Ah, he was an awful beast, and hard to catch; but our best shot killed him last night. He had eaten the young man's father, whole, in the morning."

February 15th.

A dynasty of artists, who for one hundred and fifty years held their undisputed sway in France, became extinct on the 17th January, 1863, in the person of that king of historical painters, Horace Vernet. Their history has appeared this week, written by Amédée Durande, entitled *Joseph, Carle, et Horace Vernet.* The book is charmingly written, and, I should say, would be very popular in England. After tracing the brilliant career of Joseph and Carle, we come to the more recent life of Horace, telling of his birth in the Louvre, which had been the home of three generations of the family, where the child drew soldiers and horses before he could write his name. Carle had been a fierce Royalist; Horace, the future master-painter of battle-pieces, was enthusiastically attached to the Empire. Horace Vernet's pictures, Béranger's songs, and Queen Hortense's airs were the events of the day even before Horace went to Rome. Louis Philippe's accession recalled him to France, and the formation of the historic galleries of Versailles supplied him with abundant work. The King sent him to Algeria to study the scenes of his son's victories. On his return Horace quarrelled with the King about the price of a picture and started for Russia, but returned home to paint with more genius and rapidity than any of his contemporaries. Horace Vernet differed widely from his son-in-law, Delaroche, on the principles of art, but was deeply attached to him. For many years I lived in a house close to his *atelier* at Versailles, Impasse des Gendarmes; I was a child at the time. I used to see Louis Philippe paying him visits whilst he was painting, at the Jeu de Paume, his gigantic picture of the "Duc d'Aumale taking the Smilah." He was a spare, short man, full of nerve and activity. In 1848 he was colonel of the National Guard of Seine-et-Oise, and the uniform became him extremely. No one ever painted the French soldier as he did. I have often, in the galleries at Versailles, observed privates staring at Horace

Vernet's battle-pieces, recognising with the greatest delight the likeness of one of their comrades, for he always sent to the barracks for his models. He and I were neighbours for many years, and I have only one complaint to make of him, namely, that to the infinite detriment of my breakfasts and dinners Horace Vernet enticed a splendid woman cook out of my house to sit as model for an Algerian slave in his great picture of the "Smilah." But *revenons à nos moutons*. Amédée Durande's book is well worth reading.

February 17th..

The exhibition at the École des Beaux Arts of the works of Hippolyte Flandrin opened yesterday. The proceeds are to be given to the Association for Poor Artists. Eleven pictures, forty-three portraits, and a most interesting collection of cartoons and sketches of the frescoes which Flandrin executed for the Churches of Saint Germain-des Prés, St. Séverin, and St. Paul de Nîmes are exhibited. Flandrin excelled in his portraits, which are perfect photographs in accuracy of likeness and detail. His portrait of "Napoleon III." and of the "Jeune Fille à l'Œillet," well known as Madame de Mackau, are types of opposite style: *selon moi*, the former is an unrivalled portrait, conveying the character of the Emperor with startling accuracy to the spectator, and the latter a very ordinary picture. His portrait of Prince Napoleon is another success; Flandrin preserved the likeness, while strongly marking the Napoleonic cast of features so peculiar to the Prince. Count Walewski's portrait is admirable, whereas neither the Countess Sieyès nor the Countess Maison have sufficient softness of colouring to please me. His own portrait conveys to one the idea of an ill-tempered ascetic, whereas poor Flandrin was one of the gentlest and most timid of human beings, his mild nature being deeply tinged with melancholy. As a work of art the portrait has immense value, but it does not do the great man justice as a likeness. A lady in the crowd, contemplating

the portrait of a young girl simply attired in white, the sleeves and petticoat of whose dress are of the narrow proportions worn a few years ago, exclaimed, looking at her own flowing skirt, the ample dimensions of which certainly measured some six or seven yards in circumference, "Est-il possible que de cela nous sommes arrivées à ceci?"

March 3rd.

A most interesting ceremony has taken place at the Invalides, which recalls the visit of the Allies to Paris in 1814, who in the papers which give an account of it are designated as *nos ennemis*. It appears that when these said *ennemis* were on the point of entering Paris, Marshal Sérurier, then Governor of the Invalides, determined to burn no less than 1,417 stand of colours taken at different periods by the armies of France from foreign nations; this holocaust was hurriedly accomplished in the dead of night, and so imperfectly that several old soldiers were able to abstract some of the flags: these, a devoted adherent of the Empire, Baron d'Autist, has with indefatigable energy collected and presented to the Emperor. Among them the Scotch standard of the 66th Regiment, two Egyptian flags taken from the Mamelukes, two Prussian, one Austrian, two Spanish, and one Portuguese standards. To these General d'Autist has added two purchased by him in Switzerland, one of which was presented by Richelieu under the regency of Marie de Medicis to the Grisons. It is in perfect preservation, and bears the device, "If God be for us, who can be against us? 1619." A second is in a ragged condition, and has the date 1476 embroidered on it. The Grisons rallied round this flag at the Battle of Morat, where the Swiss beat the Burgundian Duke, Charles le Téméraire. These relics were transferred on Sunday last to the Invalides, escorted by a squadron of Chasseurs, and were received by Comte de Brancion, surrounded by his staff, and the old soldiers drawn up in line within the gates. The Comte, as he took each standard from the cavalry officer

who had the charge of it, handed it to an invalide decorated with the Légion d'Honneur. A procession was then formed, at the head of which were the twelve invalides carrying the twelve ancient trophies of their country's victories. These led the way to the chapel, where, to the solemn peal of the organ and shrill note of the bugle, the old banners were replaced in the niches from which they had been hurriedly torn forty-one years since.

Avis aux dames, the feathers of the sophophore are the last caprice of fashion. One of its queens having worn a plume of this bird in her hat, the rest of the fair Parisian world must naturally be adorned by the same brilliant plumage. One pair was imported last year by the Société du Jardin d'Acclimatation, and it is a fact that the officials attached to the gardens have been persecuted by the importunities of every class of the fair sex, from that of the duchess to the anonyma of the day, for even one feather of this *rara avis*. The petitioners, however, have been heartlessly refused, as even the Gardens possessed but the male bird, the hen having died. *En revanche*, however, they sell the wings of Chinese ducks, of golden pheasants, and of an American bird almost for their weight in gold, and find this new traffic quite as remunerative as the more serious sale of acclimatised animals.

The prison of the Madelonnettes, opposite the temple, is occupied by condemned criminals of both sexes as well as by persons awaiting their trial. The juvenile vagrants and young thieves are organised on a military plan, the well-behaved being raised to the rank of corporals and sergeants. Besides being taught to read and write, they are instructed in some trade, such as shoemaking, tailoring, weaving, etc. Lately they have also received lessons in music, and the results obtained are surprising. On Shrove Tuesday a vocal concert was given by sixty of these unfortunate lads, who had been trained by Aimé Paris according to the Chevé method. They sang the chorus in *Don Juan*, to which M. Aimé Paris set French words; the "Tirelire à Jacquot,"

by Clapisson; "Les Forgerons," by Ascoli; "Des Deux Avares," by Grétry, and several other well-known airs. The young musicians seemed quite surprised at their own performance, which was most creditable. They also went through the exercises M. Paris wrote out on a blackboard with a precision of rhythm and intonation which is often wanting in professional chorus singers. The applause of the audience, which consisted of five hundred poor prisoners, was pleasant to hear. They encored several of the pieces, and these the governor of the prison immediately directed the singers to repeat, the genuine delight depicted on their rough countenances seeming to give him the utmost gratification. He was heard to state that since the mass sung by these young Orphéonistes at Christmas he had not been required to inflict a single punishment. This is a grand result obtained by music, and, be it remembered, among some of the most corrupt and debased of the human race.

March 5th.

The ceremony of replacing the standards recovered by Baron d'Autist at the Invalides last Sunday has raised the question as to what has been the fate of Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon I. took from Potsdam after the Battle of Jena, and sent to the Invalides as a trophy of his great victory. It appears that on the night during which the conflagration of the standards took place by order of Marshal Sérurier, this sword was sawn in four parts, and each portion built into the four inner walls of the Hôtel des Invalides.

March 9th.

As it is likely that the debtors' prison of Clichy will be done away with during the course of this session, the following details on its organisation may prove interesting. The average number of prisoners for debt sent there is from 450 to 500. When the prisoner has passed the three great entrance

gates he is paid 45 f. per month—a sum totally inadequate to his support, as Government neither supplies him with firing nor any kind of provision, and many of the unfortunate inmates have to support their families out of this pittance of 1*s.* 3*d.* per day. Necessity is the mother of invention. In 1848 the prisoners formed an association for their mutual support, and, strange to tell, Government did not attempt to interfere with their plan. A committee, chosen by ballot among the prisoners, drew up the following regulations: Each member was bound to subscribe 10 c. (1*d.*) per day, which would give him the privilege of using the close oven purchased by the association, likewise baths at a reduced price, and to mess with the association at the rate of 5*d.* per day, which, by purchasing their provisions wholesale, enabled the members of the association to live on soldiers' rations. The society not only fulfils these conditions, but realises profits. These, to the credit of the poor subscribers, they devote to the release of the poorest among them, and often when the debt the committee have voted to be defrayed has been beyond the funds at their disposal, they have sent weekly supplies to the family of the debtor, who, in many instances, have been thus rescued from starvation by the generous self-denial of the prisoners—an example that more aristocratic clubs might do well to take a hint from. Clichy possesses a billiard-room as well as chess and draught boards. In the gardens there are games of ninepins and balls. A prisoner by subscribing to the association has the right to enjoy these recreations. M. de Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, the *Grand Journal*, etc., established a reading-room, which he liberally supplies with papers and periodicals as well as books, a subscription of one sou (½*d.*) entitling a prisoner to the use of this library, and a supply of fresh works being sent in daily.

March 10th.

De Morny is dead! At eight this morning there was an end to the intense sufferings of the last few days—an end to his brilliant career, an end to the very small hope which Rayer's last bulletin allowed us still to cling to. At a quarter past eight last evening the noble Duke was given up by his physicians. The Marquis de la Valette, his intimate friend, immediately rushed to the Tuileries to inform the Emperor of the impending crisis. A concert was to have taken place at the Court. Counter orders were instantly sent out. The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, started at once to the Palais de la Présidence. They arrived in time to kneel down by the bedside, whilst Monseigneur Darboy was praying and giving the last sacraments to the Duke. The parting scene which then took place was most touching. In the Duke de Morny the Emperor loses more than a devoted friend—a fond and affectionate heart. In him the country loses a most talented leader. The power with which he swayed the Corps Législatif was mainly owing to the calm intrepidity with which he ever accepted the gravest responsibilities, and stood ready to meet, with the inward consciousness of impartiality, the consequences of his decisions, whatever these might be. His speeches, whenever he made any, were invariably listened to by men of all parties with pleasure and approbation. The eloquence of De Morny, distinguished as it was by intellectual subtleties and brilliant flights of fancy, brought out with consummate skill weighty arguments which never failed to elucidate the most intricate questions. The moral intrepidity of his nature, of which he gave so many proofs, strangely contrasted with the urbanity of his manners and the kind and courteous expression of his countenance. In conversation his wit and sarcasm were always genial and well applied, and even in his gayest moments there was a spirit of good directed to some useful or philanthropic object. No man was ever more courted in

society by individuals either distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. Deeply, most deeply, will he be regretted, and that not only by the Imperialists of the day, by the rich and aristocratic members of the Jockey Club, but also by the poet, the novelist, the dramatic author, the poor artist, and even the humble clerk, who ever found in him a helping hand, a sympathising heart, as well as a faithful and devoted protector. The salons of Paris will miss his noble presence, his wit, his rich and playful fancy; the gentler sex will always remember him as being a true representative of a *chevalier des anciens temps*.

March 12th.

In the midst of deathlike silence the Vice-President of the Corps Législatif opened the proceedings of Saturday by the announcement that the State funeral of their President would take place at twelve on Monday at the church of the Madeleine, adding the simple words, "The Corps Législatif, without one exception, would wish to attend." Cries of "Yes, yes," burst simultaneously from every deputy, whether Legitimist, Orleanist, or Republican, and with a depth of feeling that proved the heartfelt sorrow experienced by men of every shade of political feeling for their deceased leader. It appears that when the Emperor was summoned, with the Empress, on Thursday night to the closing scene at the Palace of the Corps Législatif, the Emperor was suffering from severe rheumatism: this has increased, and, added to the severe mental suffering caused by the sudden shock, has prevented his leaving his private apartments to-day or yesterday. The Empress, overcome by the scene of sorrow around her, knelt at the bedside of the dying man and burst into an agony of tears. The Emperor grasped the hand of his loved friend and fainted on the bed. It was some time before he recovered. The Duke, whose senses were as clear as in his brightest days, thanked the Emperor with the warmest expressions of affection. They remained till an early hour of

the morning, when the Emperor's place at the bedside was taken by Comte Flahaut, who remained till the last sigh was breathed, and was present while the Duke, with wonderful lucidity, dictated his last wishes to M. Rouher, Minister of State. At his own request his four little children, the youngest of whom has not yet attained her first year, were brought to him at eight o'clock, and he had taken leave of them when the Emperor and Empress arrived. The state of the Duchess de Morny has called forth the deepest sympathy from the Empress, who not only remained till an early hour on Friday morning at the President's Palace, but returned at three o'clock, at which hour I happened to go there, to write down my name in the long list of inquirers. While thus engaged I saw the Imperial carriage drive up, and the Empress, attired in the deepest mourning, attended by the Comtesse de Poege and Mademoiselle Bouvet, quietly crossed the hall and ascended the staircase leading to the Duchess's apartments. It is quite an error to state that when the Duke won the hand of the fair Princess Troubetskoi he likewise secured a large dower. It is well known that her father, the head of one of the oldest of the Russian houses, had the audacity to differ on a point of honour with the late autocrat of all the Russias, and, as a natural consequence, was transferred to Siberia when the widowed Duchess de Morny was a mere child. She was therefore dowerless. Although deeply engaged in speculation of all kinds, the state of the Duke's affairs proves that cupidity was the last fault that could be attributed to one of the most generous-minded men that ever breathed. Of his perfect disinterestedness Emile de Girardin gives a signal proof by the conversation he quotes as having held with him but a few days before the fatal illness set in, in which the Duke said: "So convinced am I that the time has come when liberty is imperatively required by the country that I am perfectly ready to give up the presidency of the Chambers and resume the direction of the Ministère de l'Intérieur should my presence there be imperiously required." But a few weeks have elapsed since I was received by the Duke in his private

library. The audience terminated, with his accustomed courtesy he accompanied me along the magnificent gallery, where he had collected with such consummate discrimination the gems of art he always contemplated with so much evident pleasure. Suddenly a door burst open—three lovely children, fair, almost as though born on English soil, joyously claimed his presence at some newly invented game. The Greuzes, the Meissoniers, the grave preoccupations of the hour were each and all at once forgotten, and the children evidently won the day. As the gilded doors closed on the merry group, it would have been difficult to have believed that Death had set his seal on the affectionate father, the refined art patron, the gifted statesman, and the kind and never-failing friend, around whose princely home so unusual a portion of earthly happiness appeared to have centred. The grief of the Duchess is the more poignant, as she refused to admit the possibility of any danger existing till late on Thursday; and so utterly unaware was she of the real state of things that it was at her request the preparations were commenced for the *bal costumé* at *Mi-Carême*, to which the Duke gave an unwilling consent. It is to be feared that owing to the Duke's constant acts of generosity a very small provision has been made for his children.

The dull sound of cannon booming across the hushed city announced, at an early hour, that all that remains of De Morny was this day [March 13] to be laid in the grave. Summoned in the name of "La Duchesse de Morny et ses enfants" to the Palace of the Presidency at eleven o'clock, the immediate friends of the family, the great officers of State, forty of the senators, the Corps Législatif, the Cour de Cassation, the Tribunal de Première Instance, diplomatists, and courtiers, thronged the corridors and the magnificent salle which had been converted into a "chapelle ardente," where lay the plain, black velvet coffin covered by a silver-edged pall. The whole of the outside of the building was draped with black, and the motto in silver, "Pro Patriâ et Imperatore," was inscribed on the columns. In the Cour d'Honneur waited the silver-and-

black hearse, surmounted by the coronet of the late Duke, over which black crape was thrown. At half-past eleven the coffin, followed by General Comte Flahaut, Marquis de la Valette, and the attendant crowd, was carried out, and the hearse, surrounded by an escort of the Cent Gardes, proceeded towards the Madeleine. Immediately following came the late Duke's state carriage draped with sables, two Court carriages magnificently turned out, the servants wearing state liveries, the splendid horses caparisoned with scarlet-and-gold harness; the state carriages of Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde; the Duchess's private carriage; next to which came a plain English brougham, bearing the foreign coronet of a count and that of an English peeress. Next followed the state equipage of the Austrian Embassy, occupied by Her Excellency Princess de Metternich, the state carriages of the senators, the private carriages of the deputies, ambassadors, etc. The streets were lined with troops from an early hour. The procession was escorted by squadrons of every cavalry regiment quartered in Paris. The shops were closed, and every window, balcony, and even the roofs of the houses crowded by persons of every class and grade. I must not omit that a deputation of the Polish Committee, wearing their tattered uniforms, formed part of the procession. Within the immense church of the Madeleine the densest gloom prevailed, the floors, walls, and ceiling being covered with black cloth, relieved at wide intervals by small escutcheons, emblazoned by the ducal arms and coronet, and by shields bearing the initial "M" in silver. Every ray of outward daylight was excluded, and an unearthly shade produced by green fire burnt in gigantic silver sconces, which, mingled with the subdued light of thousands of wax tapers, added to the sepulchral scene in the interior of the vast church. The sound of muffled drums informed us of the approach of the coffin. Two lines of white-robed priests, preceding the Archbishop of Paris wearing his full canonicals and mitre, moved slowly down the aisle to the great entrance, the choir singing the *Miserere*, occasionally interrupted by

the deep peal of the organ. Borne by eight men, the coffin was carried up the centre of the church, followed by the representatives of the Emperor, General Fleury, Marshal Vaillant, and the Duke de Bassano, and was placed under the catafalque prepared for its reception, over which a baldequin, lined with ermine, was suspended, surrounded by several hundred tapers. On swept the brilliant crowd—the white uniforms of the Austrian, the scarlet coats of the English, representatives of the Embassy, the dark green dress of the Italian envoy and his attachés, the crimson robes of the presidents of the law courts, the bright yellow costume of the great officers of justice, contrasting with the dark uniforms of the French marshals and the black-and-gold embroidered state dress of the senators and deputies. The effect of this mass of brilliant colour, thrown into the strongest relief by the sable hue of the gloomy background, was very striking. The Duke de Persigny, the Ministre d'Etat, the Chancellier of the Légion d'Honneur, and the Ministre de l'Intérieur, wearing their grand cordons, took their places in black velvet fauteuils at each corner of the catafalque; while the representatives of the Emperor and ambassadors were placed near the grand altar. The Archbishop intoned the service, standing at the head of the coffin, his mitre and train borne by attendant bishops. In the tribune reserved over the grand altar for the family of the Duke I remarked several ladies, whose grief seemed almost uncontrollable. The ceremonies of the church concluded in half an hour. As the coffin issued from under the broad person of La Madeleine, a bright flash of sunlight burst from the lowering clouds and lit up the scene with marvellous effect. The dense crowd was kept in line by the Garde Impériale. At a slow pace the immense procession moved towards Père la Chaise, where the body will lie till preparations for its reception are completed on the Duke's estate in Auvergne.

As I left the cemetery the Ministre d'Etat, M. Rouher, was speaking, and M. Schneider, the Vice-President, was to

deliver the second oration over the grave. None of the evening papers can reproduce these speeches, as the hour is so late, and the line of carriages alone took one hour and a quarter to pass.

A great country has paid its last homage to its favourite statesman with all the pomp and circumstance that could surround the funeral ceremony; but if long lines of ministers in their state uniforms, of diplomatists from every Court in Europe, and of deputies in embroidered uniforms, marked that, although crêpe covered their swords, their attendance was officially required, there are breaking hearts and bitter tears for De Morny, and deep, unfeigned sorrow is widely felt for him.

March 15th.

A most extraordinary case of parricide has been brought before the assizes of the Puy de Dôme, and occupies public attention. An old couple named Pélissier Grimardias were living at the beginning of 1860 in the town of Maringues, the husband being then seventy years of age and the wife sixty. Pélissier had been an old soldier of the First Empire, but had turned baker. He had a son Jean, who was married, but had no children, and a daughter Françoise, married to one Morand. From his youth Jean Pélissier had been remarked in the neighbourhood for the brutality of his character. He had of latter years constantly been heard to say that when people's parents became old and useless, they ought to be got rid of. In December, 1857, Jean Pélissier was imprisoned for having thrown a wooden shoe at a girl's head. He had often struck his wife with an iron instrument used in the process of baking. His only companion was a returned convict. In the beginning of 1860 quarrels as to money matters between him and his parents arose, and Jean succeeded in inducing the whole family to set out for Riom, a town nineteen kilometres from Maringues, to consult a lawyer. He, however, managed to send home his wife and sister. They were much surprised next day at the non-appear-

ance of the old couple or of Jean, who did not return till midnight, when he stated that his father had met an old comrade, a man named Séné, who had a very profitable wine business at Marseilles, whither he had induced his parents to accompany him. In a few days Jean read aloud a letter from his father to his wife and sister, in which the old man begged he would join him at Marseilles, and bring with him a supply of clothes for himself and his mother. Jean left home immediately, and returned in the course of a few days, reporting most favourably of his father's new business, stating that his mother assisted in Séné's shop, and that both were making considerable sums of money. It must be remembered that neither his wife nor sister could read. During the years 1860–3 Jean from time to time read out similar letters and absented himself from home, invariably returning with money, which, he stated, his parents had given him. Meanwhile his sister repeatedly expressed a wish to accompany him on a visit to her parents, and at last insisted on doing so last May. In spite of all the difficulties Jean raised to her journey, she commenced her preparations, when on the 11th Jean received a letter from Séné, announcing the death of old Madame Pélissier, and stating that just as the old man was starting for Maringues to inform his family of her death he himself died of apoplexy. Jean set off instantly in a state of most demonstrative affliction. A sudden doubt flashed across the mind of his sister. She inquired at the post office, and on ascertaining that no letter from Marseilles had been delivered to her brother she felt convinced that he had murdered her parents. Jean made his appearance at the end of two days. A frightful scene ensued. To the appeals of his family as to what he had done with his parents he replied, "That is my secret. What has been done will benefit you all, and I abide the consequences." His sister, frantic with grief and horror, and perfectly convinced of his guilt, took him apart, implored him to save the honour of the family, and begged him to commit suicide rather than ascend the scaffold. A few

hours later the poor creature, struck with remorse for having suggested a fresh crime to her brother and maddened by despair, cut her own throat. The police having got scent of the suicide and of its motive, succeeded in capturing Jean, who had left Maringues the night of his sister's death. The investigations which followed showed that no trace could be found of the prisoner's father and mother after their arrival at Riom, but it was ascertained that on the following night the prisoner had employed a carrier to convey a large box, weighing at least 300 lbs., from that town to his own residence at Maringues, that the prisoner himself accompanied the cart, and took the box into his house without disturbing his wife or anyone else. There is reason to believe that this box contained the bodies of the missing couple, and that the prisoner had succeeded in concealing or destroying them during the long interval between the crime and his apprehension. When the carrier gave his evidence in court, the prisoner asserted that it was all false. After the Procureur-Général had addressed the Court for the prosecution, the prisoner requested permission to make a statement to the Court in the Council Chamber, which was granted, and when the public audience was resumed the prisoner repeated the declarations already made in private, to the effect that his father and mother had both thrown themselves into the Rhone at Lyons. The counsel for the defence then proposed to postpone the further hearing of the case, but the Court decided that the trial should continue, a decision which was loudly applauded by the public. The President accordingly summed up the evidence, and the jury having brought in a verdict of guilty, with extenuating circumstances, the Court sentenced the prisoner to hard labour for life.

March 26th.

The great event of the day is the judgment delivered in the case of M. Rogeard, author of *Les Propos de Labienus*, and his printer, Riquier Lainé, which was not known when I

closed my letter of Friday. It runs thus: "Seeing that Rogeard published during the first days of this month a pamphlet of twenty pages, entitled *Les Propos de Labienus;* that the first edition of 1,200 copies was seized at the office of the printer, Riquier Lainé; that this pamphlet, professing to be a picture of the Roman Empire during the reign of Augustus, under the pretext of a conversation between two Romans, Gallien and Labienus, on recently published memoirs of the Emperor Augustus, discusses the affairs of France and of its Sovereign, casts the most outrageous and infamous libels on the person of the Emperor; that furthermore these cleverly devised calumnies rise in virulence to the delirium of evil passions—therefore in publishing and selling this pamphlet Rogeard, its author, has been guilty of a public attack on the person of the Emperor, which makes him amenable to Article 86 of the Penal Code." The incrimination of the printer, Riquier Lainé, precedes the sentence, and reads thus: "Rogeard is sentenced to five years' imprisonment and Riquier Lainé to one month's imprisonment." Fortunately for him, Rogeard is in Belgium, and, I should say, not likely to return to Paris just at present. I happen to know that Riquier gave the pamphlet to his men to print without having the slightest idea of its contents. His attention was only attracted to it by the crowds of persons who suddenly came to his office to purchase copies. He then read it from mere curiosity.

April 3rd.

The death of Mr. Cobden has created a great sensation in Paris. All this evening's papers contain leading articles of considerable length, giving a biographical sketch of the life of the great economist, and passing a high eulogium on his untiring efforts and persevering labours in the interest of free trade. The *Temps* considers that France will regret Mr. Cobden as much as in England. He was an unflinching supporter and advocate of the Franco-English alliance, and, though he waged an unceasing war against English prejudices,

England ought to feel more proud of having produced him than any other modern statesman. Mr. Cobden was well known in Paris society, having often resided here, and attracted to his salon a large circle of the politicians and literary men of the day. The *Temps* concludes its article in the following words: "Mr. Cobden was *le fils des œuvres*," a characteristic expression, meaning that he owed his great name to his own exertions. "But," continues the *Temps*, "we are quite correct; he was also the son of English liberty, and of that admirable Constitution which represses no individual exertion. It was by the mere power of liberty, fully granted as it is in England, that the unknown village boy rose to fame and influence, and compelled Government to adopt his ideas, and in the teeth of the aristocratic party accomplished a tremendous revolution in the political economy of the world. In spite of the Revolution of '89, France has never brought forth a man of his caste." *La France* says that Mr. Cobden was a living example of what ideas, while they are true and just, can produce when they act under the impulse of genius, patriotism, and faith. His doctrines, in which every superior mind of the present day participates, are surely and rapidly advancing towards consummation. The *Presse* has put its pages into mourning, and Emile de Girardin declares that but for Cobden Sir Robert Peel would have little chance of being remembered by posterity. He describes Cobden, who had declined to become a member of the Government, as "the minister of enlightened public opinion in England," and remarks that Cobden was in truth more powerful than the whole Cabinet, for he had succeeded in changing the entire course of the foreign policy of his country. Europe, says M. de Girardin, ought to appoint a day of general mourning for the deceased statesman. M. Paulin Limayrac, chief editor of the *Constitutionnel*, says in that journal that "in the death of Mr. Cobden England loses one of her most illustrious citizens, and economic science one of its loftiest and purest lights. The last time we had the honour of seeing Mr. Cobden he

spoke about France and her Sovereign in terms which are engraved on our memory, and still more deeply on our heart."

The debates on the address have, I admit, absorbed a considerable portion of public interest, but the mule Rigolo has been the event of the week, and if I have not mentioned him before, *mea culpa*, I humbly crave your pardon, and proceed at once to put you *au courant* of all that concerns this marvellous beast. Rigolo was sent by the proprietor of the Vienna circus to M. Degeau, the manager of the Cirque de l'Impératrice, as well as of the Cirque Napoléon. Rigolo belongs to the Opposition, which probably accounts for his popularity, and distinctly refuses to listen to gentle remonstrances or angry invectives, were they even backed by the strong arms of the Government whippers-in themselves. Rigolo arrived in Paris, and appeared in the arena of the Cirque Napoléon with the prestige of his reputation. He had thrown every rough-rider in Germany, and for the last few days he kept up his character. However, Rigolo was conquered—first by a common *gamin*, to whom, when on the mule's back, the bright thought occurred to blind him by putting his hands over the beast's eyes. Rigolo stood motionless. The *gamin* was paid the prize of 100 f., and was tremendously cheered, and Rigolo, crestfallen and humble, was led back to his stable amidst shouts of derision. But Rigolo's hour was not yet come. Saturday evening a man, to all appearance a groom, entered the arena. Rigolo had successively thrown dozens of rough-riders. This unassuming individual walked up to him, and in less time than I can write completely mastered him; whereupon a scene ensued which defies description, and even surpassed the memorable field-day of last Thursday in another arena, in the vehemence of the excitement manifested by the actors as well as the audience. On the victory of the strange groom being evident the men of the circus, conscious of their defeat, interfered to prevent the man carrying out the programme and winning his 100 f. by riding three times round the circus. On perceiving this

the audience rose simultaneously. A storm of hisses and groans was speedily accompanied by a volley of projectiles, chiefly consisting of the small stools so liberally supplied in all places of public entertainment in France. Rigolo escaped to his stables, and Leotard endeavoured to put an end to the disturbance by attempting to commence his usual gymnastic feats. Notwithstanding several remonstrances on the imprudence of attempting to perform in the midst of such a scene, he began his feats, and met with a severe fall. This excited the audience to such a pitch that they rushed into the arena, charged the circus grooms, who had to fly, refused to allow Leotard to recommence, and for at least three-quarters of an hour the hisses, groans, and shouts of "Rigolo! Rigolo!" continued, when a division of Gardes Municipaux and a strong body of *sergents de ville*, under the orders of several police agents, appeared and very speedily cleared the house. I must say the police were wrong—the groom ought to have been allowed to gain his 100 f., which he had every chance of winning fairly.

April 4th.

"We regret to announce the death of Mr. Richard Cobden. France unites with England in paying the tribute of regret to this great economist." Such are the first words of the first paragraph of the *Moniteur* of this morning, which devotes one of its columns to an able sketch of the great man's career. It commences thus: "The nineteenth century has lost one of the men who have shed the most lustre on the age, and whose life characterises the rôle which it will take in the history of humanity." The article is unsigned; its style singularly resembles that of an illustrious author, whose friendship for Mr. Cobden is a matter of history. I do not translate it, because Reuter has conveyed it to you. It concludes by the following remarkable words:—

"Richard Cobden, on his death-bed, had the satisfaction of seeing his great work, so fully appreciated (*si grandement comprise*) by Napoleon III., radiate over the whole of

Europe from the impulse of a French statesman. In that respect France has been faithful to her initiatory mission. Richard Cobden understood this; he loved France. France will not forget him." With the exception of Emile de Girardin's leading article in *La Presse*, which paper, by-the-by, appeared last night with a mourning border, this notice in the *Moniteur* is the best, though not the longest, which has as yet been published on the great man of the day. Last night I happened to be at a *soirée* in a fashionable salon. The only topic of conversation was the immense loss even this country has sustained in the death of Mr. Cobden, which, from its suddenness, startled the Parisian world, and has created a painful sensation, as well as a deep feeling of regret, only equalled by that experienced on the death of the Duke de Morny. In France Mr. Cobden's genius was appreciated and admired, while the kindness of his heart and the unswerving honesty of his principles won for him universal esteem and affection.

April 7th.

The nomination of M. Prévost-Paradol to the vacant chair at the Academy has taken Paris by surprise, and gives sincere pleasure to all men of independent views. The new Academician is one of the staunchest supporters of the Orleanist party, and has steadily declined all the tempting offers which have been made to entice him over to the ranks of the Government party, his talented pen being a weapon they would gladly see wielded in their cause. His pointed and clever articles in the *Débats* and the *Courrier du Dimanche* always attract attention, and the latter paper undoubtedly owes much of its popularity to the fact that M. Prévost-Paradol is one of its contributors. Yet, although I am of the new Academician's most steady admirers, and appreciate his talent and independence, I cannot help admitting that the veteran writer, Jules Janin, had a prior claim to M. Ampère's vacant chair. M. Paradol had sixteen votes, M. Jules Janin fourteen. At the dinner given yesterday by the Société des

Gens de Lettres, under the presidency of Baron Taylor, this feeling was strongly manifested by the literary men of France. One hundred and fifty were present. As soon as the news of the result of the elections reached us, M. Leo Lespès, whose nom-de-plume is "Timothée Trimm," a daily writer in the *Petit Journal*, rose and proposed a toast to the "father of the *feuilletonistes* of France—Jules Janin," which was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the Academy was hissed. Camille Doucet has been returned to fill Alfred de Vigny's vacant chair. The true importance of M. Prévost-Paradol's election is that it is a political protest, organised, of course, by M. Guizot. To return to the dinner: the only remarkable speech made was that of Paul Féval, our President for this year, pointing out the necessity of union if we are really sincere in our scheme of reorganisation and reform. I cannot say much for the speech of M. le Baron Taylor, although he is a noted personage. He made a most unfortunate allusion to his own liberality in having telegraphed to Epernay for some dozens of champagne for our benefit, expressing a pious hope that, like good little boys, we would not take too much. Of course, that paragraph of his speech was anything but applauded. For the last few years Baron Taylor's whole occupation in life has been presiding over dinners on every possible occasion, and this habit has become a second nature to such an extent that he gives directions to his household in the usual accepted forms of speech adopted on public occasions, calling his cook to order as though she were a troublesome speaker, and announcing to his servants that they were requested to vote for the dinner. The salient fact at yesterday's dinner was the presence of *femmes de lettres*. However learned and witty these blue-stockings may have been, I cannot in truth say much for their beauty.

April 10th.

M. Sainte-Beuve is to present the *procès-verbal* of the ballot, which took place on the 6th to replace Count Alfred de Vigny and M. Ampère at the Académie Française, to the Emperor at the Tuileries. This duty devolves on M. Sainte-Beuve, he being director of the Academy. M. Sandeau is to reply to the speech of M. Camille Doucet, and M. Guizot to that of M. Prévost-Paradol. The latter is to allude to M. Ampère's *Histoire Romaine à Rome*, a subject which excites peculiar interest just at present; the young Academician's speech will, therefore, be listened to with deep attention. M. Paradol will certainly appear singularly youthful among the grey-headed forty, and his election has excited the bitterest animadversion on account of his extreme youth. I do not know his age, but his slight figure and delicately-chiselled features combine to increase the defect which undoubtedly time will remedy. A good story is told, or has been invented, of his *concierge*. Since Thursday, on which day he was elected, the old lady has been well-nigh driven out of her wits by the accumulation of letters, notes, cards, and messages of congratulation which she has been commissioned to deliver, and naïvely asked M. Paradol, "Sir, are you once more going to prison that all these visits arrive?"—alluding to the imprisonment inflicted on him for one of his satirical attacks on Government. As I have not seen M. Paradol since his election I cannot vouch for the story.

April 17th.

There exists perhaps in France but one power which has kept its ground, in spite of revolution, and exerts as great an influence at the present day on society as it did when Molière wrote and Rabelais laughed, and that power is Ridicule. Not only has Ridicule outlived monarchs of every political creed, but in many instances Ridicule has been the

hammer by which the thrones of these kings have been smashed to pieces. "Le Ridicule tue," says the French, and never was there a truer saying as applied to this country. Were I to be asked who contributed most to the fall of Louis Philippe, Guizot or Daumier, I should unhesitatingly reply, Daumier. His transforming the head of Louis Philippe into a pear, which caricature covered the walls of Paris for years, was undoubtedly the first blow to the July monarchy. A French writer, who certainly possessed to a high degree the power and bitterness of satire of Thackeray combined with the humour of Dickens, M. Champfleury, has for many years made it his special study to ascertain whether the sense of the ridiculous and of satire was ever expressed by means of caricature among the ancients. He now puts before the public the result of his long and laborious research in the form of a charming volume, *Histoire de la Caricature Antique*, illustrated by the most curious engravings. Champfleury does not, however, inform us to which nation it first occurred to hold public men up to ridicule by means of caricatures, and thus expose their hollowness and put their weak points before the world in strong relief, but he clearly proves that the Assyrians and Egyptians practised the art of caricaturing. In fact, he has no hesitation in classing as caricatures some of the peculiar drawings those nations indulged in, which have been discovered on the stupendous monuments they have left of their skill in architecture. I cannot help agreeing with Champfleury, and I do believe that the art of caricature—traces of which have been found in the wilds of Siberia, as well as in the more recently discovered regions of the globe—must have existed from the first day that it struck a man's mind to trace upon the ground a sketch of a human face. I regret to say that among the curious satirical prints contained in Champfleury's book is one of so blasphemous a nature that I cannot venture to describe it. It is, moreover, one of the most important *graffites* that exists, and was discovered in a garden near Mount Palatin. This only tends to prove that all is

not ludicrous in caricature, and that comicality among the ancients was of a more serious nature, and not so jocose as it has since become. Champfleury's *Histoire de la Caricature Antique* is sure to be a great success here, and with a few alterations and the suppression of one or two of the illustrations would certainly be welcomed by the intellectual classes in England: a translation of the work might prove remunerative to a publisher. It is exquisitely got up, and written with his usual talent; *du reste* no one is more fit to treat the subject of ridicule than Champfleury, he himself being a literary caricaturist of no mean order. He delights in caricature, not only because it laughs down many of the major and minor humbugs of society and wages war against all sham, cant, and conventionalism, but because it tends to improve the moral tone of society by exciting mirth, which is decidedly serviceable to our bodily health. Champfleury agrees with Professor Hufeland, of Berlin, that the royal practice of having buffoons and jesters at table during meals was founded on true medical principles. Such being the case, I strongly recommend you to get the book, and thus save your constitution many a blue pill and your pocket many a doctor's fee.

April 18th.

From three to seven o'clock yesterday the Champs Elysées presented a scene essentially typical of Parisian life. To say that the vast space from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile was a moving mass of life is no exaggeration, for the broad avenue was not only densely thronged by carriages and riders going to the races at Longchamps, but the side walks were so closely packed by fauteuils and chairs, from which the fashionable world, who from accident or caprice did not go the races, passed in review the toilettes of their friends as they drove by, that the humbler idlers of the day with difficulty were able to thread their way along the wide footpaths, and indeed were mostly compelled to walk in the side gardens, where troops of children—some in

goat-carriages, others shouting with glee at the time-honoured quarrels of "Polichinelle" and "La Mère Gigogne," or gazing with wonder at tinsel marionettes—were as thoroughly enjoying Easter Monday as their parents in the Longchamps grand stand. Amidst the gay and brilliant throng were types of every class. It was curious to see an ambassador and his lovely daughter seated next to a group of holiday folks evidently come up from the country to stare at the Paris world; young clerks enjoying their only day's rest from the thankless labour of the pen; bourgeoises displaying for the first time the glories of bran new silk dresses, elbowing a courtly group of Tascher de la Pageries and the Chamberlain's daughter, the belle of the season—the fair Mademoiselle de Bassano. It was a gay and pleasant sight, and we of the plebeian race felt delighted to find our chairs actually touching those of personages of no less mark than His Excellency Lord Cowley, Viscountess Royston, etc. The carriages! how can I convey to you the faintest idea of their number or variety? Conspicuous among those to which the word equipage can apply was the perfectly turned-out victoria of their Excellencies of Metternich, whose splendid bays, capitally matched, and stepping out at the right pace, were ridden by a postillion, his jacket and the body of the carriage being of that intense yellow which makes the equipages of the Austrian Embassy so peculiar. The Prince and Princess were its occupiers. The Princess's costume, a lady told me, was of ecru silk; I can testify only to a bouquet of white moss roses which was placed before her. A carriage and four bearing a ducal coronet attracted attention from the postillions' turquoise satin jackets, bearing escutcheons with the family arms embroidered on the left sleeve. A landau excited no little merriment laden with carriage builder's workmen. It was unpainted, and the head opened and closed every three minutes, evidently as an advertisement for the inventor of this convenient mode of securing its occupants from rain, which allowed them to enjoy sunshine as they might find it agreeable. The Prince Imperial drove past

with his escort, two little boys occupying the back seat. When he bows he has the most good-humoured and amused smile, which conveys to me the idea that the child himself wonders why the people make a fuss about him. Several low, open carriages were drawn in the style of the old Empire—the harness of rope, *grelots* attached to the horse-collars, postillions with powdered *queues* and round hats, bright yellow tights and short green coats, not jackets, faced with red. Count Frederic de Lagrange, as usual, won La Bourse; M. Daru, the Prix de la Grotte; M. Teisseire, the Prix de Guiche; and Count de Lagrange, twice conqueror, the Prix du Cadran. The event of the day was the race for the Lutèce prize, 8,000 f., for three-year-olds and upwards, entrance 200 f.; thirteen horses were entered, eight started. Tourmalet came in first, the property of M. Lupin. And as I walked home from this gay scene, passing up one of the side streets leading to the Rue Fortin, I was attracted to a group of little children chattering in English, their own deep mourning and that of their attendants betokening their orphanage. A likeness in the features of the baby child caught my attention: they were the fatherless children of him who had been almost the founder of the races which had occupied all Paris on that day; and I asked myself, "Who among that gay and brilliant crowd has thought of De Morny lying dead among the graves of Père Lachaise?"

April 19th.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences the Emperor's physician, Dr. Rayer, presented the report, drawn up by M. Chenu, *médecin principal*, on the results of the medico-chirurgical service of the French hospitals in the Crimea and Turkey during the campaigns of 1854–1856. The following are the frightful statistics contained in page 579 of the report of the number of casualties from 1st April, 1854, to 6th July, 1856, and of the deaths resulting either from the effects of wounds or maladies caught in the East up to 31st December, 1857:—

Killed or lost on the field of battle . .	10,240
The loss of the *Sémillante* . .	702
Died of various diseases, specially cholera, previous to the Battle of Alma . .	8,084
Died of cold and illness before Sebastopol	4,312
Died in hospital up to 31st December, 1857	72,247
Total .	95,585

The French sent 309,268 men to the East; one-fifteenth were either killed or died of wounds and 74,000 of disease—that is to say, one-fourth of the troops.

April 26th.

The evening papers are unanimous in their expressions of grief and indignation as to the murder of President Lincoln. The *Temps* says:—

"It is an odious crime and a useless one. Lincoln has died surrounded by the purest of glories and bearing a crown such as no statesman ever wore before him. 'Tis not in vain that he has fought the battle of liberty, and his work will survive him. The providential mission of the United States cannot depend on the mere life of one man, and the liberty which gave birth to Lincoln, and to which Lincoln sacrificed his life, will certainly give birth to other worthy defenders."

April 27th.

The long-impending case of Elizabeth Wilhelmina (*née* Countess de Colmar) Brunswick, married, 1847, to the Viscount de Civry, has at last come on. The case for the plaintiff has been undertaken by no less a personage than the veteran leader of the Opposition, M. Marie, whose brilliant eloquence and forensic talent are as well known at the bar as within the precincts of the Corps Législatif. M. Allou will reply for the defendant, His Royal Highness Charles Duke of Brunswick. M. Marie recapitulated the history of the case from the year 1825, when the young

Duke, at the age of twenty-two, strikingly handsome and very captivating, arrived in London with all the prestige of his rank, the son of "Brunswick's fated chieftain," "who knew that peal too well which stretched his father on a bloody bier" on the battlefield of Jena. The Duke had, moreover, the singular advantage of being nephew to "the first gentleman in Europe," and, as the tale M. Marie unfolds will prove, appears to have benefited by the example and precepts of his royal uncle, our gracious Sovereign George IV. In London Society His Royal Highness met, at the house of her aunt, Countess Pipper, the beautiful Miss Colville, then seventeen, with whom it was his royal pleasure to fall in love and to whom he proposed a left-handed marriage, asserting that he had talked the matter over with his uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who, having himself done likewise, very probably did consent thereto. The unfortunate girl believed his royal word, and, attended by Miss Matthews and her servants, escorted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, sailed for Calais, where she was met by the Duke and his brother, the present reigning Prince. On reaching the ducal territory she found the château of Wendessen prepared for her service. Her daughter, born in 1826, was baptised with all the ceremonial used on the birth of the children of royal princes. The golden font of the Brunswick family was used on the occasion ; the godfather (the present Duke) was represented by his chamberlain ; the child was named after its grandmother, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and created by letters patent Countess of Colmar. The ducal arms adorned the child's carriage, and her numerous attendants received orders from the Duke in person to watch over the child with the utmost assiduity. Two years later her mother, outraged by His Royal Highness's conduct with a *danseuse*, fled during his absence from her splendid home, carrying her child with her, but leaving her jewels and even clothes at Wendessen. On the Duke's return he traced her to London, despatched Baron de Girsewold, his first aide-de-camp, with written orders to claim the Countess Colmar, then aged two years,

supplying Miss Mathews with letters of credit on Hammersly's bank for the child's expenses, and desiring her to take charge of the child till further orders. The Duke arrived some months later, and, attended by his chamberlain, Baron d'Andlau, inspected a school at Notting Hill, where he subsequently placed the little Countess, stating her to be his daughter, and desiring that she should be instructed in music by Dülcken, then music-master to the present King of Hanover, and in dancing by Madame Bourdin, who gave lessons at the time to Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria. In 1835 the Duke informed Miss Mathews in person of his wish that she should go to the school at Notting Hill, and, in accordance with orders already communicated to the heads of that establishment, take charge of his daughter to his residence, 52, Champs Elysées, where Miss Mathews was to transfer her to the charge of the Baron and Baroness d'Andlau. The Countess was supplied with a magnificent wardrobe, jewels, etc., and resided in Paris under the care of the Baroness, having the command of her father's establishment, carriages, etc., till she was, by the Duke's orders, placed at a school in Nancy, where, at the age of sixteen, she heard the celebrated Père Lacordaire preach, and under his influence turned Catholic, on which His Royal Highness announced that his religious feelings were so profoundly shocked that he refused to pay for her support, and gave her up totally. The case exciting the interest of the Civry family, whose château is close to Nancy, the Count and Countess adopted the young girl, and consented to her marriage with their eldest son, the Viscount de Civry. The consent of the Duke was asked and granted. The marriage took place in London in 1847, and the *faire parts* were issued in the name of "Baron d'Andlau, Chamberlain to His Royal Highness Prince Charles of Brunswick, Sovereign Duke, etc., who has the honour to announce the marriage of his august daughter, Elizabeth Wilhelmina d'Este Brunswick, Countess de Colmar, with M. Eugène, etc., Viscount de Civry." She is now Viscountess de Civry; her husband was ruined in 1848, and

the family estates sold; she is the mother of eight children, and claims a maintenance from her rouged, bewigged, and diamond-buttoned father, the worthy disciple and nephew of Europe's first gentleman, the exiled Royal Highness Charles, Duke of Brunswick, who fled from his pink palace, Rue Balzac, because his footman stole his diamonds, and because his starving daughter and grandchildren asked for a few thousand francs.

The great event of the artistic world of France came off to-day. At twelve o'clock the great exhibition opened. Among the most characteristic figures in the Salon was Théophile Gautier, a "shocking bad hat" attached to the back of his huge head by some process of adhesion known to himself alone, masses of dishevelled hair hanging in heavy locks anywhere but in the right place, and catalogue in hand, making and destroying reputations by the glance of his eye or the stroke of his pen.

May 7th.

The exhibition of paintings is free on Sundays. The physiognomy, if I may use the expression, of the crowd on that day differs essentially from that to be remarked on week-days, when artists come to listen to the criticisms of the world of fashion that fill the Salon and crowd around the acknowledged success of the day. On Sunday the rooms are filled by the population of Versailles, Bougival, St. Cloud, and all the environs of Paris, who instinctively select their favourite pictures, regardless of the fiat of *feuilletonistes*, even of the great Théophile Gautier himself. Yesterday I could scarcely pass from Salle D to Salle G, so dense was the crowd around a picture I had not previously remarked, the subject of attraction being the lovely Princess de Lamballe in the midst of the Septembrists; a ruffian, armed with a huge billet of wood, is in the act of aiming at her head; while another hired assassin with a pike (Tissot, probably, whom I have had the advantage of seeing) and a furious mob, excited and drunk with blood, are about to

tear the Princess to pieces. I passed on to Corot's lovely landscape of the Lake Nemi. No notice whatever was paid to it, and yet it is lovely—the distance so exquisitely given, and the receding background marvellous in truth and drawing. The colouring I think less pleasing than that of Fromentin's, but I dare not venture to utter this idea here.

I have just left the dog show. I have always had a love of dogs from the day when I was trusted with the important office of throwing a sou to the organ-grinder who used regularly to station himself under the nursery windows, attended by a great white dog, on which rode a red-frocked monkey, and a good dog he was. His race is extinct; so patient, so intelligent and active, and, above all, never barking. The dogs at the exhibition make a frightful row, and no wonder, chained as they are day and night, and separated from their beloved masters. The nights of Musard's concerts are nights of agony to them. Last Saturday selections from the *Favorita* were performed, of which the canine race did not approve, and they simultaneously joined in a disapprobatory chorus, which drove the habitués of that most enjoyable concert half wild. Among the poodle dogs exhibited—which breed, by-the-by, is remarkably well represented—is one which beats poor Monito, who, it will be remembered, played at dominoes, and always won at whist. The dog exhibited now is a good Catholic, never eats meat on a Friday, and knows beforehand the changes of the weather as well as the late Mathieu de la Drôme. The chief objects of attraction are the thirty-nine Vendean dogs, direct descendants of the celebrated white hounds with which the gay and gallant Henri IV. hunted, as also the Breton pack of M. de Madre. The packs of Count d'Osmond and M. de Caillard, lodged under an iron shed ornamented with thirty boars' feet, trophies of a single hunting season, attract great admiration. There are a great number of splendid pointers. There are King Charleses in abundance; the hairless dogs of China, Turkey, and Mexico; lots of Scotch

terriers, and some few valuable shepherds' dogs, as well as several fine Newfoundlands; but the most singular part of this exhibition is the pet lap-dog department. Some are really beautiful little things—snow-white seems to be the fashionable colour this year; but the *mise en scène* reminds one of "my lady's boudoir." Each has a little room to itself, the sides lined with rose or blue satin, trimmed with lace and ruches of ribbon, and the *gardien* gravely informed me that several declined their food unless served on a silver plate. I hope they are not insulted by being offered a plated dish. One of these kennels is a regular dressing-room, worthy of a descendant of Ninon de l'Enclos: brushes, combs, sponges, puffs, and perfumes being scattered about. The proprietor of this elegant apartment is a white Havanna dog. The catalogue was not published this morning; therefore I know not to whom this happy quadruped appertains. The general arrangements are perfect. The fine trees of Cours-la-Reine form an agreeable shade from the burning rays of the sun. Each animal is placed according to its class, and a ticket indicates its race and name.

A characteristic story reached me of Theresa, who is constantly invited to sing in the *salons* of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. After the celebrated songstress had entranced her audience at the Duchess of S——'s party last Thursday some of the *jeunesse dorée* asked her if the songs she had just acted as well as sung were the same as she was in the habit of performing at the Alcazar. "Oh, no," was her reply. "What I have sung here would not be tolerated by the police."

The greatest success which has been known for a long time in the theatrical world is *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, which has been mentioned as the joint composition of Emile de Girardin and Alexandre Dumas *fils*. This statement is hardly correct. Emile de Girardin some months ago wrote a very clever play, which he asked his friend A. Dumas *fils* to read over and arrange for the stage, as his political occupations prevented his devoting sufficient time to the necessary

details of the work. M. Dumas accepted the task, willingly made all the arrangements for the performance of the piece, superintended the rehearsals, and finally announced to M. de Girardin that his drama would be performed last Monday. The *polémiste* was punctual, and was seen by the crowded audience to take his seat and listen with attention for a few moments; presently he seemed puzzled, then excited. He stood up, sat down, left the box, returned, again listened, read the printed play, and finally, notwithstanding the evident efforts of his friends, left the theatre in disgust. The fact is M. Dumas had rewritten the play, scarcely preserving the original idea of M. de Girardin, and rewritten it with such undeniable talent that the enthusiasm of the audience can only be conveyed by the French expression, "La salle a été enlevée." Had M. Dumas's *Supplice d'une Femme* proved a failure it might have consoled the politician for the non-appearance of his drama, but that it should have been so radically altered as to be unrecognisable even by himself, and yet be an undoubted success, was a trial even the veteran politician could not stand with common patience.

The piece continues to be the great event of the theatrical world. It is beyond any doubt the best-written and most touching piece which has appeared on the French stage for many years. M. de Girardin cannot take this quietly. He has sent his original play to Michel Lévy, with a preface written by himself. The publisher gave him 5,000 f. for the preface, which, *en grand seigneur*, he at once sent off to Mdlle Favart.

May 25th.

A charming anecdote of the Empress has reached me from Boston. A lady in very reduced circumstances, but who had once occupied a superior station, formed a collection of the varied leaves of the magnificent trees for which the forests of America are so celebrated, whose brilliant tints are well known to exceed in vivid colouring even the foliage of tropical plants. Part of this curious collection was

placed in an album and sent to one of the crowned heads of Europe, a precisely similar album being sent by the same steamer to the Empress of the French. But the reception of the poor lady's offering at the Courts in question was very different. From the first arrived an acknowledgment penned by an official, stating that "for once" the Sovereign "had condescended to accept the offering, which, however, it was hoped would not be considered as a precedent or encouragement for any future similar gifts." From the second the donor had the infinite gratification of receiving a few lines from the pen of Her Imperial Majesty, expressing her surprise at the extreme beauty of the specimens contained in the album, "*qu'elle trouvait ravissante*," and requesting the lady to accept the ring which she enclosed as a token of her "*reconnaissance*," the value of the ring being £20. Red-tapeism *versus* genuine kindness of heart.

June 8th.

Paris hardly knows the unexplored mines of wealth it contains in the private collections of curiosities amassed by connoisseurs. How often do we not wish to travel in order to visit distant galleries or museums, and yet it frequently happens that at our very door we have treasures far more precious than those which amateurs go hundreds of miles to see. For instance, I have just visited a private gallery which very few English have even heard of. It is situated in a small avenue which runs into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and is the property of M. Aristide le Carpentier. I can only compare this gallery to the Musée de Cluny. You enter by a sculptured door, the bronze knocker of which is wrought with such rare skill that Baron Rothschild offered M. le Carpentier eighty pounds for it, but the latter refused to sell it. You ascend a staircase, and are struck by the design of the open gilt iron-work of the balustrade. It was once that of the pulpit in St. Germain des Prés. You seize a chased steel ball attached to a chain of marvellous work, and are presently all but deafened by a tam! tam! loud enough to arouse the Seven

Sleepers. The door has flown open, and you are admitted within the sanctum sanctorum. A series of quaintly shaped rooms meet your eye, the walls of which are closely covered by weapons of every shape and age, inlaid with gold, silver, or ivory; while *bahuts* of sculptured ebony, chairs of ancient oak, tables of Pompeian bronze well-nigh fill every spot. These rare treasures are flecked by patches of purple and crimson light, which stream in through ancient stained-glass windows. The contents of the glass cases which cover the tables would require the pen of a catalogue writer to detail. Relics from Etruria, vases from Greece, jades from China, armour worn by the old Capetian kings, instruments of torture occupy the larger ones against the walls; but in the smaller cases is a collection of cinquecento jewellery and onyx, chalcedony, sardonyx, and cornelian cameos, unrivalled for beauty of workmanship and intrinsic value in any public museum. The cameos are mounted in gold boxes, and many of them have been the property of crowned heads. One, the sight of which would make an amateur of cameos break the tenth commandment, is marvellous, consisting of a scene from Greek mythology, carved under a trellis-work, both layers of work being cut in the same stone. Among the relics of the middle ages is the *poire d'angoisse* (choke pear or gag), which, once inserted into the mouth, distended by means of a secret spring till the victim was strangled in excruciating but mute agony. Among the Indian curiosities is a single grain of rice, which, seen through a powerful magnifying-glass, you perceive to be the carved image of an Indian god seated in a pagoda; next to this lies a cherry stone, on which a whole Indian battle, warriors, horses, etc., are carved; a coloured *alto-relievo* of Judith and Holofernes, a foot and a half in height, carved on a single hippopotamus's bone; Marie Antoinette's bagpipes, on which she and her ladies used to play at Trianon, disguised as shepherdesses—it is still covered with faded green silk and trimmed with rose-coloured knots; a hurdy-gurdy bearing the lilies of France, once the property of Catherine de

Medicis; a game of goose with the cypher and crown of Louis XV.; a cabinet of medals, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, brought from Italy by Cardinal Mazarin, and given by him to Anne of Austria, her initials and crown inlaid over each lock in its numerous drawers. There still exist ninety gold and silver Roman medals; a few of the original collection are missing. I specially admired a dagger and powder pouch in carved ivory lying in a splendid velvet box. M. le Carpentier then told me that during the revolution of 1830 he had felt somewhat nervous lest the value of his collection should attract the cupidity of the lawless mob which roamed about the streets for so many days. One night, at a very late hour, he heard loud and sudden knocking. With infinite precaution he opened the street door. An old man, evidently much agitated, entered, and showing the case of splendid ivory carvings I had remarked, told him they had belonged to the great Emperor, and asked him to purchase them at once. On M. le Carpentier requesting him to leave the box till the next day, he said, "I am a duke; I have lost everything. I want money to-night, but I shall return and buy them back if affairs settle." The generous *collectionneur* at once gave him the sum he had asked, and has never heard of him since. Another touching anecdote is attached to a nugget of gold, the first ever brought from California to Europe. Twenty-eight years ago a poor invalid presented himself, and, taking out of his tattered coat an enormous block of quartz, asked M. le Carpentier if he would purchase it, assuring him it was full of gold. The first thought that struck the antiquary was that the man was insane. "I am not mad," he said; "I have come to ask you to apply to Government to give me a vessel and crew of a hundred men, and I promise to return with a cargo of gold." M. le Carpentier, confirmed in his original impression, insisted on the poor man eating, and in exchange for a small piece of the quartz he gave him a napoleon, telling him he might return whenever he pleased. The poor man never reappeared. Meanwhile M. le Carpentier had the fragment analysed, and

to his amazement it proved to contain pure gold. Fifteen years elapsed; a parcel and a letter were left at his door; the parcel, wrapped in an old handkerchief, was heavy. The letter was worn and almost illegible. On deciphering it it proved to be the dying statement of the poor traveller, and, through the neglect of the lodging-house keeper at which house he had died a few days after his interview with M. le Carpentier, had never been delivered. The packet, I need not say, contained the block of quartz. The letter was thus worded, "You alone listened to me; you alone stretched out a helping hand to me. Alas, it was too late! I am dying. I bequeath my secret to you. The country whence I brought this gold is called California!" To describe the effect of receiving this by a mere act of neglect fifteen years too late is impossible. The magic of that name was utterly unknown at the time of the incident, and the poor sailor who brought the first specimen of Californian gold actually died of want.

The Comtesse de Civry has lost her trial, her marriage with a French subject having made her amenable to French law, by which her father, the Duke of Brunswick, is not compelled to support a child not born in wedlock. The fact of the Duke having taken up his residence in Holland will prevent her pursuing her claim at Brunswick.

June 19th.

English visitors to this city, whilst smoking a cigar or sipping *café* on the boulevards, must have remarked a poorly dressed man hanging about, watching the smokers with anxiety—but his object may not have struck them. These men have invented a new trade, and manage thereby to eke out a livelihood. They carefully gather all the cigar-ends they can collect, and take them to an *estaminet* behind the Porte Saint-Martin, which has the following curious motto on its ensign, "Au tabac gratis à discrétion," underneath which is the information, addressed to the public in general, that any person taking a glass of wine in this establishment has the

privilege of smoking any amount of tobacco gratis, the tobacco being the chopped cigar-ends of the Paris population carefully ground and sifted.

June 20th.

The Empress spent four hours yesterday at La Roquette, the prison for juvenile offenders. Her Majesty arrived at half-past nine, attended by the Minister of the Interior, M. de Lavalette, and the Comtesse de Labédoyère, Lady-in-Waiting. No previous intimation of the visit having reached the establishment, it took the governors completely by surprise. The Empress insisted not only on seeing the infirmary and chapel, but inspected five hundred cells, interrogating many of the prisoners separately, drawing from them the history of their past lives and the details of the crimes for which they were incarcerated with such touching kindness that when she arose to quit the *salle*, where the young prisoners had been allowed to assemble at her request, several of them burst into tears, and literally sobbed with emotion as she took leave of them. Those who were present say that the Empress herself was so much affected that she could not address them as she intended, but her private conversation with each must necessarily have left a deeper impression than any speech would have done. The carriage drove out of the yard at half-past one. The prison itself has the appearance of a feudal castle, consisting of a hexagonal pile with circular turrets at the angles, from each of which wings converge to a circular one in the centre. The offenders, all under the age of sixteen, are detained here for the purpose of correctional education, which is carried on till their twentieth year. Nothing can exceed the monotony of the system to which they are subjected, each young convict being perpetually confined to his cell, except when taken to the chapel or granted one hour's exercise in one of the six interior courts. Twelve trades are taught to the inmates. Each cell is the boy's workshop as well as his bedroom, and while he is at work a grated window

in his door is left open in order that he may listen to a monitor who stands in the passage and dictates in a loud voice. The names of the boys are not even known to the overseers, who call them by the number of the cell they occupy. The prison contains five hundred offenders at this moment; their cost is 38,000 f. per year. The result of this cellular education is very inferior to that of the farm-house system at Mettray. This colony is lodged in twelve separate houses, each of which accommodates twenty-five individuals, under the care of a *chef*, and the three hundred offenders are employed in agricultural pursuits, being also instructed in the rudiments of chemistry and natural science, so that, on the term of their sentence expiring, they are returned to their families with a practical knowledge of farming, which renders them valuable members of society. The best proof of the advantage of the Mettray system is the fact that, although the farms are not enclosed by walls or watched by sentinels, during the year 1864 not a single inmate attempted to escape.

June 27th.

The upper ten thousand have left Paris for their châteaux, or Trouville, Dieppe, Arcachon, Etretat, or some of the innumerable bathing-places so rapidly springing into notice. The few who are still in town are detained in consequence of the prorogation of both the Senate and Corps Législatif. These are no longer to be met on the Champs Elysées between five and six; they drive to the Bois after dinner, and, notwithstanding the brilliant illuminations on the lake, even Mr. Chadwick's black horses, which created so great a sensation at Longchamps, are difficult to distinguish. Some of the equipages which crowd the drive having been in Paris all the season, one recognises them at once: for instance, M. Bejot's four-in-hand, from the great height of his horses, seventeen hands at least, and their peculiar high action. M. Bejot's hunting stables are worth seeing; he has a chestnut mare which was the envy of all the meet at

Chantilly last season. The Duke de Mouchy, *chevalier des dames par excellence*, drives a victoria. His coachman is English; his horses a pair of dark bays, so perfect in shape and slight in their limbs they are mistaken for thoroughbreds. The harness is London make, the "M" surmounted by a ducal coronet and encircled by the motto in exquisitely chased silver. The whole turn-out is perfect. Madame Davillier, daughter of gallant old Marshal de Saint Jean, is one of the few ladies who drives herself, and right well she handles the ribbons. Her little basket carriage and pair are as well turned out even as those of her formidable rivals in the science of driving, whose splendid turns-out lead the ignorant to imagine their owners to be Grand Duchesses, or at least Queens retired from business.

M. Talleyrand Périgord, as the Faubourg St. Germain persists in calling the Duke de Montmorency, has a trotting pony, which he drives in his victoria at a pace that is amazing. Naturally, riding in the dark is not possible, therefore the ladies have started a new fashion since the hot weather set in, and go early in the morning. Princess de Bauffremont on a dark bay mare, the Duchess of Fitzjames and her two sons, Baronness Lejeune, Countess de Baulaincourt Baroness de Pierre and Baroness Saint Didier may be seen almost every morning enjoying a canter in the shady alleys of the Bois, riding better than any women in France, capitally mounted, and dressed as ladies ought to dress on horseback. *Du reste*, each and all I have mentioned ride to hounds, and manage their hunters as well and as gracefully as they do their park hacks, as anyone who hunted last season the Touraine and Anjou country can testify. Balls and *soirées* are things of the past. The few of the great world who are yet in town have even given up their weekly receptions. Her Majesty remarked on the cricket-ground, as an apology for not taking some strawberries offered to her, it is really too hot to eat, uttered, by the way, with a perfect English accent; it is really too hot either to receive or to go to your friends' receptions. Meanwhile the great world

must do something, therefore the lion of the season receives, and very select company too. In fact, I only wish he had sent me an invitation. No less a personage than Gladiator has been at home at five o'clock every afternoon at his stables, Avenue de la Faisanderie, to those whom his master, Count Frederic de Lagrange, distinguished by an invitation. His first *levée* was attended by the whole Corps Législatif, who were admitted to his box in rotation. Gladiator being a staunch supporter of the Government, since His Majesty's friendly visit to him, is said to have kicked at the Opposition. He is now, as you are aware, at Newmarket. A well-known sporting character has offered two hundred napoléons to anyone who would procure for him as many hairs of Gladiator's tail as would make him a ring.

July 17th.

The publisher J. Rothschild publishes this day the biography of no less illustrious a personage than Gladiator, accompanied by the history of Count de Lagrange's breeding stables at his Château Dangu, in the Vexin. The author of this work, M. Louis Dumagy, is one of the best authorities on all matters connected with the Turf, and writes better than many of the literary gentlemen whose names are sent up by our Société des Gens de Lettres for the Légion d'Honneur. The book is excessively amusing, and I translate the following curious details as to the origin of Gladiator:—

"The birth of Gladiator was by no means trusted to chance. The Count de Lagrange had remarked that the blood of Miss Gladiator and that of Monarch had already produced admirable results, and wished to increase the specimens he possessed of this breed. The illustrious Monarch, however, was capricious, and showed an indifference to the attractions of Miss Gladiator which it was necessary to deceive. His imperious Majesty's eyes were bandaged, and the celebrated stallion became as blind as love itself—and thus was the great Gladiator created."

July 19th.

Dentu sells two thousand copies per day of M. Dupin's pamphlet on the extravagances of female attire. Notwithstanding which I doubt that next winter we shall see the queens of fashion less sumptuously attired than when they last floated by in their luxurious *barouches à la Daumont*, half sunk beneath clouds of lace, worth the purchase money of an estate. Who can say, however? The tiny pamphlet may work a revolution, and our fair duchesses return from their châteaux arrayed as simply as the shepherdesses of Trianon, who managed all the same to look bewitchingly lovely, in spite of their chintz costumes and muslin *fichus*. But they were high-born ladies, who needed no lavish expenditure to advertise their rank, whereas M. Dupin truly remarks, the wearers of toilettes which ruin honest, hard-working husbands and compromise the morality of wives are, in nine cases out of ten, *nouveaux enrichis*, who lower themselves, and show a base spirit of servility in aping the dissolute manners and the squandering habits of the worst days of the Regency.

Prince Esterhazy, writes a correspondent from Vienna, has managed to ruin himself. In his case this proves talent. His Highness's income amounts to £200,000 per annum. There is an execution of the estates, the debts amounting to the trifling sum of two million sterling, plus £50,000. The odd £50,000 come in at the end as a mere item, or, as the French more expressively say, *un détail*. Prince Esterhazy is one of the five great landlords of Europe. Prince de Piombino is his rival in Italy, the Duc d'Ossuna in Spain, the Marquis d'Aligre in France, who, by-the-by, has done his best to disinherit his daughter. That lady's estates, however, extend over some twenty thousand hectares, to say nothing of her châteaux, hotels, and houses in Paris and elsewhere.

July 23rd.

Between seven and eight the Bois de Boulogne is almost deserted, as at that moment Paris is at dinner. Few at that time are the wanderers by the edge of that loveliest of all artificial lakes, which, with its island, rustic bridge, and headlands, mimics nature with provoking accuracy. Some, however, there always are, and the curiosity of these has been latterly excited by the appearance of a huge landau, drawn by a pair of respectable old steeds, whose pace does not precisely rival that of Gladiator. The coachman has likewise a superannuated aspect, and suggests the idea that he and his equipage flourished half a century ago. By the side of the venerable Jehu, a negro, in true oriental costume, may be seen. But the peculiarity of the carriage is the absence of windows, their place being filled by boards decorated with coloured arabesques, which do not quite join, so that if you are sharp, as the unwieldy vehicle turns a corner, you may catch a glance at its inmates. A mass of cream-tinted *bournous* is all that you will distinguish, and two pairs of exquisite eyes, almond-shaped, enshrined by lashes which rest on the cheeks of their fair possessors, and surmounted by eyebrows such as Leonardo da Vinci has given his Jaconde, and such as a due manipulation of the *pinceau sepia* gives our Paris beauties. The elder lady, ætat fourteen, occupies the back seat; her younger rival reclines on velvet cushions in the front of the carriage. All this is not easy to see, for the Emir Abd-el-Kader's wives utter a shrill cry if they perceive you, and the carriage instantly disappears with a rapidity one could scarcely believe possible, seeing its cumbrous and antiquated form.

July 25th.

Several of the newspapers have commented severely on the very primitive costume adopted by English bathers at Margate and Brighton. Their revelations on the subject

were, of course, eagerly read in Paris. I must say that any person attempting to bathe either on the French coast or in any French river after this fashion runs the risk of being taken up by two gendarmes, an instance of which happened to come under my knowledge lately in the case of an English gentleman. To the writers of the articles I allude to I recommend the perusal of an *arrête* issued last week by the Mayor of Croissy, a bathing-place on the coast, whereby no man or boy is allowed to enter the sea without a complete suit. Hitherto a set of nether garments is all that the law, by Act of Louis Philippe, has insisted on. M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld, who, as Director of the Opera under Charles X., enforced the necessity of ballet dancers wearing inexpressibles, and the King of Prussia who issued a decree that every statue in his garden was to be attired in a uniform, cannot compete with the delicate susceptibility of the Mayor of Croissy. Imagination cannot picture what the feelings of his worship would be were he transported to the beach of Margate.

August 6th.

A curious discovery, which excites immense curiosity in the literary world, has been made by the proprietor of a curiosity shop in the Rue de Grenelle. It is nothing less than seventeen autograph letters of Cardinal Richelieu, six of which are addressed to the notorious Marion Delorme. This historic treasure has been found in a piece of furniture of the time of Louis XIII., which contained a secret drawer.

I have just had the pleasure of pursuing the lecture "Mrs. Grundy," an inhabitant of New York, has thought fit to administer to me for having dared to describe the equipages and horses which were to be seen during the season in the Bois de Boulogne. If the good lady could only pay a visit to Paris at this moment, it would rejoice her heart to witness the present aspect of the Champs Elysées. Her feelings would not be hurt by the sight of any splendid carriages, thoroughbred horses, or by any princes "tooling" their own

drags; neither by the Emperor driving his own Américaine, or the Emir reclining in one of the Court *barouches*. Mrs. Grundy would find, on the contrary, crowds of light-hearted loungers, *ouvrières en blouses*, *grisettes*, and soldiers. She might, *à son aise*, indulge in a drive through the Bois in a cab, or, if that were too aristocratic a conveyance, the lady might fearlessly enter an omnibus or even a washerwoman's cart if it better pleased her so to do, and thus exhibit her shawl and coal-scuttle bonnet. She will even find me, in spite of the aristocratic sympathies of which she accuses me, happy to show her the mountebanks at the barriers, and even treat her to a glass of Bière de Strasbourg. Having proved to Mrs. Grundy that I am a mere plebeian, and more so than even herself, inasmuch as she turns her back to her readers, I shall once more risk her anger by giving a curious detail of one of the upper ten thousand, who boasts of being descended in direct line from Adam's third son Seth. I refer to the family of Crony Chanel, who claims the title of Marquis d'Este, usurped for the last few centuries by the Dukes of Modena. They state that at the time of the deluge Noah took their family title-deeds into the ark. At their château may be seen a picture of that event, wherein one of the drowning men waves a scroll above his head, on which is inscribed, "Dieu tout Puissant, sauvez les titres de la maison de Crony."

August 7th.

Let me mention, for the benefit of lovers of the marvellous on the stage, a piece called *Le Déluge*, which fills the theatre with a dense throng of enthusiastic spectators. Palaces of Babylonish magnificence are burnt by roseate fire, Chaldean plains covered by tents and flocks of sheep are submerged beneath the avenging floods. The ark in the course of construction is, however, in imminent peril of being altogether abandoned in consequence of a strike among Noah's workmen, who demand an increase of wages, and threaten to desert to the heathen priest Cleophas. Noah holds out,

and will not yield to the clamorous call for more gold. He and his three sons have but five days before them to complete the ark, yet fearlessly set about the gigantic task, relying on the proverb, "Aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera" (Help yourself, and heaven will assist you), which is realised in this instance by a host of angels who obligingly descend and finish the job. This idea has, of course, been suggested by Murillo's picture, which we have all admired at the Louvre, called "La Cuisine des Anges," representing the unexpected arrival at a Spanish monastery of two of the king's inspectors of convents, and the despair of the good monks in consequence of the denuded state of their larder, from which they are miraculously relieved by a flight of the loveliest of angels, who set about peeling carrots and roasting mutton with as much agility as if they had graduated under Soyer or Brillat-Savarin.

August 25th.

One of the characteristic traits of the age is the periodical occurrence of a mania of one kind or another. A book, and a very interesting one too, could be written on these peculiar epidemics, which exhibit themselves again and again at longer and shorter intervals. A few years ago grey-haired people as well as little children were seized with the stampomania, and then our most secret drawers, our most private papers, our most loving letters of bygone years were ransacked by our best friends in search of queens', emperors', and presidents' heads, all the more valuable if those whose name they bore had departed this life. Then came the crestomania, then the potichomania, which consisted in converting plain glass jars into magnificent specimens of porcelain and pottery ware. This last mania assumed a still more virulent craze when decalcomania was ushered into the world. The fair sex was more especially affected by this mental epidemic, and so entirely did it get possession of them that, for a while, nothing took so amazingly at shops, fancy fairs, and bazaars as did the samples of this home-made mimicry of the costly

wares of Sèvres and Dresden. But decalcomania, like other manias that have gone before it, speedily ran its course, and has in Paris, at least, given way to the stronger attractions of a more scientific and important novelty—termed the Dubronimania. You will naturally ask what I mean by this outlandish expression. Dubroni is the name of a young and most promising engineer, a pupil of the École Polytechnique. Laid up for several years with bad health, his mind remained as active as ever. Amidst the most intense bodily sufferings, he applied himself, night and day, to the study and perfection of photography, hoping to initiate the masses into its mysteries by simplifying the manipulations and turning photography into a drawing-room amusement within the reach of every purse. In this Dubroni appears to have been quite successful, inasmuch as his ingenious apparatus entirely does away with the necessity of an operating chamber. You have no longer to dread any stains or spots on your dress or hands, as the chemical operations are all accomplished with the *pipette*, a small instrument by means of which you can introduce into the camera obscura, through a little orifice, the different chemical baths which the plate must undergo previous to its bearing a picture. Dubroni, after having pursued his experiments with unabated ardour, is certainly entitled to the honour of attaching his name to the science of photography. Another distinguishing feature of his liliputian apparatus is the readiness with which it can be set up for use and repacked in a box which does not exceed in size that of a lady's writing-desk. Among the notabilities who are amusing themselves during their summer vacations with the *appareil* Dubroni are the well-known diplomatists Marquis de la Valette, M. de Persigny, and no less a personage than Prince Napoleon himself.

August 30th.

Last Sunday the little village of Villers-Bocage, near Caen, was early astir, bedecked with streamers, flags, and garlands, in honour of the inauguration of the statue of their

great compatriot, Richard Lenoir. Born in 1765, of humble parents, he graduated in the school of privation and hardship. As early as twelve years of age young Lenoir evinced a marked disposition for trade, and succeeded in rearing pigeons and dogs, which he sold on market-days at Villers-Bocage. At seventeen he left his home, with twelve francs in his purse, and walked to Rouen, where he made enough to pay his way to Paris. The first year he amassed forty pounds by the sale of common delft; by the end of the second he found himself the possessor of a thousand pounds. He then hired a large shop and started in business; but the Reign of Terror had commenced, therefore he returned to his family and liberally contributed to the support of his old parents. In two months, however, he went back to Paris, and, associating himself with a partner, made one loan of £120, on which they realised a clear profit of £4,400 (112,000 f.) At this period it first occurred to Lenoir to enter on the manufacture of cotton goods, which had never been done in France. He started his first loom in a back street, Rue Bellefond, which proved so remunerative that he induced the First Consul to grant him possession of a deserted convent, Rue de Charonne, which he converted into a cotton factory. From that epoch his prosperity steadily increased; Lenoir cleared £1,700 per month. He then established cotton factories at Alençon, Caen, L'Aigle, and Chantilly, which gave employment to above 20,000 hands, and by which he realised no less than £48,000 a year (12,000,000 f.). The duties on cotton introduced in 1810 ruined him. In vain the Emperor lent him £60,000. Lenoir never recovered his former wealth, and died in the year 1840 in comparative poverty.

September 1st.

The last literary gossip is that M. Thiers has just sold his *History of Florence* to his publisher for £20,000. M. Ernest Renan has completed his *Vie de Saint Paul.* He breakfasts (in English read "lunches") once a week at the well-known

Restaurateur Magny, with a somewhat mixed company of his friends, M. Edmond About, Messieurs de Goncourt, etc. The other day their host, while relating his late voyage to the East, remarked that he had been unable to land at Patmos, in consequence of a frightful hurricane. "Well," exclaimed Barbey d'Aurévilly, "he could not land at Patmos! No wonder; it was the storm of the Apocalypse and Saint John himself *l'a repoussé*."

On entering the hall at the exhibition of useful and noxious insects, held in the Palais de l'Industrie, my attention was attracted by a landscape which I thought must be due to the brush of Corot or Isabey. On a closer investigation, however, I perceived to my amazement that it had been entirely worked out by the application of myriads of insects, the various lights and shades of the scene being given by the variegated hues of insects selected from every tribe on account of their appropriate colouring.

The details of this picture have just been published. Entomology appears to have been for years past the favourite study of M. M——, clerk at the War Office. As the classification of his insects proceeded their varied tints struck him, and the idea occurred to him of utilising their different hues for the reproduction of a favourite view of his native village. He possessed 45,000 of the Coleoptera; with these he painted his foreground. He had almost as great a number as 4,000 varieties of the insect tribe, which supplied every tone requisite for his landscape, and certainly his four years of patient labour has been rewarded by wonderful success, considering the peculiar nature of the materials.

September 3rd.

From the south we have a most interesting report of the inauguration of François Arago's statue in his native town of Estagel. To honour the ceremony there arrived *savants* from Germany, England, Italy, and Spain. The préfet of the department, General Renault, President of the Council,

the General of the district, and a formidable array of functionaries, mayors, and county notabilities came at an early hour to witness the ceremony of unveiling the statue and to listen to the speeches pronounced on the occasion by the French railway king, M. Péreire; by the President of the Academy of Science, M. Bertrand; and, as representative of the École Polytechnique, by M. Michel Chevalier.

M. Péreire, before entering on the life of the great Arago, passed a splendid encomium on Michel Chevalier, whom he designated as one of the masters of economic science, whose life had been devoted to commercial liberty and to the benefit of the working classes. M. Péreire reminded his audience that as early as 1831 young M. Chevalier had traced the network of railroads which now covers the face of Europe, and he decided all should have a common terminus—the coast of the Mediterranean. This plan, carried into execution by M. Péreire and his brother, is now realised and in active operation. He then spoke of Arago, and told of his early start on the road to scientific distinction. A pupil of the École Polytechnique, Arago at once entered the Bureau des Longitudes, and at twenty-three was named member of the institute. An enthusiastic student of pure science, he early devoted himself to its practical application. Thus it was he who first demonstrated the utility of *paratonnerres*, and first discovered magnetism by electric currents, which is nothing less than the first principle of the telegraph. Arago and his friend Fresnel took a leading part in establishing the system of concave reflectors and convex lenses, which have proved so invaluable for light-houses, and so great a blessing to sailors. Arago perfected the compass and many other equally useful inventions. The special object of his life, however, was to popularise science, which, in his estimation, rose in importance far above literature. Well I remember in my college days the celebrated debate on the draft of a Bill for secondary instruction which M. Guizot laid before the Chambers in February, 1836. The debate lasted fifteen days, the subject of discussion being

whether the programme of public education was to be altered, and, if so, was science or literature to be the predominant study of future generations? M. de Sade and M. de Lamartine spoke in favour of literary studies, while MM. de Tracy and Arago pleaded the superior value of scientific acquirements. The magnificent oration of M. Arago was read to us in college by our professors, and well I remember the following anecdote making a lasting impression on our memories. M. Arago craved the permission of the Chambers to refer to an incident in the life of the great Euler. "Euler," he said, "was eminently pious. One Sunday afternoon a celebrated preacher of one of the Berlin churches said to him: 'Alas! the cause of religious truth is lost. Faith no longer exists. Would you believe it?' said the preacher—'I pictured creation in all its poetry, in all its marvellous beauty. I quoted the Bible itself. Half my audience slept; the others left the church.' 'Try the following experiment,' said Euler. 'Instead of quoting Greek philosophers to convey an idea of the vastness of creation, tell your audience of the facts science reveals to us. Tell them that the sun is one million two hundred thousand times greater than our earth. Tell them that the planets are worlds; that Jupiter is fourteen hundred times larger than our earth; describe the wonders of Saturn's ring. Tell them of the stars, and convey an idea of their distance by the scale of light. Tell them it traverses eighty thousand leagues per second. Tell them that there exists not a star whose light reaches us in less than three years; that from several the light only attains our hemisphere in thirty years: and from positive facts pass on to the great probabilities of scientific discovery. Say, for instance, that certain stars might be visible millions of years after their annihilation, because the light they emit requires several millions of years to reach our earth, etc.' Next Sunday the great Euler awaited his friend's arrival with impatience. He came, but depressed and profoundly afflicted. 'What,' exclaimed Euler—'what has happened?' 'Ah,' replied his friend, 'I am

most unfortunate. My congregation forgot the respect due to God's holy temple—they cheered me!'" Arago only entered the political arena at the age of forty-four. His speeches on electoral reform, the precursor of universal suffrage; on public instruction, in which he dwells on the superior utility of the knowledge of living languages over mere classic studies, have never been forgotten. In 1848, as Minister of Marine, he marked his brief possession of power by the abolition of slavery in all the French colonies. M. Péreire concluded his speech by recalling the remark of Arago himself in his speech on universal suffrage—that the title-deeds by which the French people had acquired a right to a voice in the government of the nation were the names of Rousseau, Fourier, Molière, Masséna, Kléber, Marceau, each and all sons of artisans or labourers.

September 7th.

A fortnight has scarcely elapsed since the two Davenport Brothers, having recourse to a most efficacious medium by the press, announced their intention of edifying the Parisian public by an evocation of spirits. This announcement excited considerable curiosity, and people of notoriety in the world of letters and of science rushed to investigate the phenomena produced by these charlatans. Many besides were the good, simple souls who exulted at the very idea of hearing the sound of guitars, violins, and harps without the intervention of earthly fingers; and no doubt the lessee of the Grand Opera must have rejoiced at the prospect thus held out to him of being able, in case of a new strike among his present band, to form an orchestra of spirits. I have seen people who have left the Davenport *soirées* in the highest glee at having been favoured with blinks and winks, squeezes of hands and slaps on the back, vouchsafed to them from the trans-mortuary world. I must add that some of the best papers of the day, of established reputation and of extensive influence and circulation, instead of "showing up"

this flagrant charlatanism, have given their adhesion to these mysterious apparitions, and have thus contributed to their scandalous trickeries. Their reign here has, however, not been of very long duration. It only required the acute intelligence of one man to lay bare the fraud. Robin, whose interesting scientific *soirées* were so much resorted to last winter and spring, at once detected the imposition, and revealed the tricks in a very clever letter published in the *Union* of this morning. I need not describe the trick. M. Robin acknowledges that it is performed with matchless skill. He concludes by saying, "I defy the brothers to repeat their tricks in my own theatre, which I place at their disposal, and the product of their *séance* I shall hand over to the governors of the Charenton Asylum (for lunatics). I lay down three conditions. The first is that I bind the brothers myself. I stipulate that I be tied with them in their own press, and I further undertake to supply the place of their five attendants." If the Davenport Brothers are wise they will accept this challenge. Yet, in spite of M. Robin's revelations, the taste for spiritual manifestations is so great in this country that, however grossly material, however disgustingly human, however mixed with fanatical ignorance, arrogance, and presumption, they are not likely as yet to be hissed down, and we may expect to hear of scores of people turning crazy about the Davenport exhibition, as they have on table-turning and spirit-rapping. I happened myself last season to be present at a party given by English residents in Paris, where a nobleman who for many years wrote "M.P." after his name gravely discussed a pencilled message he had received the previous evening through a medium from the departed soul of the late Duke de Morny, with whom the late M.P. for —— had been on terms of intimacy.

The *Petit Journal* gives us some curious details of an incident which took place at the recent execution of a man named Picot at Marseilles. The unfortunate criminal ascended the scaffold, followed by four men enveloped in long robes of coarse, tan-coloured canvas, their features concealed by hoods

of the same material, in which two small apertures were made to enable them to see their way. The Marseilles population made way for them in respectful silence, recognising at once these men as members of a brotherhood who are bound by oath to perform the most menial services for the poor, and specially devote themselves to attend on the condemned and bury their remains. The evening before an execution the members of this brotherhood, sprung from every class of society, meet in conclave and draw lots as to which among them are on the following morning to take possession of the scaffold—for when the executioner and his assistants have accomplished their bloody work they retire immediately. The prior of the community first recites the words, "There is no longer a criminal here, but the mortal remains of a man, created in the image of God, whom we are about to inter." The four brothers respond "Amen," ascend the scaffold, undo the straps by which the body has been bound to the *bascule*, place it on a white cloth, join the head to the trunk, and, having made a deep bed of bran and straw, proceed to sew up the corners of the winding sheet and place the body in the bier they have brought for the purpose. They then carry it to the cemetery, where the almoner, whose office it has been to attend the criminal in his last moments, reads the service of the dead. General de Damas, peer of France and Minister of War during the Restoration, was one of the confraternity, and his stall in their chapel happened to be next to that of Father Jerome, a poor street crossing-sweeper. The vow is often made during a time of peculiar affliction, or at a moment of imminent danger. Once made, however, it is religiously kept.

September 8th.

M. Robin published last night the reply of the Brothers Davenport to his challenge. They accept it, making their own terms, however, which are as follows: They require M. Robin to deposit a sum of £400 (10,000 f.), and under-

take on their part to do likewise. The experiments are to take place in the presence of twenty witnesses. They require M. Robin to perform precisely the same manœuvres that they will go through in the presence of the above number of persons, to make use of their cords, press, and instruments, and to accomplish the same feats in the same space of time that they have taken. In case of M. Robin producing similar results the £400 deposited by the brothers will be handed over to him; in the case of his failure, however, the Davenport Brothers will claim the £400 paid by M. Robin.

Towards the end of the last century a poor man returned from Persia to his native village, bringing with him some seed, which he craved the permission of a farmer to plant in a corner of his farm. His work accomplished, misery and starvation drove him to seek for shelter in the hospital, where he died. His name was Jean Althen, but who he was and what had taken him to Persia none knew or cared to inquire. After his death, however, the cultivation of madder transformed vast marshes and waste lands into valuable property, and in a few years the whole of the south of France discovered that a new source of wealth had been suddenly opened up. Avignon has not forgotten the humble peasant to whom France owes the introduction of this valuable dye, and has decreed a statue to the memory of Jean Althen.

September 10*th.*

That most graceful and imaginative of artists, Gustave Doré, is on a visit to the great bibliophile, M. Mame, whose magnificent edition of the Bible is to be illustrated by the creative fancy of his guest at the rate of no less a sum than 200,000 f. (£8,000).

September 14*th.*

The scene of last night at the Salle Herz during the *séance* of the Davenport Brothers defies description. M. le Duc de —— and another gentleman were accepted by the crowd

of spectators as umpires. However, their interference was not required, as a civil engineer who happened to be present, following the lead of M. Robin, the conjurer, who had on Monday night so successfully imitated their mysteries, discovered that the iron bar to which the brothers were so firmly bound was movable by means of a spring which at once set them free. Upon this being revealed the row that ensued was frightful. The crowd rushed towards the press, from which the brothers had evaporated with the agility which no doubt is the attribute of spirit agents. Hisses, shouts, and cries of vengeance rent the air; police poured into the *salle*, and only succeeded in restoring order by assuring those present that their money would be returned to them. Thanks, therefore, to M. Robin, the scientific conjurer, so remarkable for the acuteness of his intelligence and the accuracy of his judgment, this huge sham has been unmasked. The bubble of the hour has burst, and not even M. Delamarre in the columns of the *Patrie* will succeed in making the Parisian public believers in the manifestations of disembodied intelligences as revealed in the persons of the Messrs. Davenport. No rational person present at this humiliating exposure could suppress the feelings of pity and contempt that alternately rose in his mind. What has become of the wretched impostors does not appear.

September 17th.

All *gourmets* know Chevet's windows in the Palais Royal, and remember the display of birds' nests from China, ortolans from Italy, truffles from Périgord, and *pâtés de foie gras* from Strasbourg, which have fascinated their gaze each time they passed its savoury precincts. Yesterday a mushroom weighing no less than 14 lbs. occupied the centre of the *étalage*. It belongs to the species called by the lugubrious epithet of "Tête de Mort." "Death's Head" is certainly not an encouraging name to append to an edible, but the resemblance this monster specimen bears to a human skull explains its selection. The woods of Vincennes produced this king of all the mushrooms.

September 18th.

In spite of the signal failure of the Davenport tricks, public attention in Paris appears to be once more attracted towards spiritism. The *Journal de Rouen*, a most sensible paper to my idea, strongly urges the medical men of France to interfere and point out the dangers attending the evocation of spirits. I have already informed you of the existence in this city of more than fifty thousand believers in spiritualism, of whom the high priest is Alan Karder, whose sundry publications and weekly paper have a wide circulation. It is a known fact, and one which has lately been demonstrated before the Académie de Médicine, that cases of mental alienation have increased twenty-one per cent. since the importation from America of this new belief. In one small country town it has been proved that no less than fifty-five women have become so perfectly mad after attending one *séance* held by a celebrated spirit evoker that they were transferred within a few days of its taking place to a lunatic asylum. Secret meetings are still going on, to which the initiated and believing are alone invited by special favour of the spiritual high priests; not gratis, however. It is curious to remark how the love of filthy lucre extends even to the unseen world of the departed. Their souls only consent to reply to the summons of their brethren at the rate of thirty francs per ticket. I am further instructed that these disembodied intelligences require the protection of no less than fourteen *sergents-de-ville*, who mount guard over their manifestations in the adjoining department. That the Préfet de Police should adopt this preventive measure is but natural considering the row of last Tuesday. Yet the sanction thus granted by Government is a tacit encouragement to charlatanism in its most dangerous form and a most humiliating one for rational minds. At a moment when neither Thiers nor Pelletan, Berryer nor Jules Favre would be allowed to address twenty-five persons on any subject, whether

political or literary, we see Government extending its protecting ægis over a pair of quacks, and allowing full liberty to the emancipation of coats, guitars, tambourines, flutes, etc. As most justly, writes the *Temps*, M. le Préfet de Police would only send his emissaries to a republican meeting to close the doors of the building in which it was held and arrest its orators. True it is that the fooleries of the Messieurs Davenport do not endanger the State, still, they do the human intellect. They can only lead to the mental aberration of weak intellects. That Government should ignore their existence one can understand and approve, but that it should actually protect, or even appear to protect them, is rather too much of a good joke. If we were floating on a sea of liberty we should make no remark. But when we have witnessed the fruitless efforts of eminent men, of members of the Institute even, to obtain permission to give lectures on subjects utterly disconnected with politics, when we know by bitter experience what our liberty of the press amounts to, we do maintain it to be monstrous that this grotesque superstition should flourish under the protection of armed authority.

September 19th.

By-the-by, the *Charivari* of this morning publishes a most amusing article, in which it compares the Davenport Brothers to M. de Bismarck, the latter boasting of being able to perform quite as clever tricks provided he be left in the dark. He invites France, England, and the other European nations to be present at his performance, and then blows the candles out; whereupon England complains of having received a slap on the cheek and a kick. France can't make out where they come from, the other nations think it very clever, and all join in recognising that the tricks are admirably performed. Poor Denmark is entirely stripped of its garments, which are found on the back of Prussia. England exclaims "Shocking!" at the sight of the perfect nudity of Denmark. The only difference between Bismarck and the brethren is

that the former has not been made to refund money, as the Davenports were forced to do last week.

There are epochs in the world's story which are constantly revived in our memories, and of which the episodes are, as it were, re-enacted in the discussions to which they seem destined eternally to give rise. Who has not fought over the conflicting evidences as to the innocence or guilt of the fair Scottish Queen, in whose defence Whyte-Melville so lately shivered a lance? Centuries have elapsed, and yet we eagerly pursue every freshly discovered fragment that tells for or against that most fascinating mother of our luckless Stuarts. It was but the other day I read an angry polemic in an English literary paper as to the exact spot of Hampden's burial, and we have been fighting over Voltaire's empty coffin, and vainly asking what has become of his bones. The lawsuit between the representatives of the jewellers Boehmer and Bossange and the de Montmorency, heiress of the Cardinal de Rohan, as to the arrears due for the necklace which Marie Antoinette was supposed to have ordered, is fresh in the memory, it having come on last year, and final judgment having been delivered after an interval of seventy years. Once more the decapitated Royal Family of France are literally summoned to the bar, and their slightest acts made the subject of a trial which occupies several columns of the morning papers. "La Route de Varennes—M. Alexandre Dumas *versus* the Heir of the Préfontaine Family," is the heading of this strange affair, which originates in the account given by the celebrated romance writer of the part taken by M. de Préfontaine during the attempted flight of the Royal Family. The question is, Did the Queen descend from the carriage and enter M de Préfontaine's house, and there inquire the cause of delay in the relays of post-horses, or is Alexandre Dumas' statement correct that on the Queen's alighting M. de Préfontaine closed the doors of his house, which called forth from Louis XVI. a reproach in which he reminded him of his double oath of fidelity to him taken as officer and as Knight of St. Louis? It will be

remembered that the *berline* in which the family travelled was driven by M. de Malden disguised as coachman, and attended by M. de Valory in the dress of a courier. An escort of hussars and a relay of horses were expected at Varennes, but by one of those inexplicable fatalities which are destined to destroy accurate combinations neither the one nor the other awaited them. M. de Sèze pleads the Préfontaine cause, and states that the grandfather of his client was a quiet country gentleman, whose family had always been attached to the Condés, he himself being the agent of their estates in the Clermontais; that on the night of the 23rd June, 1791, he went in his dressing-gown and slippers to see that his hall door was securely fastened, when he heard a carriage stop, from which several persons alighted, who asked him to admit them, one of whom he recognised as the Queen. She entered a room, where she rested for a few moments, and this room has been preserved since that night in precisely the state it was in on the night of this memorable occurrence. The court ruled that Dumas and Michel Lévy publish within one month an edition of *La Route de Varennes*, with an extract from the pamphlet of M. de Valory, which asserts M. de Préfontaine to have been a respectable person, whose house was a place of safety for the Royal Family, although he had not been a party to their flight, and that had it been in his power he would undoubtedly have pointed out the ford and lent horses required to cross the river of Varennes; that, furthermore, the Queen alighted at his house, to which she was conducted by M. de Malden, and that she rested there a few moments. Dumas and Lévy will have to pay the costs, and are forbidden to sell any copies of *La Route de Varennes* without this explanatory note. This is by no means the first time Alexandre Dumas has been summoned to the bar by the descendants of families who consider themselves aggrieved by the part he has made their ancestors play in his novels. The Marquis d'Epinay Saint-Luc instituted a lawsuit against him in consequence of his having stated, in his romance *La Dame de Monsoreau*, that

his ancestor, François d'Epinay de Saint-Luc, Grand Maître de l'Artillerie under Henry IV., and a distinguished general, had been one of the *mignons* of Henry III. The court ruled, however, that as two hundred and fifty years had elapsed since the said François d'Epinay de Saint-Luc's demise, it could not undertake to protect his memory from M. Dumas' fertile pen.

The youngest and latest enrolled of our academic forty is not precisely distinguished by his devotion to the actual order of things. M. Prévost-Paradol possesses a charming residence at Etretat, which most enjoyable of all the sea-bathing places on the coast has become a rendezvous for the literary and artistic world. His many avocations prevent his residing there constantly, but he runs down to his family whenever he can find a few days' leisure. The fêtes of the 15th of August, to use a slang term, *l'embêtent*, and to escape from their demonstrative loyalty he started by the night train of the 14th, and speedily fell asleep, to awake at the early dawn in old Normandy, and rejoice in the conviction that he was safe from mercenary cheers and paid Imperialism. Suddenly in his very ear the cry rang sharp and clear, "Vive l'Emp'r-reur!" pronounced with the peculiar rolling sound of the "r" and suppression of the second syllable, so familiar to those who have listened to the *claque* of a Paris mob. Our young Orleanist started. He was alone in the carriage, and the few peasants loitering about the station at which the train had stopped were evidently absorbed by their baskets of fowl or butter, intended for the up train to Paris. Was it an hallucination—a sort of nightmare, the result of the cramped position in which he had slept? "Vive l'Emp'r-reur!" again was shrieked. This time it was past a joke. In starting from his seat he touched a cage. The horrible fact became apparent; his own parrot had turned Imperialist —a phenomenon subsequently explained by the confession of an intimate friend whom he had kept waiting an unconscionable time the previous day in his library, and who had maliciously relieved his tedium by teaching M. Paradol's parrot loyalty to his Sovereign.

September 20th.

I heard of the death of Prince Joseph Bonaparte at Rome a few days ago. At the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies —that is, after the coffin of the Prince had been deposited in its appointed place in the family vault—the *maître d'hôtel* of the defunct walked up to the coffin and said in a grave tone, "Vostra altezza non commanda viente?" (What are Your Highness's orders?). No reply issuing from the coffin, the *maître d'hôtel* backed out, and, on reaching the portico of the church, shouted to the coronetted carriages without: "Tornate a casa, sua altezza non commanda niente!" (Home, His Highness has given no orders). The custom dates from the fifteenth century.

September 21st.

"La Revue"—that is, the annual review of the events of the year—at the Folies Marigny will bear the title, *On dit que c'est drôle.* I shall not say so, however, till I have seen the piece. The theatre itself is a charming little *bonbonnière*, coquettishly hidden among the *bosquets* of the Champs Elysées, got up in very good taste, and altogether more attractive in its decorations than is the tone of the pieces usually performed there, which are selected for the special delectation of the shopboys and *bonnes* of the neighbourhood. *Les Gammes d'Oscar* has had an unusual run. Its utter absurdity attracts crowds every night. Oscar, the hero, is a cheese-seller desperately in love with a fair widow, who is landlady of a *café*, and whose charms fascinate her customers. The enamoured cheesemonger disguises himself as a waiter, and thus enters the service with the determination of devising a plan for sending away her admiring clients, in each of whom he sees a rival. The scheme he hits upon is ingenious. No sooner has *flaneur* taken his seat, called for a paper, and asked for his inevitable glass of absinthe, than Oscar, attired in the traditional snow-white apron, and brandishing his

baton of office in the form of a particularly well-polished coffee-pot, approaches and sings the *solfège* in a cracked voice and completely out of tune. A second repetition of this scale infallibly sends the most ardent lover as far from the *café* as even Oscar can desire. Oscar honestly puts the money he concludes would have been spent by the vanishing customers out of his own purse into the till, as well as three sous that would have been handed to himself in the character of waiter into the urn destined to receive these contributions. The amazement of the fair widow when she appears equipped for conquest to take possession of her throne as the presiding divinity of the *café*, to find it utterly untenanted, and Oscar's explanatory dialogue, excites shouts of merriment among the laughter-loving *soubrettes* who frequent Les Folies Marigny.

September 28th.

Notwithstanding the tropical heat we are enduring, *les feuilles d'automne* are beginning to fall; and, if we are to judge by the following authentic anecdote of the literary *feuilletons*, they are rapidly following a like fate. M. Pessard, collaborateur of the *Temps*, tells us that a popular novelist offered his last romance to the editor of a paper which is to appear in a few days, to be entitled *Le Soleil*. The editor accepted the offer on the following conditions: the writer in question was to supply four *feuilletons* per week, and to receive in payment £40 (1,000 f.) a month. The editor of the *Soleil*, however, reserved to himself the right at the expiration of two months of requiring that the plot should either terminate within eight days of the notice he would issue to the author or last several weeks! M. Pessard considers this anecdote as a curious illustration of the habits and customs of the present day. However, as he truly remarks, the editor of the *Soleil* has not the honour of being the original inventor of caoutchouc novels. Give honour *à qui le droit*, and if M. Delamarre, of the *Patrie*, has no other

merit, it is only fair to acknowledge he has every right to take out a patent for the idea. The popular romance writer, Viscount Touson de Jerrail, wrote the first part of his "Drames de Paris" for the *Patrie*. He received an unexpected summons from M. Delamarre, and, on presenting himself, was thus accosted by his literary chief: "You must be good enough to clear out my lower story within a week" (Il faut que vous me nettoyez mon rez de chaussée d'ici à la fin de la semaine). M. Delamarre meant by the term "rez de chaussée" the lower portion of his paper devoted to *feuilletons*. "But," replied Touson, "I have fifteen living personages." "That is your affair; by the end of the week my *rez de chaussée* must be vacant. Invent an epidemic—do what you please; but I must have my *rez de chaussée*." Touson vanished. During the four ensuing days he killed off fourteen personages by fire, sword, poison, drowning, etc. Meanwhile a reaction had taken place in the calculating mind of the wary editor. It was evident that "Les Drames de Paris" helped to sell his paper, and it was by no means so clear that the romance of the author to whom he had promised the space Touson occupied so remuneratively would attract so many subscribers. A second time Touson received a summons to M. Delamarre's study, but this time it was to implore him to continue "Les Drames de Paris" for one hundred more *feuilletons*. "But," objected Touson, "I have but a single personage left—Rocambole. You desired me to kill off all my characters within a week. How can I go on?" "Rocambole, Rocambole," replied M. Delamarre; "it's a good name. Write a second part." Viscount Touson de Jerrail acquiesced, and *La Patrie* acquired four thousand fresh subscribers. An intimate friend of mine translated some years ago Mrs. Wood's clever work, *East Lynne*, under the name of *Lady Isabel*, and published it in the said *rez de chaussée* of *La Patrie*. He likewise, when he had proceeded half-way in his work, was summoned to M. Delamarre's study. "I sent for you," said the autocrat, "to ask you to complete *Lady Isabel* within ten days." My friend, perfectly

aghast at this imperative mandate, replied that he was merely the translator of the work, and that even had he the permission of the authoress, the story was so far advanced that to curtail it was impossible. "Quite possible," retorted M. Delamarre; "*Lady Isabel* is dying of consumption; let her hang herself; *c'est dans les mœurs Anglaises.*" My friend regretted his inability to conform to his chief's ideas of British customs, whereupon the latter clapped his hat on his head, which you are aware is the greatest insult a Frenchman can offer you, and my friend, following his example, vanished. *Lady Isabel* appeared in its full length, and was one of the most popular romances *La Patrie* ever published, the undeniable proof of which was that newsvendors sold the paper by crying, "*La Patrie—Lady Isabel.*" But the hatred of the autocrat of *La Patrie* for my friend is bitter and undying.

By-the-by, I happened to spend yesterday evening in one of the Legitimist *salons* of Versailles, where I was assailed by a torrent of reproaches in consequence of having erroneously stated that the Duke de Gramont Caderousse, whose early death has created so painful a sensation at the Jockey Club, was nephew of the celebrated Count d'Orsay, and therefore son of the Gramont Duchess, before whose beauty and wit half Europe went down some forty years ago. It appears that the deceased Duke belonged to a very distant branch of the Gramonts, second son of Charles de Gramont, Duke de Caderousse His eldest brother, Attaché d'Ambassade, was lost at sea, and thus the Jockey Club lion became Duke; whereas the head of the Gramonts—who, till the Revolution swept away feudal fiefs and petty sovereignties, were princes of Bidache, in the Pyrenees, and lords of the country—is the Duke of Gramont, who was ambassador to Rome in 1863, and whose Duchess was *née* Mackinnon. Having acknowledged my ignorance, I trust I shall be forgiven, although I have not the slightest chance of pardon from the Quartier St. Louis of Versailles, the old Legitimists of that last stronghold of French aristocracy

deeming an error in pedigree a sin which no amount of penitential contrition can obliterate. A curious insight into French law was revealed to me by the death of the late Duke. It appears that when he succeeded to the title he found himself master of seven millions, over which he had uncontrolled sway. A few years of Paris life, however, made sensible inroads on this fortune. His heirs became alarmed. A *conseil de famille* was summoned, and the late Duke was what is technically called *interdit*—that is, his estates and funded property were put in charge of an agent selected by the family council, who is made responsible that no portion of it be sold or made away with, and that the actual possessor shall only receive the interest thereof. An instance of a case in point came under my own knowledge last season. A member of the Jockey Club lost 60,000 f. one night, and had not wherewith to pay. His estates were held in trust for him in consequence of his extravagance, although he was a man of thirty. He rushed next morning to his man of business (Monsieur C——), told him of his loss, and added his determination to blow out his brains if Monsieur C—— did not enable him to clear his honour by giving him the means of paying the debt. Monsieur C——, reckoning on his client's youth and appearance of health, and seriously believing in his threat of suicide in case of the debt being unpaid, took on himself the responsibility of giving the 60,000 f. His client has died, and Monsieur C—— must refund the sum to his heirs. The Duke de Gramont Caderousse will give the lawyers work, even after his death, in consequence of his having left his fortune to his doctor, which is contrary to French law. We have of latter years seen so many instances of the influence medical men exercise on their patients that the law appears to be a very wise one.

October 3rd.

"Tout en France finit par des chansons"—that is, "Everything, whether political or social, ends in a song"; at least, so says the old Gallic adage. The cholera, which continues its ravages in spite of sanitary measures, of the prescriptions of doctors, and processions to holy places, seems to have fled before the merry songs and witty effusions of the working population of Marseilles. It cannot be denied that mirthful songs have a beneficial influence on a terror-struck people. I know of medical men in Paris who, having failed to cure patients suffering from blue devils or spleen by ordinary means, have succeeded by sending them to the Bouffes Parisiens, or the Palais Royal Theatre. Songs have the privilege of diverting the careworn and inspiring the desponding. In the workshops and manufactories of France it has been noticed that artisans get through double the amount of work as soon as they strike up a convivial song. I remember in 1848 having been present when a few hundred *gamins*, of fourteen or fifteen, enrolled in the *Garde Mobile*, successfully fought against experienced and determined *barricadeurs*, merely because they were excited by their own heroic songs, such as the "Chant du Départ" or the "Marseillaise." The effect of national and warlike tunes must, indeed, be terrific, inasmuch as the present Government does not allow them to be sung or played in Paris or the country. Alas! under the present *régime*, the literature of songs has indeed fallen low. No longer do we hear those mystic utterances sweeping the heartstrings with irresistible power, and giving voice to the emotions of a whole people. We are now compelled to waste our enthusiasm on vile trash, such as "Il a des battes! Bastien!" "Ohé Lambert!" or the "Naufrage Davenport." This last production, with which the organ-grinders and strolling singers of Paris bore us, is mild and innocuous when compared with many of the so-called comic songs now afloat, abounding as they do in indelicate

allusions and profane jests. This "Davenport" shipwreck begins thus :—

"Du fin fond de l'Amérique,
Partent deux spirits jumeaux,
Qui, franchissant l'Atlantique,
Débarquent en trois bateaux.
Leur addresse fait merveille ;
John Bull croit, c'était prévu,
Qu'avant de voir la pareille, (Bis)
Il n'avait jamais rien vu.

"Les deux frèr's se regard'nt sans rire
Et se dis'nt : Allons a Paris . . .
C'est le démon qui nous inspire.
Là nous serons sacrés . . . spirits !
Si la curiosité les tente,
Ces Pariseins, qui n'sont pas forts,
Nous gagn'ront vingt mill' livr's de rente
Avec une calèche à huit r'ssorts.
Trololoïdo."

Eight verses follow, although they do not precisely shine by their wit. They nevertheless will contribute to finish off the Brothers Davenport, seeing that, in France, *le ridicule tue.* The song is stamped with the blue stamp of the Home Office, which proves that M. le Ministre is not a convert to spiritualism as represented by these American brothers.

October 4th.

A good story has come to us from Ischl, where M. de Bismarck was spending a few days previous to his start for Biarritz. So was also Mdlle. L——, a most charming actress, celebrated alike for her genius and the rigid correctness of her conduct. The minister and actress met on the public walk ; the former recognised the favourite of last season, joined her, and a conversation ensued which continued till he found himself at the door of a photographer's chalet. M. de Bismarck did not quit his agreeable companion, but chatted on, till suddenly the photographer, from under his black veil, rushed out and requested the Prussian minister to stand

somewhat on one side, "as otherwise," he explained, "the person of your Excellency will appear in the picture nigh to that of the *prima donna*." "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the terrified diplomatist," retreating precipitately. "Oh, pray, remain where you are; the photograph is intended for the *fiancé*, and he will be so much flattered by the honour," etc. etc. M. de Bismarck could not refuse, and thus it happened that the Prime Minister and the Italian cantatrice appeared in the same *carte de visite*. The absurd part of the story is, that the Prussian police, imagining that the result had been obtained by cutting out the separate portraits of the personages with a malicious intent, have seized the copies sold at Berlin, notwithstanding which the photograph has reached Paris and is to be purchased on the boulevards.

October 16th.

The first number of *Le Soleil* has appeared this evening, and inaugurates its advent by the following story, which is not bad: "'Ah!' exclaimed a tender nurse, 'I have made a mistake—I have given you a spoonful of ink instead of the medicine.' The doctor, arriving in the midst of the scene of despair which ensued, instantly prescribed that the patient should swallow a sheet of blotting-paper."

October 18th.

It appears that Italy's hero, Garibaldi, actually wants money, and sent his favourite charger Marsala to be sold by auction at Genoa. The splendid animal had been presented to him by the inhabitants of Sicily, and it must therefore have gone hard with the hero of a hundred fights to part with his favourite charger. The auction took place; one bid was made of £40, another of £60, and a third of £80. No one seemed inclined to give a better price, when someone suddenly offered £200, which was naturally accepted. The purchaser was Victor Emmanuel, and thus it happens that Marsala is now the show horse of the royal stables.

October 23rd.

At a quarter before ten this morning, as I was walking past the Hôpital Beaujon, a dark coach and pair drove up to the entrance in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Empress, accompanied by a lady-in-waiting and by her chamberlain, M. de La Grange, descended and entered the hospital, where I can assert she remained until past eleven. Her Majesty was attired in black silk and wore a grey bonnet. From the best authority I learn that she requested to be taken to the cholera wards, where she approached the bed of each patient, and in the case of the dying the Empress knelt by their side and endeavoured to hear their last earthly wish. Having gone slowly through every ward, Her Majesty visited the kitchens of the hospitals, and requested to see the food prepared for the sick of ordinary maladies. The enthusiasm excited by this visit among so impressionable a people as the French can hardly be imagined. The Empress has been represented in England as distinguished only by her personal beauty, dignity, and graceful demeanour; but Her Majesty has won the heart of the country by her mental gifts, which are of no mean order. Her mind is large and comprehensive, and she has, especially within the last few years, regarded power but as the means of enabling her to do the greatest amount of good to her fellow-creatures. Her heart is cast in the mould of charity. She derives more pleasure from the exercise of domestic virtue than from the routine of State etiquette or the glare of adulation which necessarily surrounds her throne. The hours she spent last spring in the cells of La Roquette Penitentiary, drawing from each of the juvenile delinquents the history of his life, and the days she has since devoted to the remodelling of the prison system, which has led to such beneficial results to the young delinquents of France, have made a deep impression. Her conduct at Biarritz, when in the dead of the night she quitted her brilliant *salons* to take her place by the cot of

Emile de Girardin's child, then dying of the worst form of diphtheria, for the sole purpose of inducing the child to swallow medicine that had been refused, will never be forgotten. Her visit to-day to the crowded wards of the Beaujon—the words of womanly tenderness with which she strove to comfort the dying and give courage to the convalescent—this act of fearless courage and devotion has proved more than any public ceremonial could do that the Empress Eugénie is worthy of her exalted station. As the plain, dark carriage, drawn by a pair of post-horses and attended by a single servant, drove her away from the hospital, I heard a workman *en blouse*, cry out with "unpaid" enthusiasm, "Bravo! nous vous sommes dévoués à la mort!" From the Hôpital Beaujon she drove to the Hôpital Lariboisière, where the first cholera patients were taken. This hospital was built by Countess de Lariboisière, who, during Louis Philippe's reign, left 3,000,000 f. by will for its erection. I see by the evening papers that to-morrow Her Majesty will visit l'Hôpital Saint Antoine.

Very different is the example set by some of the aristocrats of the Faubourg St. Germain, who have fled *en masse* to Versailles, or returned to their châteaux. The shade of the *grand monarque* must rejoice to see his stately terraces and majestic avenues once more crowded by duchesses and marquises, and the exclusive Quartier St. Louis congratulates itself on the acquisition of so many recruits of its own order. It is true, the plebeian crowd fling the epithet *colonie de poltrons* at these coronetted cowards, whose sole occupation is to preserve their own frivolous existence. Not one of these is M. Gustave Girard, whose acquaintance I have not the honour to have, but to whom I fervently wish the Légion d'Honneur, since he undoubtedly deserves it. M. Girard was one of the young students of Montpellier who volunteered to respond to the appeal from Toulon for medical help. M. Girard, perceiving that the usefulness of many of the hospital aids and other subordinates was neutralised by their fear of the disease, had the immense courage to collect a

number of them round the bed of a dying man, and, taking the perspiration off his brow, placed it on his tongue; and, to further convince them that cholera was not infectious, he approached the corpse of another who had expired two hours previously, and, removing the black fur which was encrusted on the dead man's tongue, he put it on his own. M. Girard risked his life; may he reap the full benefit of his philanthropic devotion.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The brewers of Paris complain of the cholera, not that it rages at this moment, or that it has carried off such a number of useful members of society. Not in the least; but because its presence among us prevents their selling their beer. Therefore the Worshipful Company of Brewers, like the King of Beasts in La Fontaine's fable, cry out, "Haro, sur ce baudet d'où nous vient tout le mal!" The brewers raise a hue-and-cry against the medical men who have dared to say that beer is the worst beverage for us during these cholera times, and the said company, in a letter to the *Temps*, endeavoured to prove that pale ale and half-and-half are the only true panacea against the fell disease. Their arguments are, that as in every beer there is from five to ten per cent. of alcohol, it must be anti-choleraic; furthermore, that beer contains carbonic acid gas, which, in the form of *eau de seltz*, is strongly recommended; and that the rest of its component parts are strongly albuminous. That gallant veteran, Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, has given order that flannel belts should be distributed to every soldier in his division, besides the supplementary ration of hot coffee which I mentioned yesterday. The Préfet of Police has followed the old Marshal's example by giving one of these preventive belts to every policeman; he has, moreover, established in every quarter of the town a canteen supplied with rum and every medicine that could be required in the case of the sudden illness of any of these men.

October 25th.

However widely opinions may differ as regards Victor Hugo as a politician (he has been, it will be remembered, by turns a Legitimist, an Orleanist, and a republican), there is one point upon which all are agreed, viz. that he is gifted with genius. His works contain some of the sublimest creations of French poetry. There is in Victor Hugo a singular mixture of Horace and Anacreon, of Corneille and Ronsard, of Shakespeare and Byron, of Goethe and Schiller. In most of his writing there is a wild grandeur of conception at once awing and fascinating. His new volume, *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, which appeared to-day, is, as far at least as I can judge by a rapid perusal, destined to a great success. It so far resembles the *Excursion* that in it are to be met separate pieces or passages which stand out with more majesty, more profound thought, and more beauty than the others. A poem may be read—as, for instance, "Le Nid," "Les Etoiles Filantes," "Hilaritas," "A l'Oreille du Lecteur," "Le Baiser," etc.—with exquisite and unimpaired enjoyment as an independent fragment. Some of these scenes are of consummate power, and, what strikes one even on the most careless glance at the book, open it where you will, is the inconceivable prodigality of new imagery. Speaking of Victor Hugo recalls to my mind an incident in his life which is not sufficiently known, and which certainly tells much for the goodness of his heart. Barbès, the celebrated republican and disciple of Robespierre, had been condemned to death during the reign of Louis Philippe. On the eve of the execution the sister of Barbès went to the poet and implored him to ask the King to grant her brother's reprieve. He tried and failed. The Court were at that time mourning for the idolised Princess Marie of Würtemberg, so early snatched by consumption, and the Count of Paris was just born. It was midnight of the 12th of July. His Majesty had retired. The poet wrote on a slip of paper the following

stanza, placing it on a table opposite the door of the King's chamber :—

"Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par ce royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau !
Grâce encore une fois—grâce au nom de la tombe,
Grâce au nom du berceau !"

Louis Philippe, on awaking, read the lines, and Barbès was saved.

November 5th.

A marriage in high life occupies no less than two columns of the *Gazette des Etrangers ;* the details are chronicled by no less literary a pen than that of Henri de Pène. The church, we are informed, was crowded by the *foule parée*—a crowd attired in full dress. M. l'Abbé Reyneval pronounced a touching discourse. At the wedding dinner a telegram conveyed the congratulations of Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia to the bridal couple, while two poets composed verses in honour of the important event. You probably expect to hear of a Bismarck, a Metternich, or probably even a Bonaparte, having entered the holy state of matrimony. The regal felicitations were *tout simplement* addressed to the hairdresser, M. Leroy, whose daughter espoused his apprentice, M. Albert, the paternal domicile being 422, Rue Saint Honoré. Writing of *coiffeurs* reminds one of *coiffures*, and certainly the most singular freak of fashion in this item of female attire which has startled us *vieux garçons* is the tricoque, which, perched partly on one ear and partly on the huge chignon of the coquettes (or shall I write *cocottes ?*) who are beginning to make their appearance on the Champs Elysées, strikingly recall Van Blarenberghe's admirable delineations of the Gardes Françaises.

November 6th.

Corresponding for a Paris paper is as much as one's life is worth. The celebrated duel of 1862, where Henri de Pène was compelled to fight successively with two officers, will not

have been forgotten. The staff of the *Figaro* has fought twelve duels in the last ten years—the thirteenth occurred on Friday. Count de Rochefort, in an article on the panic-stricken monarchs who have fled from their dominions on account of cholera, made a remark which awoke the susceptibilities of a youthful Don Quixote, the Duke of A——. He sent a challenge to M. de Rochefort, who accepted it. Meudon was appointed rendezvous for this choleraic-monarchical duel. Thirty paces was the appointed distance chosen. Although each fired three times, neither was hit. The Spanish Duke shook hands with the Count, and both drew back to their respective *pénates*. It is all very well to laugh in England, where civilisation has effaced that remnant of barbarism from its customs; but here, how many a noble spirit can I recall whose life has thus paid for a harmless squib or for a mere slip of the pen! Poor Dillon, of the *Sport*, among the latest, Armand Carrel, and how many others in the past!

November 12th.

The *Evénement* assures us that it is by no means patronised by the De Rothschild family, with one member of which it is not even acquainted. This statement is necessitated by the fact that five of its columns are devoted to a laudatory leader of the various members of that financial dynasty. Among other anecdotes, one charming story is related of Baron Gustav de Rothschild, who lately married Mdlle. Anspach, eldest daughter of the Conseiller of the Cour de Cassation. The fair bride's dowry was £20,000. The evening of the wedding-day the Baron brought his young wife to his residence, and on taking her to a fairy boudoir he had arranged for her reception he handed a small parcel to her. "Will you refuse to grant your husband's first request?" "Of course not," replied the youthful Baroness. "Then add the £20,000 which this envelope contains to your little sister's portion." The *Evénement* further informs us that Baron James Rothschild rises at

seven, and, whilst he is being shaved and dressed by his valet Felix, M. Boudeville, professor of elocution, reads the morning papers to him. It is to be hoped he gives the correct intonation to the market reports, etc. At eight o'clock the Baron proceeds to his office, where he works till six, whence he goes to play his rubber of whist at the club. The family dine at eight, after which they meet in the *salons* Baroness James, who receives Thiers, and all the nobilities of the day, whence, however, the Baron sometimes escapes to criticise the actions of the pupils of his teacher, M. Boudeville, at the Théâtre de la Tour de Auvergne.

The papers of the day are filled by anecdotes of the late M. Dupin, whose sudden death, the other day, has been the event of the week. It appears that when President of the Chambers he acquired somewhat the tone of a schoolmaster. He more than once blew up Berryer for a habit he had of cutting with his penknife at the desk opposite which he sat in the Chambers; but nothing excited his indignation so much as members of the House who, although apparently replying to speeches on the impulse of the moment, had, in fact, arrived with notes of what they intended to say. One especially attracted his attention, and, seeing this gentleman on one occasion working himself into a state of frightful excitement from not being able to put his notes in proper order, M. Dupin called out, "Monsieur, *finissez-en*, you may shuffle your cards as you will, you will never find the ace." He knew by heart those who made a practice of suddenly interrupting a speaker. On one occasion, when Lamartine was in the midst of one of his brilliant speeches, forewarned by the President, he suddenly stopped, crossed his arms, and looked straight at the professional interrupter, who did not see the trap laid for him. "I am waiting, sir, for your interruption," M. Lamartine coolly said to him. Of course, a shout of laughter from all sides of the House greeted this *saillie*. M. Dupin's remarks on the various modes in which the deputies drank the glass of water which, in his time, was always ready for a speaker in

the tribune were most amusing. M. de Lamartine scarcely touched the glass with his lips. Jules Favre, on the contrary, impetuously gulped down the official beverage, while Thiers imbibed it slowly. Puritan Guizot drank the fluid in its pristine purity, without admixture of sugar, and courtly De Montalembert swallowed it slowly, a perfect syrup of *eau sucrée*. M. Dupin's dexterity in ringing the presidential bell was sometimes marvellous, a practice he used unmercifully during any parliamentary tempest, especially whenever the storm blew from an unfavourable quarter for the ministerial bench.

November 19th.

In contradiction of the rumours afloat as to the disposal of M. Dupin's property, it is stated on apparently good authority that he has bequeathed the £12,000 a year (300,000 f.) which he had accumulated to his fourteen nephews. Eleven wills have already been found duly signed and sealed, almost rivalling in number the political creeds professed by the late Procureur-General. Speaking of him it occurs to me to mention that one of the most strange documents he published was his revision of the trial of our Saviour, which he did from a mere legal point of view, and proved by reference to the Roman as well as the Jewish law that the sentence passed on our Lord was perfectly illegal. In this pamphlet M. Dupin does not allude to the religious phase of the question; he merely criticises the proceedings of the Jewish Sanhedrin.

November 22nd.

Handbooks on all imaginable subjects abound, and to the long list in circulation the Count de Montigny has added one bearing the singular title: *Handbook for Outriders, Coachmen, Grooms and Stable Boys.* A great subject, undoubtedly. We only hope the Count's genius was enabled to grasp his subject.

November 23rd.

M. de Lamartine is pretty severely criticised in the *Débats* of this morning, owing to an article which he has written in the last number of the *Entretiens Littéraires*, and bearing on the Mexican question. M. de Lamartine seems suddenly to have become a convert to the present Government, inasmuch as he entirely approves of the French expedition to Mexico, which he considers "a grand idea, just as is necessity, vast as the ocean, novel as the *à propos*, the conception of a statesman, pregnant as is the future, a thought which will result in the salvation of America and of the whole world!" The common sense of the public, justly remarks the *Débats*, which cannot boast of being as vast as the ocean, views the expedition as being in opposition to the spirit of American institutions, one of the fundamental principles of which leads the people to resent with bitter intensity the slightest attempt at European interference in its affairs. The masses of the French nation by no means seize either the utility or the *à propos* of this aggression, which the poet, on the contrary, considers as not having been carried out with sufficient energy. According to him, the hour having arrived to preach a general crusade of all the European populations against Americans, whom he considers as the Saracens of modern times. Of what crimes does this *chantre des harmonies poétiques* accuse the American nation? Simply of possessing cotton and gold mines, of which Europe would gladly profit. The desire to seize these he considers as both natural and just. What, however, would the author of *Méditations Poétiques* say if the Americans attempted to appropriate the vineyards of Burgundy and Bordeaux on the pretext that they have nothing of the kind at home, and that these vineyards are worth their weight in gold? Another reproach which M. de Lamartine makes to that nation is that it has not acquired the polished manners or the correct tone of good

society. Whatever amount of importance he attaches to questions of politeness or personal amiability, one must confess that it is rather difficult to declare war against a people because they are not well up in etiquette; but let us put aside these puerilities and come to their real crime in the eyes of M. de Lamartine. The population of the United States are the representatives of democracy, and are jealous of all that are superior to themselves. "Americans," writes the poet, "cut down the aristocratic giants of the forests, and delight in knocking them down, jealous as they are even of great works of nature. They treat the mighty superiorities of intelligence in like manner; they annihilate their great men as they cut down their trees." The *Débats* attributes the violence of this attack to the feelings of rancour which Lamartine bears towards democracy ever since 1848, when, as you are aware, the poet canvassed for the presidency of the French Republic, and could only secure a few thousand votes. The *Débats* may be right, still I am not inclined to be as severe on the poet as is this Orleanist organ. It appears to me that it would have been better taste had the *Débats* left this souvenir unevoked, for let it be said to the eternal honour of the author of the *Girondins* that though he did not succeed in grasping sovereign power he met his fate with the cool heroism of a man who had done his duty. In 1848 he defied the wrath and refused to yield to the imperious demands of Red Republicans, and, though he failed to associate order with freedom, when he withdrew from the political arena he carried with him the admiration of his friends and the respect of his opponents.

November 24th.

MM. Alfred Tramhaut and Jules Ladimir have almost completed a work which will attract attention. Its title, *Les Femmes Militaires*, of itself excites curiosity. The following sketch of the Countess de Saint Borlemont will convey an idea of its contents. Alberte Barbe, daughter of the Seigneur

of the Château de la Neuville, was born in 1607, and at the age of twenty-seven married the Count de Saint Borlemont, a colonel in the service of Charles, Duke of Lorraine. The lady, wholly given up to masculine exercise, appears to have quarrelled with her husband at the outset of her married life, and yet her conduct was in all other respects strictly correct. The Count, however, followed the banner of his master, and fought with the Imperialists, who, in 1636, had coalesced with Austria against Louis XIII., while she remained steadfast to her attachment to France. Her château being attacked by Spanish troops, the heroic Countess, at the head of her tenants, not only defended it, but in a sortie completely routed and put to flight the attacking party. During the seven following years Alberte successfully repulsed the foreign regiments who attempted to harass her dependants. On one occasion, while her husband was absent with the Duke of Lorraine on a distant expedition, the Countess gave a temporary asylum to a French officer in command of a detachment of cavalry sent to her support. The young man thought he might spend his time agreeably in the intervals of military occupations by making love to his châtelaine. He received a challenge signed Chevalier de Borlemont, purporting to have been sent by the lady's brother-in-law. The officer accepted the cartel, and went to the place of meeting. The Countess, disguised as a man, awaited him. The duel took place, and the lady succeeded in disarming her foe, to whom she restored his sword, saying, "Sir, you thought you were fighting with a cavalier; learn in future that wives can defend their honour during the absence of their husbands." With her own hands the Countess killed, during her various military exploits, four hundred individuals. When General Erlach passed through Champagne she attacked three German soldiers whom she caught in the act of taking the horses from her plough, and kept them at bay till her own men came to her rescue. On one occasion, while leading the attack on a German castle, she mounted the breach, and,

effecting an entrance, found herself alone in a room with seventeen men, armed to the teeth, whom she managed to disarm. On the death of the Count this *femme militaire* entered the convent of Bar le Duc, but the life of seclusion was too severe for her, and she was obliged to return to the Château de la Neuville, where she died 1660, leaving one daughter, who married Louis des Arnoises, Seigneur de Commercy.

November 28th.

So great was the anxiety of the public to hear Gounod's Mass that as early as ten o'clock this morning every available spot in the magnificent church of St. Eustache was filled by a dense crowd, who patiently waited fully two hours before the first notes of the organ were heard. The church is cruciform; the centre of the nave was reserved for the accommodation of the artists who were taking part in the ceremony, while the rest was occupied by reserved seats, the two aisles being equally crowded. We had ample time to admire the stained glass of the clerestory windows, the elaborate tracery which adorns the triforium gallery, the side chapels lately restored in the Byzantine style, but over one of which the arms and cardinal's hat of the mighty Richelieu still remain. A movement in the crowd attracted our attention to the fact that way was to be made for mesdames les *quêteuses*, who, preceded by stately beadles in all the pomp of white-feathered cocked hats, were led by attendant squires to their seats. Would I could borrow the pen of some fair *chroniqueuse* to record the gorgeous attire of these pious women. Deeply engraved on my memory is the bewitching smile which beamed on my bewildered senses from beneath a thing of pink crape, called, I believe, a bonnet, while a mass of mauve velvet gracefully swept by, the attendant squire meanwhile calling out in stentorian voice, "L'œuvre de Sainte Cecile," the fair *quêteuse* offering her scarlet velvet and gold bag to all around. Heavens! when I felt the mauve velvet approach my chair! To offer her less

than gold would have been simply an insult. Was there no escape? I looked despairingly around. It was a hopeless case; for, in the distance, lo, I beheld four of her sisterhood sumptuously arrayed kneeling at each side of the door armed with these terrible scarlet bags, wherewith they entrapped the passers-out—and note, we had paid for our chairs, so this flank movement came rather hard on the unwary. Certainly Gounod's Mass, meanwhile, was well worth hearing. The *Kyrie Eleison*, sung by four hundred artists of the Conservatoire, with an accompaniment of eight bassos, six harps, and the full opera orchestra, can better be imagined than described. Madame Sax's voice rang out clear and full, and great as was the space she had to fill, her voice proved equal to the task. The solo on the violin by Allard surpassed our expectations; in execution it could not have been equalled by any living artist, and perhaps the simple character of the composition gave greater scope to the extreme delicacy of his performance than the more complicated pieces we usually hear him execute. There was a movement as the last note died away which told of the thrilling effect this exquisite interlude had upon the vast audience. The *Benedictus* was one of the finest parts of the day's services.

November 29th.

Les Commentaires de César, or Review of 1865, appears to have been a complete success at Compiègne, chiefly owing to the brilliant comic talent of the Princess de Metternich, on whom the difficult task devolved of performing three different parts, in each of which she acquitted herself with a perfect mastery of her subject, and an *à propos* which experienced actresses would have envied. The company present included the Imperial family, the sixty-seven guests of the second series, General von Wimpfen, the keeper of the Imperial forests, and Viscountess de la Panouge, M. and Madame Jules Lecoq, and the Procureur Impérial. Precisely at nine the curtain of crimson velvet, splendidly embroidered

in gold, rose and displayed the Champs de Mars, in the foreground of which somewhat arid space stood a saucy-looking *marchande de plaisirs*, personified by Jamy Louis Conneau, who, in payment for that popular biscuit, receives a kiss from Count de Solms, a *marchand* of that detestable beverage called *coco*, upon which she remarks, "C'est pour avoir du plaisir." M. de Lambert, as mayor of a country village, M. Prudhomme by name, appears admirably got up in a brown coat, broad-brimmed hat, silver spectacles, and nankin inexpressibles, and complains that he had prepared a clever speech, but that "La Censure" had cut it short. A *cantinière* (Princess de Metternich) informs the prosy mayor that César is to review the troops. "What! the César of Roman history? Impossible. He is at Compiègne." "May be," replies the Vivandière, "I shall be sure to make him out." She looks round the house, and perceiving the Emperor requests him to *passer la revue*. "Ah, sire, you will not. Very well; whether you like it or not, 1865 shall be reviewed by you, as you sit in your armchair." The Marquise de Gallifett, as Trade, leads the way in a costume of white and gold crowned by rays of light; she attends upon France (Countess Pourtalès) whose fair complexion and *chevelure dorée* is admirably set off by her helmet and cuirass of gold and silver scales, over which a green velvet mantle, emblazoned by the Imperial Arms and symbolic bees, is most becomingly draped. The strike of the cabmen next appears, represented by the Princess, attired in a coachman's top coat, long gaiters, and round hat, with the black cockade and silver band peculiar to her house. She requests M. Prudhomme to engage her by the month, seeing that her husband has struck work, and she has several children to support. The Princess truly asserts that, like Mary Draper, "she'd ride a wall or drive a team, for nothing could escape her." All these merits she details with perfect imitation of a cabby's tone and gait. She was, however, more applauded when she reappeared as the impersonation of Song, wearing a white petticoat on which in black lines were musical keys, over

which floated a tulle skirt spangled with silver, her black velvet bodice a mass of diamonds, and her headdress two roses and aigrette of brilliants. She sings a clever *résumé* of the musical art from the time of Mazarin, during the reign of the Grand Monarque, the Regency, and the Empire, with a tact and wit for which the ambassadress is so remarkable. "L'Africaine" was represented by Baroness de Poilly and Viscount d'Aguado, the latter as Vasco da Gama, who sang one of Offenbach's *bouffe duo* to the air of "Litzchen and Fritzchen." The interchange of the visits of the French and English fleets was given by Viscount d'Espenilles, as a volunteeer, and Viscount de Fitzjames, as a French sailor, who recommends his brave ally

> "Ayez toujours un canon à la poche,
> On ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver."

Mr. Blount personated La Diva Patti, not an enviable task, and the Marquis de Caux Cocodette, a term, as you are aware, applied to a woman of the world, who copies in dress and tone the anonymas of the *demi-monde.* The *soirée* terminated by a trio sung by the Past, General de Mellinet, as an invalid soldier; the Present, the Marquis de Gallifett, in the uniform of his regiment; and the Future, the Prince Imperial, a young grenadier, which trio is described as having been a *chef d'œuvre* of tact, wit, and *à propos.*

December 4th.

On Saturday took place the opening of the new theatre Les Fantaisies Parisiennes before a select public, as well as all the literary notabilities of this capital. The bill of fare consisted of a prologue in verse, a farce, *La Dernière Nuit d'une Veuve*, *La Pantomime de l'Avocat*, and a charming operette of Donizetti called *Il Campanello.* The pantomime was the great success of the evening, the comic combinations of which do great credit to the imagination of Champfleury. The celebrated clown Deburau was received with great

applause. He is a first-rate mimic, and has the talent of setting the whole room in a roar. His imitation of the gestures and manner of a baritone was admirable. Mademoiselle Bonheur made a charming columbine, and fascinated all by her grace and beauty, not a little set off by tasteful costume. The first evening was quite a success, and augurs well for the popularity of the Fantaisies Parisiennes, whose three attractions are fun, frolic, and gaiety. The theatre itself is a perfect little *bonbonnière*, arranged with exquisite taste in the *rez de chaussée* of 26, Boulevard des Italiens, which house is the property of the Marquis of Hertford. It appears that the censorship of the Press objected to one line in the prologue, and the verse in question was altered twelve times before Messieurs les Censeurs would allow it to pass, the point at issue being the expression, "Les époux sortent de leurs bains." "Their baths!" exclaimed the austere Cato of the Board of Censure; "the plural is not marked by the sound, and it might imply that husband and wife bathed together. C'est très indécent."

December 7th.

I mentioned the celebration of the Empress's fête at Compiègne on the 15th of last month, and the numerous bouquets of exotic flowers with which Her Majesty's guests presented her. M. de Nieuwerkque, it appears, was fortunate enough to have been able to offer a treasure of no slight artistic value, it being one of the few water-coloured drawings extant by Prudhon, not only bearing his signature, but being a portrait of himself in the costume he wore at a ball given by the First Consul. The story of the discovery of this *trouvaille* is curious. M. Luquet, a well-known connoisseur, was wandering a few weeks ago along the remote Rue Mouffetard, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a drawing lying among some old fashions in the window of a barber's shop, the name Prudhon being daubed in red letters at a corner of the sketch. We all know how scarce an authentic Prudhon has become of late years. Assuming a tone of indifference,

M. Luquet inquired whether *cette image* (a term for a child's penny print) was for sale. "No," replied he of the razor, in the act at the moment of imprisoning a grizzled gendarme in the shroud-like shaving cloth; "that is, it belongs to my father; he will be at home about six." Punctual as the clock of Nôtre Dame was our amateur. "Papa," said the barber, "it's the gentleman for your *bon homme*." The old man could hardly totter along. "You want to buy my Prudhon, sir; for it is a Prudhon, I can answer for that. He himself gave it to me one evening I had curled his hair *à Titus* for a ball at the Tuileries. You see, sir, I was his hairdresser, and likewise the great M. David's." This long preamble sounded ominous to the anxious ears of M. Luquet. "Sell my Prudhon! Well, I never thought of such a thing. You see, I am half-blind and cannot see, so I gave it to my grandson, Adolphe, to amuse himself with, and it is a miracle he has not snipped it with his scissors." "But," replied M. Luquet, "one might give Adolphe something he would like better." A splendid Zouave balancing on an elastic in the window of a toy-shop opposite suggested the idea, which he mentally prayed might prove a tempting bait to M. Adolphe. "Certainly, and as you are a connoisseur I would prefer you to have my Prudhon; my grandson will only tear it." "How much will you sell it for?" "Oh, it is an original, and signed, and that is something. Would you think it too much if I asked fifteen sous?"

December 11th.

I recorded the opening of the Fantaisies Parisiennes, where pantomime, for the first time since the Funambules were demolished, attracts French curiosity under the auspices of M. Champfleury. The success of the evening is the performance of Deburau, whose life has had many singular phases. His father, the celebrated comedian, determined on making him a painter of porcelain, and entered him as an artist at the Sèvres manufactory. But the theatre was his vocation, and the vases entrusted to him were decorated by groups of

columbines and harlequins. On his father's death he threw away his brushes and studied with so much earnest purpose that in ten years he had made a name. He suddenly disappeared from Paris. He had started on a tour over Europe. On his return he was in a small hotel at Nevers with his wife, intending to remain forty-eight hours; but to sleep during the first night was impossibie, seeing that the occupant of the room overhead spent his in pacing his room with creaking boots. Deburau summoned the waiter at early dawn and despatched him with a message to his enemy imploring him to adopt list shoes as his *chaussure*. "Who has sent you?" inquired he of the noisy boots. "The actor, M. Deburau." "Deburau!" exclaimed M. Bravay; "why, I have scoured Europe in search of him!" "Well, sir," replied the *garçon*, "he begs you will change your boots." But M. Bravay had already dashed downstairs, and was in the actor's presence. He had had for fifteen months in his portfolio an engagement from the Egyptian Viceroy, Saïd Pacha. Deburau signed it, and started for the kingdom of the Pharaohs, escorted by Harlequin, Cassandra, and Columbine. Saïd Pacha had a movable theatre. His Highness was constantly travelling; the performance therefore took place in an ancient temple of Sesostris one night, perhaps the next in a palace of the Pacha; the third in the identical hall where the priests of Isis taught Pythagoras, and so on. And as varied as the *mise-en-scène* were the modes of transport. At times the *troupe* traversed the desert on camels; as often Columbine, Cassandra, and Pierrot found themselves sailing up the Nile in a dahabieh. At the end of ten months of this nomadic existence Deburau returned to Paris.

Last Tuesday, about one o'clock, two gentlemen called at Rossini's residence, and asked if he was at home. The servant showed them into the dining-room, and presently informed them that his master (who happened to have a bad cold) was out walking on the boulevards. The visitors, aware that nothing could be more unlikely than that a man whose chief occupation was coughing and sneezing would start out

with the barometer at freezing-point, particularly insisted upon seeing Signor Rossini. The servant unwillingly conveyed the message. Rossini came out of his room and asked what they wanted. One of the gentlemen said that he had been sent by Don Ferdinand (at this moment Regent of Portugal) to present his compliments, and to be kindly remembered to him. Rossini made a suitable reply, and said that he had heard by the papers that his son, the present King, was in Paris. "He is," said the youngest of the intruders. "C'est moi, cher maître!" "And how could I recognise the King in a great-coat and grey hat?" The young monarch, after a long chat with the great *maestro*, asked if he had not a piano. "Yes, two." The King sat down and played from memory passages from *Guillaume Tell*, from the *Trovatore*, etc., accompanied by M. de Païva, his ambassador, who is as good a musician as himself. On taking leave of Rossini the King begged of him to accept the insignia of a new order he has lately created, called the Order of Merit.

December 17th.

The following anecdote may amuse you. Jules Janin, the illustrious critic of the *Débats*, and the brilliant *feuilletoniste*, who has so often been unsuccessfully proposed for the vacant chair at the Academy, was crossing the muddiest part of the Boulevard des Italiens, which is in course of being macadamised, when the friend with whom he was walking expressed the hope that justice would at length be done, and that he would soon be numbered among the forty immortals. "Why not?" replied Jules Janin; "everything being macadamised in our days, I do not see why I should not be macadamised also."

December 20th.

Last week a young foreigner, dressed with perfect simplicity, went into Devisme the gun-smith's shop on the Boulevard des Italiens, and asked for a double-barrelled gun

to shoot wild boars, and expressed his anxiety to try Devisme's new explosive balls. M. Devisme happened to be in the shop, entered into conversation with the young man, and, at once recognising a genuine Nimrod, remarked that as it was absurd to try either guns or balls in a mere shooting-gallery, he invited him to his country place at Argenteuil, where he was going to shoot the following day, and would be very happy to be accompanied by his new acquaintance. The young man asked how long it would take to reach his house. "Two hours," replied Devisme; "I start by the ten train. In half an hour we shall reach our destination, and it will take us about three-quarters of an hour to try the guns, and half an hour to return; but it occurs to me that eleven is breakfast hour. I can offer you a cutlet and an omelette, hunter's fare." "Bravo!" said the young foreigner, "I accept." After selecting his gun, Devisme inquired his name and address. The young man took the pen and wrote in the book of addresses, "Roi de Portugal, Grand Hôtel."

December 21st.

A most curious trial has just taken place in consequence of the death of an old lady, Mdlle. de Serilly, who died last February at Theil. You are aware that on the death of public functionaries the State has a right to take possession of their papers, manuscripts, and documents of all kinds, and abstract therefrom whatever may refer to public affairs. Mdlle. de Serilly had carefully preserved an immense number of official papers which had been handed down in her family from one generation to another. She possessed 630 documents referring to the administration of one of her ancestors, M. d'Etigny, who was prefect of Auch during the last century; 429 official papers bearing on the official life of another d'Etigny, who was governor of Bearn during the reign of Louis XIV.; furthermore several papers signed by Louis XV., and countersigned by Choiseul; letters from the Count de Toulouse, from Marshal d'Etrées, etc., etc. M. le

Préfet d'Yonne, in the name of Government, claimed one and all of these family papers. Last year the tribunal of Sens tried the case, and delivered a verdict for the De Serilly family. The prefect appealed to the Paris courts and, to the infinite satisfaction of all those who possess family archives of any historic interest, the prefect has lost his cause. Six hundred papers, however, referring to the administration of a sub-prefect actually living, are to be given up to the Government. To this the family never objected. M. Oscar de Vallons made an able speech, which is worthy of study for those curious in French law. He clearly explained that the only motive that actuated the Government in such a case was its anxiety to preserve historic records for the use of the public in general; but as he justly remarked, if in this instance a verdict were given against the heirs of Mdlle. de Serilly, every family would be exposed to the chances of having its muniment chest rifled by Government at any moment and the most private documents taken. The publicity to which death exposes a family in France is very singular to our English ideas. The moment your relative expires it becomes your duty to send for the *médecin légiste* who inspects the dead body, and notifies to the prefect the fact of his decease. In a few hours the police commissary arrives and seals up every drawer, secretaire, and possession of your late relative. These seals can only be removed after the family council, as it is called, has met, and read the will of the deceased in the presence of a public functionary. An instance of the extreme inconvenience to which this practice leads came under my own notice in the case of an English lady whose husband had been *pasteur* of a church in the neighbourhood of Paris. From the fact of her brother being absent from the house and travelling at the time of the demise of the *pasteur*, the family council could not meet for six weeks, during which interval the lady had not even access to her own writing-drawer, or the power of withdrawing certain moneys belonging to herself independently of her late husband.

January 3rd, 1866.

Long lines of wooden booths are annually erected along the boulevards during the first week of the year, belonging to the wives of poor artisans and workmen, who stack their fragile tenements with gingerbread and sugarsticks for the supply of the poor of their own class. On Saturday evening at a late hour, two ladies, closely veiled, walked along the whole line of these stalls, which extend from the Rue de la Paix to the Porte Saint-Martin. It was remarked that these ladies selected the poorest of the booths to make their purchases, and that when asked 50 c. (5*d.*) for the most expensive article, they paid by mistake in pieces of 10 f., leaving their purchases to be called for on their return. They scrupulously avoided any booth near which there was a crowd. The ladies never returned, and the squeaking trumpets and chocolate pipes, paid for in gold, still lie on the counters unclaimed. The poor vendors who benefited by this unexpected shower of gold, remember that one of "ces bonnes dames" was very tall and slight, and evidently gave directions to her companion who paid for her. *À propos* of *jour de l'an* presents, fifteen ladies of high rank left their cards at the Princess de Metternich's on New Year's Day, each card accompanied by a roll of gold pieces to the value of £12, and bearing a pencil message which ran thus: "For the poor, madame; this is the only *étrenne* we make this year." So rational an example it is to be hoped will not be forgotten next year, and thus a custom at present senseless and useless in the extreme might be the means of bringing endless blessings and unknown comfort to many a cheerless and fireless home. We cannot, whether ourselves rich or comparatively poor, too often recall Victor Hugo's charming line—

"L'aumône est sœur de la prière."

January 7th.

But a few years have elapsed since the custom brought over from England of lecturing in public has been introduced into Paris, and this custom has spread with tremendous rapidity over every part of the Empire. The multitudes of *salles de conférence* which have been opened in France for the purpose of disseminating useful knowledge and ennobling ideas is to the philanthropist one of the most encouraging features of the present state of society. In all the principal towns, and even in the smaller villages, men distinguished either by great scientific or literary attainments have come forward to lend an earnest aid to the cause of social progress by the diffusion of knowledge. Scholars, philosophers, and even successful writers have all busied themselves in organising these conferences, which have proved so great a success that thousands of people now prefer attending a lecture to going to a theatre. It occurred to one of the best contributors to the *Débats*, M. Eugène Yung, who is not only a sharp and clever writer, but an admirable lecturer, that further good might be accomplished by collecting and publishing some of the most remarkable of the lectures which are daily delivered by influential men at these popular meetings. This idea was the origin of the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques et Littéraires*, both of which are weekly papers compiled under the editorship of M. Yung. The last number contains the translation of the speech which Mr. Gladstone delivered lately before the University of Edinburgh. A rapid glance over the whole collection of the *Revue des Cours Littéraires*, which has now existed three years, suffices to give one a high opinion of the manner in which this work of reproduction is accomplished. The lectures are replete—some with suggestions on political economy, some on the last scientific discoveries, others are remarkable for philosophic argument and high-toned eloquence, and many are on historic and literary topics. You

will understand how desirable it was that these conferences should not be allowed to be scattered abroad like sybil's leaves, when I tell you that the *résumés* published in the *Revue* are signed by some of the master minds of our day, such as Guizot, Franck, Taine, Jules Simon, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Athanase Coquerel, Rossieu St. Hilaire, Laboulaye, etc. The latter, as you are aware, is a fervent admirer of the American Republic, upon which he lately published a work, *Paris en Amérique*, which has had immense success. The committee of the Bibliothèque Populaire de Versailles requested M. Laboulaye to lecture on the occasion of the anniversary of the foundation of this library for the working classes. He chose as his subject the comprehensive theme "Books," which was certainly peculiarly *à propos* of the subject of the meeting.

"Books," exclaimed M. Laboulaye, "I consider as spirits walking abroad on the face of the earth. A book is a voice to which one listens; a voice which addresses itself to you. It is the living thought of a person separated from you by space or time; it is an intellect. Books collected in a library, viewed with the eyes of the mind, represent to us the master spirits of every country and of every age, who are there present with us to speak, to instruct, and to console us. Note that books alone endure; men pass away, monuments crumble into dust; but what remains, what survives is human thought. I am told that Molière is dead; I deny it. Is he not present? When I entertain myself with him, is he not there? Madame de Sévigné, they say, was buried in 1696. I maintain that yesterday I was in communion with her. I know her as I know Coulanges, Madame de Grignon, La Rochefoucauld, and all her friends. For me all that world lives, and I live with them. The book, or rather the intelligence preserved in the book, is a society which one can enjoy either in prosperous or adverse days. Do we wish for amusement? Let us take up *Don Quixote*, we shall laugh as we never laughed before. Are we in sorrow? Read the *Imitation of Christ*. In whatever state we may be, books

are ever welcome. On the eve of departure, is it not to a book that we turn for consolation? Is it not to the evangelists we turn who teach us how to endure suffering by telling us of words of Him who endured long misery and every suffering? Everywhere and at all times a book is of use, and he who can read has more enjoyment at his command than any monarch, for he has a court of faithful friends who ever surround and minister to him. Our friends often weary us; but if a book fatigues us we put it aside without any fear of its being offended, and we take up another."

I regret not being able to give the whole of this remarkable lecture, which is one of the most captivating I have ever read or heard. I cannot resist giving one last quotation:—

"You will always find that the most civilised nations are those that read the most. Thus in America, where education is the most complete, and where it is considered as a great political institution, what do you observe? Twenty-nine million Americans consume more paper than France and England united. An American reads as much as four Frenchmen."

This I can readily believe. The very fact that circulating libraries may be said scarcely to exist even in Paris proves that Frenchmen, and more especially the women of their families, do not read.

January 9th.

The following curious case has come before the Fontainebleau tribunal. Last October a poor woman was taken up by one of the foresters for having carried quantities of ants' eggs from a formicary. Ants abound in the Fontainebleau forest, and instead of wishing to get rid of them, the administration of the woods and forests preserve them carefully on account of their value as food for all species of game, but more especially for young partridges, as well as their utility as manure. Many varieties of seeds, etc., have been tried as a substitute, but nothing has proved so

nutritious to the 5,000 or 6,000 pheasants preserved in the Imperial shooting grounds as the ant. A proof of the value of ants' eggs is the frequent attempts made by all the poor residing in the neighbourhood to carry off supplies of this strange edible, in order to sell them to the proprietors of private pheasantries. The forest laws, therefore, have constituted into a crime the act of rifling an ant-hill of its store of eggs. The poor woman cited before the tribunal as guilty of this act has been fined two francs, a penny-halfpenny restitution, and a further sum of two francs costs.

January 11*th.*

Patti la Diva arrived in Paris last night. At Marseilles her reception can only be compared to that which Jenny Lind met with in America. She sang first in *Lucia* and then in *Barbière*, and learnt her part in French in twenty-four hours, as the rest of the artists could not pronounce Italian. The last evening a perfect ovation was prepared for her on quitting the theatre. Ten thousand individuals were crowded in the very small space which separates the theatre from the Hôtel de Luxemburg. Her carriage and horses proceeded at a foot pace; people threw themselves almost under the wheels, the glasses were smashed, her bonnet fell in the confusion and was instantly torn to atoms, the smallest shred thereof being seized as a relic. On reaching her hotel she was compelled to appear on the balcony, where the crowd obliged her to remain one hour and a half, clamorously beseeching her to throw down some of the flowers under which she had been almost smothered on the stage. Each leaf as it fell was caught and treasured as though it had been the love token of *la diva* to each separate individual of the dense mass of human beings over which her genius swayed with almost supernatural power.

January 26th.

A charming letter is published from Victor Hugo to Madame George Sand. The popular novelist wrote to the poet to announce the birth of her little granddaughter Aurora, to which she received the following reply, which I dare not attempt to put into English :—

"Cette douce Aurore qui luit
Vient à point dans notre ciel sombre ;
A nous deux nous sommes la nuit,
Vous êtes l'astre et je suis l'ombre."

Madame Sand's name is Aurora. It will be remembered that she is granddaughter of the famous Marshal de Saxe, whose mother was Aurora of Könisgsmark. Madame Sand is therefore a direct descendant of Augustus, King of Saxony—*de main gauche*, however.

January 28th.

From Brussels we hear that the new Minister of Justice, M. Bary, is about to bring in a Bill for the abolition of capital punishment. Belgium is about to try the experiment of whether society will be the worse for the absence of gibbets and guillotines. It is obvious that the advance of civilisation will sooner or later efface the penalty of death from the judicial code ; yet there will ever exist monomaniacs who will prefer taking leave of this world by turning their own executioners, as the following fact proves.

M. Couvreux, a French gentleman, aged fifty-four, took up his residence some years ago at an hotel on the delicious hill of Quisiniana, near Castellamare. Although evidently a lunatic, he was perfectly inoffensive, and passed his time in composing songs and in music. His two fixed ideas were of living a life of unsullied chastity and dying without pain. It appears that he collected every medical treatise on death by the guillotine, and made up his mind that death by this

instrument was painless. Accordingly he constructed in the space which separated his sleeping-apartment from his dining-room a guillotine on an improved principle, the axe of which weighed above a hundredweight. Several fowl and cats from the neighbourhood were missed, whose lives had evidently been victims to the preparatory experiments. Once convinced of the excellence of his machine, M. Couvreux set about adorning it. Two magnificent crimson curtains formed a background, against which he erected a sort of altar table, the steps of which he covered with black velvet—on the table he placed a white cushion of eiderdown. At half-past nine at night, having assumed a dress of white flannel, he performed the hymn to the Virgin on his organ; after which he mounted his scaffold, lay on his back, his head resting on the pillow, let go the pulley to which the axe was attached, on which it fell, and cut off its constructor's head, which remained on the pillow separated by a few hair-breadths from the body. Next morning the waiter of the hotel found M. Couvreux in the position I describe, a will lying on a centre table by which his property was to be divided among the hotel servants. In France this will would not stand good. It remains to be seen whether the tribunal of Castellamare will consider it as valid.

February 4th.

Alexandre Dumas has returned to Paris after his peregrinations in Austria, of which one of the last episodes was his visit to the tomb of the second Napoleon, whose career began as King of Rome and terminated as an Austrian colonel. As you are aware, the last resting-place of the family of the Hapsburg is the Capucin Convent at Closter Gasse, where the coffins of that Imperial family are laid in a vault. Alexandre Dumas remarked on the strange fact that although in presence of the remains of sovereigns whose fiat shook the world—such as Maximilian, Francis, Maria Theresa, etc.—the only object within this mausoleum which excites the slightest interest is the plain bronze coffin which

contains the dust of one who, although born a king, lived and died a captive. A. Dumas remarks on his immense height. He grew during his last illness to six feet; his coffin measures above seven feet in length. Strange coincidence—on it alone falls the solitary gleam of light which penetrates the sepulchral chambers of his mighty ancestors. Among M. Dumas' many talents it appears that cooking may be included, in proof of which he gave a dinner at his new apartment, Boulevard Malesherbes, to a party of twelve, among whom Mrs. Milner Gibson was included, which dinner the brilliant novelist cooked wholly himself, and it is reported to have been worthy of Soyer, or even of Brillat-Savarin himself in his very best days.

February 5th.

A good story is told of a telegraph clerk to whom a *commissionnaire* delivered a written message he had been desired to despatch. On reading it the clerk stared and inquired by whom the message was sent, to which the messenger replied, "A gentleman living in the Rue la Fontaine." The clerk requested the man to step into his office and take a seat. Meanwhile a policeman was summoned and the message shown to him. It ran thus: "I have thought of a better and more expeditious mode of killing Faure," signed Méry. The agent started for M. Méry's residence; he was in bed, but was in the act of announcing to his collaborator, M. Duville, with whom he is writing *Don Carlos*, for which Verdi is composing the music, that he had thought of another mode of despatching the Marquis of Rosa (which part was to be acted by Faure) than by a pistol-shot, as in Schiller's tragedy, and had telegraphed to that effect to him.

February 8th.

The fortunate possessors of the yellow or blue cards, endorsed by the magic name Bassano, had the privilege of arriving at the private *entrée* of the palace, which is not

permitted on ordinary ball nights. Having delivered up these credentials, we are received at the foot of the staircase leading to the Empress's suite of apartments by Count Walsh, and while we ascend we remark the exceeding beauty of the oxidised silver balustrade, a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of artistic design and delicate chiselling. Through the boudoir we pass to the green *salon* and thence to the *salle des maréchaux*, and endeavour to make the best of our way towards the daïs. The scene was brilliant in the extreme; it would scarcely be possible to exaggerate its splendour. On the throne stood the graceful Empress, as Marie Antoinette, and no unworthy type of Maria Theresa's lovely and ill-fated daughter. More beautiful the Queen could scarcely have been, and certainly not more aristocratic or dignified in her carriage and demeanour. The costume was an accurate copy of Madame Vigée Lebrun's well-known picture representing the Queen seated on a *fauteuil*, and surrounded by her children; the future Duchess of Angoulême, then a slight child of about ten, leans on her mother's right arm; the Dauphin is standing by his little brother's cradle. The doomed victim of Simon's barbarity, who is depicted in all the chubby beauty of infancy, rests on his mother's knee, whose countenance, as yet unclouded by the dark future, bears the true expression of maternal pride and joy. The costume worn by the Empress was accurately copied from this picture; the robe of crimson velvet furred with sable, the lace handkerchief crossed over the neck and shoulders, the hair raised to a surprising height and surmounted by a small crimson toque edged with sable, in which is placed a plume of red ostrich feathers and the Magyar aigrette of white, marking the Queen as the daughter of her for whose sake Magyars flashed their curved sabres high in the air, shouting, "Pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" Most imperial, most lovely in her rare beauty of face and form, looked the Queen's prototype. Her choice of this costume corroborates the strange predilection I mentioned lately which the Empress has for all that bears on the

story of the prisoners of the Temple. The Prince Imperial, as his mother's page, wore a tight hose of white silk, a short velvet cloak thrown over his left shoulder; two little boys, I presume young Conneau and Espinasse, in the same dress, were with him most of the evening. The Emperor, in the conventional black-and-gold cloak (lined with scarlet) of a Venetian gentleman, worn over his ordinary dress, took little part in the evening's amusement, and, truth to tell, looked awfully bored. Her Imperial Highness Princess Mathilde wore a blue Greek costume of white and gold over blue. Princess Metternich's, I need hardly say, was one of the best and most correct costumes of the evening. As an *incroyable* she wore a hat—a straw-coloured satin—wreathed with flowers and diamonds; her petticoat, of yellow satin, was looped over an under garment apparently composed of nothing but flowers. Vainly one attempted to seek for the material on which the yellow roses and *feuilles mortes* were densely massed.

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light."

The Marchioness de Gallifett as the Archangel Gabriel attracted all eyes; her short petticoat of white cashmere broidered in gold, the glittering scale armour of gold fitting tightly to her figure, her golden hair floating on her shoulder, starlighted by an *étoile* of diamonds invisibly suspended over her forehead, her wings of white feathers, which, in arching above her head, only terminated below her knee, and, above all, the golden sword grasped tightly in her fairy hand and brandished even while dancing (query: do archangels perform quadrilles?), formed a most bewitching *tout ensemble*, and I doubt whether Michael himself ever attracted so much admiration. Radiant in loveliness was Amphitrite (Mrs. Mills): sea-green gauze, shot with silver, floats over a robe of silver tissue, shells of all hues, coral, sea-foam, sparkling and silvery, catches the light and dazzles for a moment. Her hair is wet

with jewelled drops of water, and is bound by a wreath of sea-shells. Mr. Mills was a Venetian gentleman in the conventional short cloak, adopted by most of the married men present—among others by Lord Ernest Bruce, Lord Edward Thynne, etc. The rival in costume of the lovely Empress was the Princess Korsakow, a copy, if you will, of the Queen's picture, but less correct because the velvet robe was looped by immense diamond bouquets; anything more gorgeous can scarcely be conceived, or convey a more extensive idea of the *ressources* of the lady's jewel-case; but no such ornaments exist in the Lebrun picture, which anyone who has visited the Versailles gallery is familiar with. The young beauty, Mdlle. de Bassano (the Duke's daughter), as a Basque peasant of olden times, looked very well. The long, flowing white veil, supported on a high comb, and plain black petticoat, set off her dark colouring. Two American beauties claimed our admiration. Miss Slidell as storm and rain—on one side of her dress clouds and red forked lightning, and, on the other, rain. The word "*Pluie*" was embroidered on the dress. She held an umbrella dripping with silver rain; while Miss Torrens as Diana, in tiger skins, excited much attention. Among the men, the most peculiar figure undoubtedly was the Count de Choiseul, whose ill-fated Duchess mother was murdered by her husband—the late Duke. For a moment we fancied old Time and his scythe had stepped from an ancient picture, and come to remind us of the evanescence of this world and its gauds. From beneath his classic casque fell grisly locks, the robe of cloudy grey and white looked unreal, he stood in the attitude with which one is so familiar in prints and pictures, and one began to doubt whether he were not a mere statue, till the celebrated Countess de Castiglione, in black velvet pearls and lace, swept past. Old Time cannot resist the temptation of posing at her with scythe, but the syren beauty escapes him—for this time. Her violet eyes cast a glamour even over the old enemy. She is undoubtedly bewitching, but her teeth mar her beauty. Duchess Tascher de la Pagerie, although a grandmother, looked

younger than her own fair daughter, and well revived one's recollection of the Marquises du temps de Louis XV.: powder, diamonds, and brocade are undoubtedly a good combination; her dress was of black velvet, white-and-blue brocade, and a profusion of pearls. Four sphynxes attracted all curiosity. Madame Fleury, Duchess d'Estrées, and two other ladies personated these mysteries of the dark ages; the dress was of black-and-gold Egyptian material, the sphynx-head being copied blue and white, the ladies' eyes alone being visible. The head ornaments were in solid gold. Two o'clock struck. We proceeded to the supper-room, passing by the third saloon, making way as we went for the fair Princess Hohenzollern, who looked very lovely in her domino of white lace and pink, leaning on General Rollin, on whom—unlucky mortal—the whole responsibility of the arrangements devolved, and admirably he executed his difficult task. The supper-room was magnificent. Thirty round tables, each accommodating ten persons, and attended by three servants in blue and silver, were prepared for the first three hundred guests who entered, on whom the doors of the splendid apartments closed until they had partaken of the good things set before them. Our fare, on the whole, was not to be despised. Bouillon—but what buillon!—clear, golden, and of a flavour of which the secret must belong to the *chef* of the Imperial *cuisine* alone, as it certainly is not to be met with at any other table; pâté de foies gras, salade de légumes truffés, galantine de gibier truffé, poulet à la glace, grapes, fresh peaches, champagne decanted and a bottle for each guest, claret in half-bottles undecanted, and I know not what more besides. The Imperial party must have had a private supper-room, as they certainly were not in this one, although Princess Hohenzollern was among the first series who engaged its attractions.

February 12th.

The annual fête of the people was ushered in at an early hour on Sunday by the usual braying of the vilest trumpets, with which unearthly sound our ears are doomed to be continually assailed until the dawn of Ash Wednesday. A cattle show takes place at Poissy a fortnight previous to the carnival, for the purpose of giving the butchers of Paris an opportunity of purchasing animals of a size and merit which will entitle them to the privilege of forming the procession of the Bœuf Gras. Whichever among the butchers purchases the animal on whom the jury have bestowed the first and second prizes has the right to parade the streets during the three days, paying a visit to the Emperor at the head of his procession, and in company with the breeder of these prize animals. This year the oxen of the Charolais breed carried off the honours of the show. They were bred by M. Desjardins, a Nièvre breeder of considerable wealth; he purchased the beasts eighteen months since, and gave 1,400 f. (£56) for Beau Nivernais, and 1,350 f. (£54) for Gladiateur. Their food on the average costs about 2 f. per day. In eighteen months it therefore amounted to 1,094 f. (£43 15*s.*); add this sum to their original price, and each ox cost M. Desjardins 2,400 f. (£96). Their average weight is 1,300 kilos (a kilo being 2½ lbs.). If we reckon at the rate of 60 per cent., each animal will give 750 kilos of meat. The well-known butcher, M. Fléchelle, purchased M. Desjardins' lot of eighteen fat beasts at 1,640 f. per head (£76). M. Fléchelle therefore paid 2 f. 20 c. per kilo for meat which cost M. Desjardins 3 f. 20 c. to produce; the latter is therefore a loser by a franc per kilo. The eighteen animals were sold in a lot for 29,700 f. (£1,188), which, as I have already said, brings the price of each to £76. This is the tenth year that M. Fléchelle has been the purchaser of the Bœuf Gras. Beau Nivernais measures 2 metres 45 cms. in length by 1 metre 70 cms. in height. Gladiateur,

2 metres 35 cms. by 1 metre 70 cms. The *cortège* this year has been got up regardless of expense, and is a very magnificent affair. Besides a goodly host of drummers in the traditional costumes of *pierrots* and *folichons* there is a perfect squadron of trumpeters, attired as caricatures of the present Parisian fashions; but the success of the show is decidedly Gargantua and his car. Rabelais's was a joke to him of the year of grace 1866. He measures no less than thirty-three feet in height, his huge eyes roll, and his swollen tongue licks his fat lips after swallowing legs of mutton, whole bottles of wine, and every now and then the small boys who constantly supply his craving appetite. Round his car are groups of cooks carrying succulent stews, monster roasts, and cakes such as a race of Titans alone could digest. Each cook brandishes knives and forks of gigantic proportions. Gargantua's chariot precedes that of the hero of the day, Beau Nivernais, drawn by eight of his own breed—fine animals, each, but nothing to him. His special attendant wears a Breton costume. The third car bears in triumph all the divinities of Olympus, who appear more or less to have indulged in copious draughts of nectar, and whose songs partake somewhat of the Bacchanalian character. The fourth car bears the good city of Paris itself, typified, as usual, by a frigate, manned, however, by Cupids, having on board a mixed crew of savages and sailors, besides a band performing all the popular airs of the day. The sixth car is freighted with a fat sow, wreathed and ribboned, and attended by servitors in blood-coloured garments. A private carriage, occupied by M. Fléchelle and M. Desjardins, closes the *cortège*, which is escorted by a squadron of mounted police and by a detachment of the Garde Municipale. Yesterday the first persons honoured by a visit from Beau Nivernais and Gladiateur were their Imperial Majesties. The Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, Prince and Princess Hohenzollern appeared on the central balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. The side gate was as usual opened, and the crowd which rushed in was so

tremendous that the Emperor gave orders for the gates of the marble arch on the Place du Carrousel to be thrown open, as well as that on the quays. So dense a mob as that which swarmed in from these three outlets has never been remembered by the oldest inhabitant to have filled the reserve court of the Tuileries on a similar occasion. They cheered, shouted—or rather shrieked—"Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive le Prince Impérial!" with an enthusiasm which, for the hour at least, was genuine. We all know the worth of the cheers of a nation whose goddess well-nigh for a century has been Caprice, but while they last the joyous sound is inspiriting. Thousands of bouquets of freshly gathered violets were flung at the balcony, and, of course, missed. Again and again were the flowery projectiles picked up and thrown up, till the balcony was transformed into a perfect *parterre* of bouquets. Never were sovereigns pelted with less offensive weapons. The Empress was evidently delighted. The young Princess laughed in a most unregal fashion at Gargantua's appetite. Roast beef, legs of mutton, turkeys, and fowl were severally presented to him by a chubby little *gâte sauce*, whose stock of provisions having come to an end, Gargantua seized the little fellow and chucked him down his capacious throat with as much ease as if he had been a snipe. I need not remind you that this continental fête derives its origin from the triumphal procession of the Egyptian ox god Apis. The celebration in France was suppressed from the year 1790 to the 23rd February, 1805. As the record of official fêtes has shown, the carnival is celebrated not by butchers and butchers' boys alone, but from the Empress, who on Wednesday presided at her *bal travesti*, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose *bal costumé* took place last Saturday, from the First Lord of the Admiralty, whose fête of this evening I hope to write about to-morrow, to the children of Paris, who as fairy marquises and Lilliputian Gardes Françaises, etc., are, while I write, enjoying their share of the excitement of the carnival at Madame Errazu's

magnificent mansion. Every class in Paris, and, I believe, every city in Paris, enters into the spirit of the hour. The poor *ouvrière* composes with the unerring taste intuitive in every French woman a costume for her child of bright chintzes and cheap muslin, and proudly takes her to pay visits among her friends; the prosperous tradesman employs expensive silks and rich laces; while the poor gentlewoman ransacks her wardrobe, and from stores of bygone days transforms the materials worn by herself in all the pride of youth and beauty into a costume for her young daughter, on whom a rich relation has condescended to bestow the rare pleasure of an invitation.

February 13th.

The closing fête of the season has been by far the most magnificent of the official entertainments, splendid and gorgeous as each has been. The Admiralty occupies the first of the immense piles of buildings on the right of the Place de la Concorde as you quit the Rue de Rivoli, the colonnades and pillared galleries of which attract at once the tourist's attention. It is needless to say that the line was kept by a squadron of the Garde Municipale, and had I been the fortunate possessor of a ticket which permitted my carriage to break the string I should probably have arrived before the fête was over. On each side of the moss-covered staircase were deep masses of flowers and foliage arranged with consummate taste. Ten *salles* of gigantic proportions, and eight smaller rooms were thrown open to receive the three thousand guests whom the Marquis and Marchioness de Chasseloup-Laubat had invited to partake of their hospitality. The fair young Marchioness appeared as an *étoile*, but her delicate state of health prevented her from taking much part in the proceedings of the evening. It was well known that their Majesties were present in black dominoes, accompanied by the Duchess Colonna, better known in the artistic world as the sculptress of Bianca Capello, and the Gorgon's head signed Marcella, and by

Princess Dusseldorf. For the Imperial party a special supper-room was set apart, and entrance to this apartment was only granted to twenty privileged dominoes, who each presented a card entitling them to this distinction. The event of the evening was the opening procession formed by the representatives of the four quarters of the world—Asia, by Princess Rimsky Korsakow; Europe, Madame Barthélemy; America, by Miss Carter; Africa, Madame de Montant. The Asiatic procession consisted of fifty-six personages, and was opened by players on gongs, followed by dragoons, an elephant conducted on one side by Madame de Pappendorf as an Asiatic Jewess, her costume being a white-and-gold dress, embroidered vest, and crimson cap, the whole blazing with brilliants and rubies, while on the other side the fortunate beast was led by Mrs. Mills, as the wife of an Arab sheik, her white bournous artistically draped, her features almost concealed by the capuchin, which was festooned by oriental pear-shaped pearls, her face tattooed after the manner of Eastern women, and a large crescent over her forehead. This group was followed by ten Asiatic ladies, and immediately preceded the triumphal car, in which was seated Princess Korsakow *en sauvage*. The fair *diplomate* gratified us by the sight of one of the best-shaped legs it has been my good fortune to see for many a day; we could judge of its proportions above the knee, as the flesh-tinted *maillot* which covered while it did not conceal the limb, was of the most zephyr-like texture. The car was carried by negroes. Africa (Madame Montant) was mounted on a camel admirably constructed; the animal skin was the genuine article—buff-coloured and shaggy. He walked with the peculiar gait of the true son of the desert. How it was managed I vainly endeavoured to discover. Africa was followed by a group of tattooed savages. America (Miss Carter), a lovely blonde, reclined in a hammock swung between banana trees, each carried by negroes, and escorted by Red Indians and their squaws. The costumes were perfect, and, strange to say, were mostly worn by American ladies. Europe (Madame

Barthélemy), in a litter, carried by porters, and surrounded by Roman peasants, Russian serfs, Spanish dons, etc. The most exquisite and refined taste was displayed in every iota that could contribute to the comfort and gratification of the guests, and certainly a more gorgeous fête has seldom closed the Paris season than this *bal costumé* of the Ministère de la Marine.

We have had a splendid afternoon, and I am glad of it for the sake of that unfortunate beast, the Bœuf Gras, which must have been wet through yesterday. The promenade of the animal attracted crowds of people on the boulevards. At one o'clock the circulation of omnibuses, cabs, etc., had become quite impossible. In the streets, on the avenues, everywhere, in fact, masses of people were standing awaiting the triumphal passage of that mass of flesh and fat. The Emperor in his phaeton drove through the principal streets of Paris, and everywhere he was received with cheers and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" This evening his Grand Ecuyer, General Fleury, gives a grand dinner to the *élite* of the Court, and Theresa, the vulgar songstress of the Alcazar, is to sing at dessert, that is, *entre la poire et le fromage!*

February 16th.

A contemporary gives us some curious details on the manufacture of false eyes in Paris. The average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to four hundred. Paris appears to have the monopoly of this strange trade, which does not lead one to conclude that the population of this gay city is very clear-sighted. Twelve eye manufactories flourish within the barriers, each of which gives employment to twenty workmen; English and American enamellers have vainly endeavoured to compete with the French artists. "Do you see, sir," remarked one of the first of these, not oculists, but ocularists, "Englishmen have not sufficient taste for this trade; their eyes are only good enough for stuffed animals." The trade, *du reste*, is

very remunerative. The said ocularist receives in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors. His servant has but one eye, and if you want to see the effect of one of the eyes, he rings the bell and tries the eye in the wretched servant's head, so that you may judge of the effect it will produce in your own or that of your friend.

He charges 40 f. or 50 f. per eye. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn for a year by some eyeless duke or nabob, and exchanged for a new one after twelve months' service. These are then sold to the poorer classes at a reduced price, or sent off to America, India, or the Sandwich Islands, where the coloured races are not quite so fastidious as regards the match. One of the Emperor Soulauque's generals heard of these artificial eyes, and wrote to Paris to order one. The ocularist, flattering himself that a successful eye would secure for him one of the Haytian crosses, devoted his utmost intelligence to the production of a *chef d'œuvre*. Six months elapsed; a small box reached him from Hayti. A cross glittered in his imagination, but, lo! to his horror, within folds of cotton, was his original eye, accompanied by the following note:—"Sir, the eye you forwarded to me is of a tint that resembles that of the Spanish flag, and I am too patriotic to wear any but the colour of my country." The ocularist proceeded at once to the Admiralty, there ascertained the colours of the Haytian flag, and at once manufactured a scarlet and green eye, which he forwarded by the earliest opportunity.

February 25th.

The *France* wrathfully refutes the story I heard of a bracelet having been sent by His Majesty to Theresa as an acknowledgment of the talent displayed by this songstress during the vocal performance at General Fleury's party. This burst of virtuous indignation reads well, and will doubtless impress the country with an exalted opinion of the severe moral tone of present society. I am penetrated by a

deep feeling of contrition at having, however innocently, contributed to propagate such a report. *En revanche*, I give you the following charming story. A poor artist died the other day. A few sketches, some water-colour drawings, an unfinished picture, were the sole provision left for his widow and children. Susse's, the well-known artists' shop on the Place de la Bourse, had often been the resort for the sale of his pictures. Thither the widow repaired. She showed the contents of a portfolio. Susse suggested a private sale as likely to be more remunerative than the chance his windows offered of attracting attention, and advised application to be made to the families in which the deceased artist had given lessons. "I possess several letters," replied the widow, "from those my late husband instructed, among others a note from a Spanish countess on her quitting Paris, in which the youthful writer promises at any time to do all for him that was in her power." "Where is the young countess?" "In Paris, but she is now married. If I dared," added she, as she handed Susse a note, the folds of which were almost worn through, and which bore unmistakable traces of having been often read. Susse glanced at the few lines it contained, and asked the widow to entrust it to him for a few days. The Empress, on recognising her own writing, instantly gave orders that a liberal pension should be granted to the widow and children of the teacher under whom she had studied as the Countess de Teba.

February 27th.

Although the Corps Législatif has now held its sittings for more than one month, nothing has occurred, till now, worth recording. For the last few weeks French politicians were merely occupied in pluming their hopes and furbishing their armour. In truth, the campaign only opened yesterday afternoon, and it promises to create a considerable stir in diplomatic circles as well as among all classes of the nation. I have reason to believe that the debates will this year be of vital importance, inasmuch as the Liberals appear to have

come to an understanding, and, judiciously adopting a new line of conduct, they will transfer the battle to another field, and make the struggle not one of opinions or of party feeling, but one of national interest. A few details as to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the most prominent members of the Opposition may prove agreeable to your readers. M. Thiers is too well known to the English public for me to dwell upon him. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to Ernest Picard, Favre, Glais-Bizoin, Emile Ollivier, Darimon, Havin, and Guéroult.

Picard's grand characteristic is his power of satire. As a master of retort he is unrivalled. He is, in point of wit and humour, the true personification of the *gamin de Paris*, independent, pitiless in his irony, showing no mercy to those whom he despises, or for whatever strikes him as hypocrisy, humbug, or Jesuitism. Seated on the extreme left, Ernest Picard is remarkable for a Falstaff-like corpulence. His eye is bright and piercing, and his thin lips have a sardonic expression. The extraordinary mobility of his features imparts expression to what he utters. In 1848, then quite a young man, he fervently espoused the revolutionary cause, to which he has ever since adhered. The fact of his being a barrister and *docteur en droit* makes him one of the most formidable adversaries of the present Government. His favourite topic in the Corps Législatif is the finances of the town of Paris. He steadily opposes all loans. Government secrets, public works, and the lavish outlay of M. Haussman are as familiar to him as if he himself dipped in these spendthrift speculations.

Jules Favre, born in 1809, is one of the most learned members of the French bar. The revolution in 1830 gave him an opportunity of displaying his Republican tendency, and in July of that year he demanded the abolition of the monarchy. After the revolution of February, 1848, he was returned as a member for the department of Rhone. His oratorical talents soon marked him out as the leader of the democratic party. His magnificent speech in defence of Orsini, after the conspiracy of the Rue Le Pelletier, considerably increased his

reputation as a barrister. For quickness and dexterity in seizing an adversary's weak point he is equal to Picard; but there is in him too evident an effort to strain at effect. The extent of his information enables him to speak on all subjects with surprising versatility and power of illustration. His large and comprehensive mind commands and obtains respect from all parties.

Emile Ollivier has proved a political turncoat. After having been one of the celebrated six of the Opposition, and having subsequently rallied to the present régime, it is reported that he intends this season to fulfil the same part at the Corps Législatif that Emile de Girardin has lately acted in the journal *La Presse*—that is, that while he accepts the Imperial institutions, he yet purposes demanding the development of liberty, on the ground of its necessity. *Nous verrons.* His speeches are generally distinguished for their caustic ridicule and withering sarcasm. No one, when he chooses, can handle so efficaciously or with so much merciless effect the weapons of parliamentary warfare.

His friend, Alfred Darimon, is a man of undoubted talent, but having been returned by the Opposition in 1857, he has lowered himself in the opinion of Liberals for having accepted an invitation at a Court ball at the Tuileries, whither he went in an irreproachable *culotte courte.* The result is that he has ever since been nicknamed "Culotte Darimon!" Confining himself to the discussion of political economy and financial questions, M. Darimon is eminently qualified for these special subjects. It has been said that he resembles M. Thiers in figure, and in features Alfred de Musset—too flattering a comparison for me to risk incurring M. Darimon's displeasure by contradicting it.

M. Glais-Bizoin may justly be entitled the Marquis de Boissy of the Corps Législatif. Not only is he an amateur of that Attic salt which characterises Athenian writers, but of the more material salt we consume daily. This he has proved by seizing every possible opportunity of urging the expediency of reducing the salt tax. He likewise ceases not

to demand a reduction of postage on letters and newspapers. It was M. Glais-Bizoin who signed the act of accusation drawn up by Odilon-Barrot against the Guizot Ministry. Since then he has steadily voted for the extreme left.

M. Havin, editor of the *Siècle* and member for the Manche, was born in 1799. He seems to have imbibed the atheistical and Voltairean doctrines of that period, and is therefore detested by the Catholic party. His hobby-horse, or *dada*, has ever been reduction, liberty of the press, and electoral reform. M. Havin was among the deputies who, on the 24th February, 1848, went to the King at half-past six in the morning to urge on Louis Philippe to annul the decree which nominated Marshal Burgeaud commander-in-chief of the troops in Paris. He had the honour of offering his arm to the Duchess of Orleans, and escorted her as she traversed on foot the space which separates the Chambers from the Tuileries while Louis Philippe was flying from Paris. During the fatal days of June, M. Havin gallantly exposed himself under fire, and although not wounded himself, a military surgeon was shot almost in his arms. He had the honour of being simultaneously returned by two departments, that of the Seine and that of the Manche. He has been offered the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour by successive Governments, but has never accepted it.

I conclude by a few words as to the undaunted advocate of Polish independence, M. Guéroult, the recent editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, who, on quitting college, started in life as a fervent St. Simonian. In 1836 he went to Spain as correspondent for the *Débats*. In 1842 he was appointed consul at Mexico, but he hurried back in 1848, and ever since his pen has been enlisted in the cause of liberty. He is now sixty-six, middle-sized, rather stout, with a massive and sagacious head, somewhat inclined to heaviness. He always begins his addresses with great awkwardness and with evident effort; but the attentive auditor is speedily convinced this apparent difficulty of expression merely arises from a superabundance of ideas. As he warms to his subject, M. Guéroult

proceeds with increasing fluency, and profusely scatters thoughts of great weight throughout his speech, which always commands an attentive house.

February 28th.

Patti has signed her engagement of three months with St. Petersburg Opera. She is to have £400 per night—that is, £10,000 for her three months' stay in that capital. La Diva makes on an average £25,000 sterling per annum; *du reste*, hers is a hereditary talent. Her mother, Mdlle. Barilli, was a celebrated *cantatrice*; for her Donizetti wrote his *Assidio di Calais*. She married at a very early age the tenor Salvatore Patti, with whom she had sung in several lyric dramas. Four children were the result of the marriage, the eldest of whom is married to Maurice Strakosh, director of the Italian theatre at New York; Carlotta, who prefers concerts to operas; Carlo, who is in the Italian army; and Adelina, born February 19th, 1843. At five years of age her mother found the child rehearsing the part of Norma, after having seen her mother act in it on a stage at New York. Alboni heard of the child and went to see her. She asked her to sing. Adelina hid herself under a bed. Alboni told her she should not emerge from her retreat till she had sung an air of the *Sonnambula*. Adelina executed it lying flat on the floor. Alboni released her tiny prisoner, and kissing the child, said, "Tu nous feras toutes oublier." Prophetic words! The first time Adelina sang in public was at New York at eight years old. She stood on a table in order to be seen. At the Havannah her success was immense. At Port-au-Prince she was bitten by a scorpion, and rescued by a negress from death; she was shipwrecked on her passage to Santiago de Cuba, and when landed was all but killed by an earthquake. From thirteen to sixteen she gave up all regular study, and merely learnt operas by listening to her brother-in-law's performance. At seventeen she had thus acquired a perfect knowledge of nineteen operas, and made her *début* in November, 1859, at New

York, in *Lucia;* on the 14th May, 1861, in London, in the *Sonnambula;* and on the 17th November, 1862, in Paris, in the *Sonnambula.* She made £3,000 out of a single concert in London, whereas Grisi never gained a higher sum than £2,400 by any single performance. Taglioni once at St. Petersburg made £8,000, and Baron Rothschild, for two songs executed at his house, sent her £400 last spring. She realised from the Italian Opera alone, in a single season, £24,000. La Diva has found the philosopher's stone.

March 6th.

The regular victualling of this great metropolis is one of its most wonderful, yet least remarked upon, features. The following statistics will help to form an idea as to the eating and drinking capabilities of our 1,700,000 Parisians. During the past year (1865) not less than 2,882,629 hectolitres of wine were absorbed by the thirsty population of the capital (a hectolitre is equivalent to 107 pints). During the same period 112,602 hectolitres of brandy and 76,000 of cider were imbibed, as well as 340,308 hectolitres of beer; of grapes 7,549,262 kilogrammes were eaten (a kilogramme = 2.2046 lbs.); of meat coming from slaughter-houses, 111,546,262 kilos.; of dead meat sent up from the country or from abroad, 18,556,223 kilos.; and of various other kinds of meat, such as venison, kid, etc., 7,062,489 kilos.; of pork, hams, and tongues, 1,800,000 kilos.; of cheese, 13,291,231 f. worth; of oysters, 2,409,910 f.; of fish, 15,000,000 f.; of game, 23,000,000 f.; of salt, 10,000,000 f. worth; of ice for cooling purposes, 8,000,000 f. worth; of charcoal, 4,000,000 kilos.; and of coals, 695,000,000 kilos. Paris is truly a mighty ogre which swallows up the produce of the whole empire.

Having given you the *résumé* of what is eaten and drunk, I proceed to give you the statistics of matrimonial life in Paris. In the present month of March 2,344 wives have fled the conjugal roof without leaving their future address; of husbands who have done likewise there are 4,427; of married

couples legally separated (not divorced) there are 7,115; of ditto who have agreed to live apart, 5,340; of husbands and wives living at daggers drawn, 31,912; of happy couples, 54; of mutually indifferent, 61,430. You naturally inquire, "Is this a joke? How could such precise details of households come to the knowledge of statisticians?" You forget the system of police under which we live, and that every house has a *concierge*, whose duty is to reply to every question officially put. A friend of mine, a pasteur, had some doubts of an English family lately settled in his parish, who had borrowed £40 from him. The pasteur being on intimate terms with a *chef de division* at the Préfecture de Police, stated the case. The *chef* inquired the name and address, rang a bell, desired his clerk to bring him Register C, and under that letter the proceedings of the family during a two years' residence in the country parts of France were accurately recorded. Naught was set down to malice, but every fact connected with them carefully inserted in the register. Many other similar instances have come under my knowledge attesting that we are each and all closely looked after. To those who have nothing to conceal, and who pay their debts and go to bed at respectable hours, it is a matter of indifference.

March 8th.

This is the Mi-Carême, of which fact we are made cognisant by the hideous groups of masquers, who persist in producing unearthly sounds from vile penny trumpets and in thrusting their disfigured persons betwixt "the wind and your nobility"! To increase our bad temper, it is raining and damp. Yet the boulevards are crowded by a gaping crowd awaiting the procession of the washerwomen, who on this day disguise themselves in every variety of costume, and parade through the principal streets of the metropolis in carts and vehicles of all kinds, decorated in honour of the day with flags, wreaths, and evergreens, artificial flowers, etc.

'Tis a poor show at best. I happened to come across it this afternoon at the very moment when a hearse, whose covering of white and silver marked it as bearing the remains of a young person, emerged from a side street, followed by a small group of mourners. It was striking to see the rollicking, shouting crowd instantly sobered by the sight of death, and every hat taken off with unmistakable respect for the dead. Not the wildest *gamin*, in his pointed *pierrot's* costume, but uncovered his head, and stood silently until the humble bier had passed. This respect for the dead is one of the strange, yet strongly marked features of this light-hearted population. The oft-renewed crowns to be seen on the tombs of the poorest, the care bestowed on the little gardens which have been planted by loving hands over the remains of the departed, the periodical visits so regularly paid to the place of their sepulture, attest how strongly this characteristic is developed even in the lowest class of the Parisian world.

March 9th.

The reception of Prévost-Paradol afforded this young and gifted writer a fresh opportunity of displaying his wit, the brilliancy of which he contrived to exhibit most artistically in his speech, the main subject of which was an eulogium of his predecessor, Ampère. Prévost-Paradol, as justly remarked M. Guizot in his reply, is a rising man, and one who, under another Government, may be called to fill some very high post for the benefit of the country. Both as an author and a lecturer he is unrivalled for his delicate and urbane satire. He is essentially a philosophic writer, and much dependent on the results of prolonged observation and reflection. The *Liberté* publishes some outspoken opinions upon the academician, which, were they to call forth an *avertissement* from the Minister of the Interior, would not surprise me, as you will believe by the following extract: "Prévost-Paradol has advocated liberty of speech and of the press with admirable talent. He has even done more; he has himself set the

example. He was the first to shake that moral torpor which seems to paralyse all intelligence; he has held up to public scorn and odium that cowardly doctrine of fatalism which would make intellect subservient to matter and justice to brute force." In his eulogium of Ampère he could not resist to make a side hit at the Imperial author of the *Life of Caesar*. M. Paradol, with immense tact, sheltered himself under Montaigne's outspread wings, and quoted this writer's opinion of Dion Cassius. When speaking of the latter Montaigne wrote thus: "He had such perverted ideas of Roman history that he has ventured to espouse the cause of Julius Caesar against Pompey, and that of Antony against Cicero."

March 9th.

Les Forçats de la Foi is the somewhat startling title of one of the most delightful books it has been my good luck to meet with for many a long day. I confess I do not coincide with the views of its gifted author, Athanase Coquerel *fils*, on matters of doctrine; but this history of the Huguenot galley-slaves is written with the most severe impartiality, and is, in fact, a valuable addition to the history of the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., and by no means a religious work. The chapter detailing life on board the galleys, as proved by secret State papers still existing in the archives, would alone suffice to ensure the success of the work. When one reads the story of Marteilhe, at sixteen a *forçat de la foi;* that of Jean Fabre, who at nineteen, seeing his father captured by Louis XV.'s emissaries at a meeting of Huguenots, succeeded in taking the place of his parent, and served in his stead as a galley-slave; that of Navis and of the many thousands who endured the scorching sun, the pitiless winter blast, the whip of the overseer, the revolting food so scantily supplied, for twenty, thirty, nay, even forty years, without flinching from their faith, although each man or boy thus hopelessly toiling at the oar had freedom, many even protection, within his grasp at any hour if he would

retract—one cannot but feel struck with veneration for these men. Sprung in the great majority of instances from the working-classes, no hope of this world's applause, or even of the approbation of their own home-circle, supported them. Humble men, most of them carders of wool, weavers, blacksmiths, etc., they victoriously proved that the noblest virtue, the highest constancy, the most unflinching courage beat in the breast of the Christian mechanic and artisan with as unswerving fidelity to faith and honour as in the heart of the high-born Coligny, or in that of any of our own noble martyrs. As one closes M. Coquerel's fascinating work one cannot but feel that these peasant galley-slaves who wore out their whole lives in vindication of their faith, unknown, unhonoured, and probably forgotten as years rolled on, and they returned not to their humble homesteads, are even more deserving of the crown of martyrdom than the noble Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, Hooper, etc., on whom the eyes of the nation were fixed, and who must have felt that their blood cemented the foundations of their Church.

March 13th.

In Alexandre Dumas' last *Causeries Culinaires* the author of *Monte Cristo* tells us that the Bourbon kings were specially fond of soup. The family from Louis XIV. to the last of their race who reigned in France have been great eaters. The Grand Monarque commenced his dinner by two, and sometimes three, different kinds of soup; Louis Philippe by four plates of various species of this material; in a fifth plate His Majesty usually mixed portions of the four varieties he had eaten, and appeared to enjoy this singular culinary combination. During the latter portion of his reign his physicians were alarmed at the prodigious amount of food the monarch contrived to consume, and to distract his attention from the actual occupation of eating prescribed a system of spreading marrow, caviare, and such-like condiments on thin slices of toast, which the King then distributed to his favourite guests: thus a portion

of the time he spent at table was occupied, and the King rescued from the danger of repletion.

Les Travailleurs de la Mer is the literary event of the day. Perhaps the highest tribute that Victor Hugo receives is the anxiety manifested by the poorer classes—by mechanics and artisans—for a cheap edition that will enable them to possess the three volumes, which are too high-priced for their humble means. To them his name has long been a household word endeared to their class, inasmuch as Victo Hugo has ever used his mighty genius in the cause of the poor and of the downtrodden. He has told the rich and the prosperous some unpleasant truths. Though far from a revolutionist, he has ever been the unflinching advocate of a free press and free institutions. Consistent in private as well as in public, he has preferred exile to servile compromise, and therefore while the unrivalled productions of his great mind are acknowledged to be the master works of the age, all classes have for the personal character of Victor Hugo as great respect as they have admiration for his great genius.

In less than forty-eight hours 5,000 copies of the *Travailleurs de la Mer* have been disposed of in Paris alone. Each copy costing 18 francs, the result is that 90,000 francs have already been realised by this work, which is to be translated into ten different languages.

March 22nd.

It appears that the memory of kings is as treacherous as that of ordinary mortals. Dom Louis of Portugal promised to send Rossini a pipe of port, of a vintage of which specimens have only been preserved in the royal cellars. The wine has not arrived, but the great *maestro* is not a man to allow a promise to be forgotten. Accordingly he took up his pen and indited to his Portuguese Majesty the following reminder :—"You promised me some port wine, Sire, and it has not arrived. Your Majesty has certainly not forgotten your promise, for Sovereigns never forget; but allow me to remind you that I am old, and that at my age there is no time to be lost."

March 26th.

To those who indulge in card-playing the following details will have some interest:—French card manufacturers inhabit the Quartiers Bonne Nouvelle, St. Méry, and St. Victor. There are seventeen of these head men, of whom nine employ eleven other workmen. Employing 260 persons in all, card manufacturers make on an average 2,000,000 in the year. Of these 260 persons 167 are men, 78 women, and 15 either boy or girl apprentices under sixteen years of age. The men are overseers, painters, pasteboard makers, gummers, cutters, moulders, polishers, bellows-blowers, and porters. The women are sorters, scrapers, pressers. The men work either by contract or the day, and earn from 4 f. to 7 f. The women earn from 1 f. 50 c. to 3 f. Apprentices from 75 c. (that is 7½*d.*) to 1 f. 50 c. They have two hours for meals in their twelve hours' work. Of 67 who can read and write, 15 are noted for bad conduct, and 15 seldom come to work on Mondays. The 78 women are all well conducted. All the apprentices are the children of the workmen, and have been placed there by their parents. Card manufacturers pay 30 per cent. (3*d.*) for the paper band which is round every pack of 32 or 52 cards. They purchase the paper from the Administration of Indirect Contributions, on which are the faces and ace of clubs, and also the paper on which they themselves print the points. The paper costs, in the first instance, 30 f., and in the second, 22 f. for 1,000 sheets, which suffice to manufacture 24,000 cards. In 1860 the duties paid on cards used in France alone amounted to 1,395,155 f., which was an increase of 200,000 f., or £800, on the sum thus paid to the Government in 1856.

April 2nd.

This is Easter Monday, and even the newspapers in France have observed the feast and taken a holiday. Not a single paper was published this morning, and the evening journals

of this day have appeared so late that it is self-evident that editors, contributors, and printers have enjoyed their Easter Monday right well. It has been a magnificent day, and the crowd which has flocked in carriages as well as on foot to the Bois de Boulogne for the first day's races was something wonderful. The Champs Elysées was thronged with vehicles of every description, a vast proportion of which were splendidly turned out and occupied by gorgeously attired anonymas, whose *genre* it is to recline at full length in their luxurious open carriages; a style I am sorry to see imitated by women of fashion, who thus run the risk of being mistaken for their frail rivals. The headgear most in favour to-day was the *chapeau Lamballe*. A veracious description of those I saw patronised has been admirably given in the *Tintamarre*—a sort of penny tart, or a saucer reversed, to the rim of which a row of flowers has been fastened. No economy, however, for husbands is the diminutive size of this said penny tart, because the smaller the bonnet the more hair is required, and accordingly the price of that article costs, says *L'Epoque*, "les yeux de la tête." This same paper of M. Ernest Feydeau, who, judging by his writings, must be well versed in the expenses of the fair sex, informs us that "Ireland furnishes the chief portion of the false plaits worn nowadays by Parisian ladies, and if the Corps Législatif would only bring in a bill for putting a tax on the importation of Irish hair into the empire, France might, without damaging her budget, abolish the stamp duty on newspapers."

April 2nd.

You remember a few years ago the sensation Rigolboche excited; print shops were crowded by beardless boys and moustachioed men in search of her photographs, some of which, by-the-by, were taken in the most impossible (I use the word in a French sense) of attitudes. To secure a *fauteuil* for the night she danced one had to go down in the morning and pay a frightful sum. Cravats *à la* Rigolboche,

Rigolboche valses, Rigolboche everything was the order of the day. But Theresa appeared at one of the *cafés chantants*, and the queen of the Jockey and every other club was dethroned—the coarse licence of Theresa's gestures had eclipsed Rigolboche's attitudes. She died last week in the ward of a public hospital, and was buried in the *fosse commune*. Her fate reads like the last chapter of a novel, but it is nevertheless true.

April 4th.

A new mania has taken possession of the inhabitants of Paris—that of collecting the portraits of great political criminals, murderers, etc. The photograph of Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, is, I am sorry to say, obtaining a very large sale, especially among the fair sex, who think him a very fine-looking man ("un très joli garçon"). The *carte de visite* of a strangler is also a very great success. Another photograph much sought after is that of Philippe, the murderer of the Rue de la Ville l'Evèque. This criminal, whose trial will probably take place in May, is accused of having committed seventeen murders similar to the one he perpetrated in the Rue de la Ville l'Evèque, which led to his arrest. The documents connected with this case already form a large volume of 400 pages. The prisoner seems to be so well aware of his fate that he has already attempted twice to commit suicide in his cell at the prison La Force.

I have to record the death of one of those philanthropists whose energies, bodily and mental, are constantly put forth in endeavours to benefit their fellow-creatures. M. Gustave de Beaumont, member of the Institute, has departed this life at the age of sixty-five. In 1831 he went over to America with M. de Tocqueville to study there the penitentiary system. In 1839 he was elected member of the House of Deputies, and distinguished himself by the manner in which he treated all questions bearing on political economy. In

1848 he was appointed ambassador at Vienna, but soon resigned those functions. M. de Beaumont, who did not approve of the *coup d'état*, retired from political life on the 2nd December, 1852. He published many books—one on the social, religious, and political state of Ireland; another on *Slavery in the United States*. His most important work, however, is the *Traité de Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats Unis et de son application à la France*. M. de Beaumont was honoured by all ranks and every political party in France. Such was the modest and kindly way in which he always gave utterance to his views, that even those with whose opinions it has been his lot to come into collision cannot now find it in their hearts to say one word against him.

April 13th.

The frightful tragedy which startled the whole universe on the 14th of last April at the Washington Theatre has been dramatised, and for the first time performed at Mulhausen. The piece is entitled *La Vie et la Mort d'Abraham Lincoln*, and is divided into seven *tableaux*. The author, M. Reuben, has sketched the early days of the President's humble life in the first act, and as a barrister in the second. In the third he has attained the rank of President, and Booth appears as a suitor for the hand of his niece, which proposal being rejected rankles in the breast of the lover, who becomes his mortal enemy. In the fourth act Surrattville is depicted, and Mr. and Mrs. Surratt appear on the scene, as well as Jefferson Davis, who gives it as his opinion that as long as Lincoln is permitted to live the cause of the South is lost, and exclaims, "Who will get rid of this man for us?" "I," replies his future murderer. The fatal 14th of April furnishes the material of the fifth and sixth acts. Abraham Lincoln, aged and worn by the tremendous responsibilities of the war, grants an audience to a mother, who frantically calls on him in the name of her dead sons, killed in the war, to make peace on any terms. Lincoln,

exhausted by this scene, has, however, sufficient command of his feelings to promise his wife that he will accompany her to see *King Lear*. The whole of the death scene is then represented. The President, his wife, and Miss Harris take their places in a front box in the midst of the theatre. On the stage the actors perform a portion of *King Lear*. A pistol-shot, the screams of women, and the death groan of the dying President are admirably given; and, while the audience are absorbed in the horror of the moment, Wilkes Booth jumps from a box on to the stage, brandishing a poniard, and utters the well-known words, "Sic semper tyrannis." The question arises whether the author of this startling drama is justified in thus bringing Jefferson Davis on the stage. Davis is and has been for months a solitary captive incarcerated in a State prison awaiting his trial. It strikes one as monstrous thus to drag a living man before the public and put into his mouth a suggestion worthy of a demon.

April 15th.

The last number of the *Evénement* is most interesting; it contains the facsimile of a very spirited sketch by the young Prince Imperial, as well as a description of his suite of rooms at the Tuileries and an account of the manner in which his time is spent. His tiny library is described as containing a pair of globes and a collection of classic books, well thumbed, the bindings considerably the worse for wear, and not altogether innocent of ink stains. The Prince's schoolroom table bears unmistakable marks of a penknife, and is scratched over after the most orthodox schoolboy fashion. His inkstand is of the commonest delft. A paper-weight, surmounted by an equestrian figure of the first Emperor, of a single block of ivory, and busts of the present Emperor and Empress, likewise in ivory, are the only ornaments of this very plebeian study. Two chairs are all it contains; that of the tutor is in good condition; the second, which is raised, has its straw bottom considerably damaged, the bars

worn, and is altogether anything but Imperial in appearance. Some shelves of the library are filled by English books, which the Prince reads in preference to any others. The bedroom has been lately refurnished ; the walls are *capitonée* with blue satin, and the ceiling painted in oils. The bed is a curious specimen of modern *marqueterie.* A picture given by the late Duke of Morny, of which the subject is " Religion protecting Childhood," occupies the alcove. A large branch of box is pinned against the satin, and seven small crosses and medals are suspended beneath this relic. A very beautiful copy of a Byzantine chapel, containing a crucifix, stands on a chest of drawers, and a picture of General Fleury's children is hung opposite the bed. Miss Shaw, the English nurse who has had the care of the Prince Imperial since his birth, still occupies a dressing-room next his sleeping-apartment, and has the charge of his wardrobe, superintends his dressing, and watches over his health. She is devotedly attached to " Monseigneur," of whom she has just reason to be proud, and her young charge warmly returns her devotion to him. In the playroom is an extensive collection of drums, guns, theatres, whole regiments, a magic lantern, two cannon brought from China, a hobby-horse, and every variety of ball, top, etc. The Prince is extremely intelligent ; history and cosmography are his favourite studies. M. Monnier related an instance of his quickness of comprehension which is worth recording. M. Monnier had read to him the legend of Cadmus, the Phœnician founder of the city in Bœotia, who destroyed the dragon guardian of a fountain and raised an army of warriors by sowing the monster's teeth, which army destroyed itself. The Prince listened to the legend, and at once said, " Cadmus is civilisation. The dragon is barbarism, impeding all access to the fountain—that is, enlightenment. The triumph of Cadmus is that of civilisation. The army of soldiers destroying each other in civil war is the agitation of factious spirits whom no government can banish from a country."

The following amusing incident occurred at the ball given

at the Turkish Embassy last Friday. Princess Metternich was present, unaccompanied by the Austrian ambassador. Being asked the cause of Prince Metternich's absence, she glanced at the Prussian Minister, Comte de Goltz, and replied, "Il a—la Prusse!" as she might have said, "The Prince has got the measles."

April 16th.

About two years ago I met in a railroad carriage coming from the south a young boy whom I had often seen behind the counter of a library, and had as often remarked for his intelligence. He told me he had just returned from making a most agreeable tour in Italy. Somewhat surprised at his having had the necessary amount of spare cash, I made some remarks on the expense of travelling. "Well, sir, my six weeks cost me £25, which I made by old stamps." When the mania for stamp collecting was at its height this young fellow had the intelligence to obtain from his employers, whose immense business put them in communication with the four quarters of the globe, leave to appropriate the stamps off their correspondence, and one day hearing a gentleman inquiring where a special stamp could be procured in Paris, showed him his collection, which the latter, luckily for him, took a fancy to, and gave him £25 for it. Stamp collecting is now gone by; but it appears that seal collecting has taken its place, as is proved by the fact that on Saturday 9,000 wax impressions of the seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for 10,000 f. (£400), which makes the average value per seal amount to 1 f. 25 c., or 1s. The impression of one of Victor Hugo's bore the motto, "Faire et refaire"; one of Alexandre Dumas, "Tout passe—tout lasse—tout casse"; and one of Lamartine, "Spiro spero."

April 23rd.

In literary circles nothing is talked of but the new work of M. Renan, *Les Apôtres*. The Faubourg St. Germain, that stronghold of the ancient Catholic faith, is outrageous at this fresh onslaught from the infidel Legitimist. Duchesses and marchionesses, in whose heads devotion to the Church and fidelity to Henry V. are strangely intermixed, meet for the express purpose of denouncing Renan. I do not say they are wrong, but I doubt that these fair casuists know much about what they discuss with so much vehemence. However, the other evening, in the most aristocratic *salon* of the Faubourg, an amusing incident is related to have occurred. The Bourbon was being imbibed, while *La Vie de Jésus* and *Les Apôtres* were discussed, and volleys of abuse, not only of the said works, were being fired off from all the assembly, but the author himself was brought on the tapis, and described by an enthusiastic countess as hardly fit to live, when the folding-doors opened and the groom of the chambers announced, "M. Renan." The duchess, the marchioness, the countess, the baroness, etc., etc., looked at each other, and whispered that it was infamous of their hostess, it was "a disgraceful snare," it was "the abomination of desolation." The lady of the house, recovered from her first moment of surprise at her servant's blunder, quietly introduced her nephew, M. Eléazar de St. Renan. The supposed infidel proved to be a young Breton gentleman, who speedily assured his aunt's guests that he was as good a Catholic as any one of these worthy dames. This anecdote reminds me of one which, though oft repeated at the time, is well-nigh forgotten. The Count de B—— held a high situation in the Court of Charles X., which did not, however, prevent him from bowing before the rising sun after his master's expulsion. His *salon* was, a few evenings after the revolution of 1830, crowded by dukes, princes, and marquises, all of whom, as base

as himself, were as loud in the praises of the new order of things as they had been a few days before in their protestations of attachment to their legitimate, but now exiled, Sovereign. The groom of the chambers, trained to the old habits of the order, did not comprehend anyone presuming to appear as his master's guest who had not some claim to nobility. A new deputy rang. "Who may I have the honour of announcing?" inquired this Jeames of the aristocratic hotel. "Monsieur le Duc." "M. le Duc de—— (the Duke of——)?" inquired the flunkey. "What do you mean?" said the deputy. "M. le Duc de——? Where I come from? Why, I come from Bordeaux, but what the —— does that matter to you?" Flunkey did not wait for the end of the sentence, but, throwing the folding-doors open, announced in a stentorian voice, "Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux." The host fainted. I need not remind you that this improvised title is that actually borne by Charles X.'s exiled grandson, and, child though he was then, before that name these recreant nobles had many a time bowed low and deep.

April 26th.

The *Evénement* relates the following anecdote of our musical "lion," when several years ago he was at St. Petersburg. The Emperor Nicholas invited Liszt to perform at a Court entertainment given specially in his honour. The great pianist commenced, but in the middle of the piece unfortunately his eyes fell on the Emperor, who, instead of listening to his wondrous execution, was engaged in conversing with one of his aides-de-camp. The artist went on playing, but in a somewhat exasperated state of mind; the Emperor went on talking. Liszt could endure it no longer, and suddenly stopped. The Court circle looked at each other in astonishment; the Czar sent to ask what had happened. "When the Emperor speaks," replied Liszt, "everyone should be silent." Next morning the Czar, who perfectly understood the hint, sent the great pianist a magnificent diamond pin.

May 14th.

The haunted house in the Rue des Marmousets is to be demolished this week. You know the story. In the days of Francis I. flourished a barber and a pastrycook, and they were good neighbours. The pies sold by the latter were admirable—Soyer would not have disowned them. Their flavour had a delicacy that was peculiar but delicious. The barber, too, was a master in his art—the twist he gave to the silky moustaches of the Court gallants was pronounced perfect. A strange rumour spread through the *cité* meanwhile. A pedlar had been seen to enter the barber's shop, and had not left it. Early one morning a cobbler from a distant part of Paris had gone in to be shaved. His family had missed him and traced him so far. A like mysterious end had befallen several of the poor among the barber's customers. Meanwhile the pies sold by his neighbour attracted half Paris—the meat was so white and tender. What could it be? At length a young girl was missed. The pies next day were wondrous eating. A dish was ordered for the Court supper. The girl had neither father nor mother to make a fuss about her, but she had an uncle, and he was servitor in the household of M. le Lieutenant de Police, and his son loved his fair cousin, so had no idea of her disappearing thus. She had simply been sent on an errand to the shop, and the young cousin raved and swore he would find her. The tale reached the ears of M. le Lieutenant. The strange rumours afloat of these successive disappearances had already come to him. Twenty archers were forthwith despatched to search the premises. Lo! a thigh of marvellous whiteness was seething in a pot; and, horror of horrors! a heart was roasting on the spit. Teeth, masses of golden hair, lay with piles of human heads behind a heap of tibias and femurs. It appeared that the brains of our race are unserviceable for pies. Well, it came out that the barber supplied the meat, while the pastryman

cooked the pies. I forget the fate of these worthies—something about burning pincers tearing flesh off their living bodies and boiling oil. Justice was not scrupulous in those days, as anyone will believe who has turned over, as I have been permitted to do, the *livres d'écrous* for the last three hundred years, preserved in the library of the Conciergerie.

May 23rd.

You have all read *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. Yesterday Abd-el-Kader's two sons, Sidi Mahommed and Sidi Mahi Eddin, breakfasted with Baron de Lesseps. The new dish was labelled—for fear of mistake—"Fried Pieuvres." It appears that the said sea-monster—however repulsive when alive and deserving of Victor Hugo's description—when cooked by a *cordon bleu* makes a most delicious *entremets*, and is in fact a real prize for *gourmets*. Alexandre Dumas has issued invitations to a select party of real *amateurs de la bouche* for the purpose of seriously considering the best mode of treating the culinary delicacy. The question is—*pieuvre frite* versus *pieuvre au gratin*.

May 25th.

You will remember the cherrystone which belonged to the late M. le Carpentier, on which is carved the incidents of an Indian battle. M. le Carpentier delighted to relate the story of this purchase, and boasted of its having cost him 30 f., adding somewhat satirically, "Yet my cherrystone attracts a greater crowd at the exhibition than my rare cameos or M. de Rothschild's priceless *faïence*." It was sold yesterday at the Hôtel Drouot for 920 f., that is, £36 16*s*.; more pounds than it cost its late owner francs! Noriac may well have written a volume on "La Bêtise Humaine."

May 29th.

The *Cosmos* relates an interesting experiment, which proves the service rendered to agriculturists by moles and the impolicy of destroying these little quadrupeds. In a commune

of the canton of Zurich the municipal council were lately about to proceed to the selection of a molecatcher, when M. Weber, a distinguished naturalist, laid before the board the following facts. M. Weber had carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, but failed to discover therein the slightest vestige of plants or of roots; whereas they were filled by the remains of ascaris, or earthworms. M. Weber, not satisfied by this fact, shut up several moles in a box containing sods of earth on which fresh grass was growing, and a smaller case of grubs and earthworms. In nine days two moles devoured 341 white worms, 193 earthworms, 25 caterpillars, and a mouse—skin and bones—which had been enclosed, while alive, in the box. M. Weber next gave them raw meat cut up in small pieces mixed with vegetables; the moles ate the meat and left the plants. He next gave them nothing but vegetables; in twenty-four hours two moles died of starvation. Another naturalist calculated that two moles destroy £0,000 white worms in a single year. Evidently farmers ought to endeavour to multiply moles rather than kill them.

May 30th.

A death under singular circumstances has just occurred. Abbé Paradis, head chaplain to the Bicêtre Asylum, was walking in the Rue Vandamme when he was accosted by a gentleman, who inquired the hour. The Abbé replied, "It is half-past eleven, the hour of my death; never mind, I am prepared; support me." Before this request could be complied with the poor chaplain, who was sixty-three years of age, tottered, and fell to the ground. He had ceased to breathe, the cause of his sudden death being the rupture of an aneurism.

June 8th.

An interesting and chatty little paper, the *Soleil*, initiates us into the life which Rossini leads in his villa at Passy. In the splendid kitchen-garden appertaining to this villa the

great *maestro* cultivates vegetables hitherto unknown in this climate, the seeds of which he receives from Italy. The most delicate and highly flavoured of these are the *zucchetta*, a diminutive species of pumpkin, which, when cut in long and thin slices and carefully fried, have a peculiar aroma, which is considered delicious by all true *gourmets*. Rossini works quite as much at Passy, notwithstanding the numerous visitors who daily break in upon his retirement, as he does in Paris. During the summer of 1863 he there composed his admirable *Petite Messe Solennelle*, which has been twice performed already; and it is reported that the result of this year's *villegiatura* will be a rare treat to the musical world. The mighty composer has attained his seventy-fourth year, yet the only recreation he allows himself is a walk of two hours up and down the boulevard in front of his house. His appearance is daily watched for by numbers of persons whom a sincere admiration for his genius incites thus to annoy him by their indiscreet curiosity. Last year a Russian lady outstripped the limits even of Rossini's patience, and, having watched his daily promenade during several days, sent a message to his house expressive of her desire to be received by him. The reply to this strange communication was, "I do nothing for nothing. If the lady brings me a very fine bunch of asparagus, she will be welcome, and she can take a view of me at her leisure." Then, pointing to his waist, which has attained a somewhat aldermanic rotundity, he added, "The lady may even walk round me if she pleases, but I must have my asparagus." The fair Russian was gifted with sufficient sense of decorum to perceive by the nature of the reply that there is some difference between a great artist and a giraffe or a strange fish, to see which one visits a menagerie or an aquarium.

June 13th.

In Paris is many a curious sight unknown to foreigners, and yet well worth their attention. To those who are now contemplating a *séjour* in this metropolis I should recommend

a visit to "La Californie," a monster restaurant near the Barrière du Maine, which is the rendezvous of hundreds of workmen and ruined young men of various classes. No less than 18,000 persons can be accommodated there. The *Soleil* gives us some curious details as to this immense establishment. From four o'clock in the morning the servants of "La Californie" are at work. Sixteen cooks are in constant employment. The waiters have no other occupation but that of pouring out wine and supplying the customers with glasses and plates, and there are thirty-five of them hard at work from morning till night. The proprietor was originally a butcher, and usually reserved for the use of this restaurant 500 calves per month and 1,500 rabbits. Thirty butchers scarcely suffice to supply the amount of meat now required by "La Californie" since he has put himself at the head of the concern. Precisely as the clock strikes seven M. Cadet, the said proprietor, presides over the distribution of soup and meat to the poor of the neighbourhood. Between half-past seven and eight the customers begin to arrive. Nothing can be more promiscuous than the crowd which frequents "La Californie." There may be seen the poor and industrious workman, who buys a piece of bread and a morsel of cheese, which he eats as he goes to his work; the *noceur*, who has spent his night in dissipation and comes in to drink a glass of wine and eat a crust; the tramp, who has slept in the open air, and the felon who adroitly contrives to evade even the Argus eyes of the waiters, and steals a plate of meat and a piece of bread deposited for an instant on a table, while its bearer answers a sudden call from an impatient customer. Every customer of "La Californie" is expected to go in person to the kitchen and carry away to the eating-room the dish he prefers, for which he pays on the spot, being there supplied with a spoon and iron fork. M. Cadet has been at the head of this establishment since the 26th of May, 1850, and has purchased 800,000 glasses, 100,000 forks, and 150,000 knives since that date to the present hour. The dish in constant demand from seven in the morning to eleven at

night is soups and beef, for which the customer pays six sous, or 3*d.* Add to this two sous of bread and three sous of wine, and the poor workman will have had his meal for eleven sous—that is, 5½*d.* The daily bill of fare of this monster restaurant shows a consumption of 2,000 (French) pounds' weight of meat. The prices are thus quoted: a plate of meat, either beef or mutton, 2*d.*; ditto of veal, 3*d.*; a half-pint of wine, 2*d.* Two casks of wine are drunk per day and 800 pounds' weight of bread eaten.

June 14th.

You will, no doubt, remember that about a month ago the whole press mourned the death of the poet and humourist, Charles Baudelaire. He is not only alive, but has returned to Paris; but, alas! his mind is gone, and, strange to relate, since the bright intellect whose productions we have all delighted in pursuing has become extinct, his body, which was formerly thin and emaciated, is now thriving, and poor Baudelaire has actually grown fat and looks healthy. He was, as you are aware, a fervent admirer of Edgar Poe and De Quincey, with both of whose lives his offers more than one analogy. In all his writings there is a certain barbaric splendour, a chaotic wildness, and a bewildering accumulation of fearful imagery. The terrific colouring of most of Baudelaire's works is due to the effects of opium. Baudelaire used to swallow sufficient laudanum to poison five persons. One hundred and twenty drops, however, of that narcotic sufficed to make him talkative and gay, and to inspire him with the power of writing. The result, however, is that he is now a raving lunatic, and for those who knew him in his best days a sadder spectacle can scarcely be conceived. He was at one time the lion of every literary circle in Paris. His Byronic collars, pink-tinted gloves, and varnished boots made him noticeable on the boulevards and in swell *cafés*. He inherited a large fortune from his father, but spent it in a marvellously short time when he inhabited the Hôtel Pimodan, in the Ile St. Louis, and lived with Sainte-Beuve, Champfleury, Murger,

Nadar, etc. In spite of his refinement of manner and fastidious dress, Baudelaire was possessed of the instinct of cruelty. He loved cats because he sympathised with their nature. He well-nigh lost his hand once at the Jardin des Plantes by touching the nose of a lion with the burning end of a cigar. He very seldom went to bed, which caused his friend Asselineau to remark, "Baudelaire once returned home at night and slept under his bed to astonish the mattresses."

June 22nd.

Nothing is talked of this evening but the report which was spread last night of the death of Duke Alexander of Hesse, whom we hear has been killed under the walls of Frankfort in a battle fought against the Prussians. Whether this intelligence be true or not, he had certainly accepted the command of the eight corps of federal army, consisting of 60,000 men, which corps is concentrated in the neighbourhood of that city. It is probable that the Austro-Federals merely awaited the decision of the Prince to march his corps against the Prussian force actually in occupation of the two Hesses, in order to open up a communication between the coalesced states of the south-west and those of the centre and east. The Duke, who is uncle of Prince Louis of Hesse, spent last winter at Nice with his sister, the Empress of Austria. Duty at the Czarina's villa was done by a battalion of riflemen belonging to the Imperial Guard. One morning the Duke was out on the promenade when a company of these Chasseurs à Pied marched past. A sergeant wearing four stripes stepped out of the ranks and saluted the Duke. "You know me?" said the Duke. "Yes, though you are in plain clothes; you were at Solferino, and commanded a division of Austrians." "True." "You were very nearly taken prisoner." "True." "Well, general, the man who well-nigh captured you was myself." The Prince heartily shook hands with the old soldier and asked his name. A few days afterwards the non-commissioned officers of the Chasseurs were at breakfast. A message was

brought to the old sergeant that he was wanted. He was in the middle of his breakfast, and by no means liked to be disturbed. On recognising the Austrian general he was so astonished that he asked him to breakfast. The Prince was delighted, sat down among the petty officers, fought over the various episodes of the Italian campaign, discussed manœuvres, and came out strongly in the matter of the last new gun. Suddenly one of the jolly company called out, "You are the Duke of Hesse!" He could not deny the fact. The men rose simultaneously, cheered, and the row being heard by the officer on duty, he inquired the cause; on its being explained, he instantly ordered out the whole battalion, and the drummers *battirent aux champs*, an immense mark of distinction. The Prince left the barracks delighted with his adventure. It is to be hoped the story of his being killed is not true, as he must be a good-hearted man.

July 1st.

The first butcher's shop for the sale of horseflesh will open on Monday, the 9th July. The price of this meat will be about two-thirds cheaper than beef, and will, moreover, be sold without bone. To inaugurate this event, M. F. Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, whose hobby it has long been to introduce this new element into the market, will preside on Monday, the 9th, at six o'clock, over a splendid banquet, the tickets of admission to partake of which are to cost 10 f.

July 2nd.

The *Figaro* reveals some pseudonyms which are worth remembering. I need not tell you that the greatest novelist of the day signs "George Sand," whereas she was Mdlle. Dupin, great-granddaughter of Marshal Saxe, and is married to M. Dudevant. She chose the name "George Sand" because her first literary production, *Rose et Blanche*, was written with the aid of Jules Sandeau. "Fernand Caballero" conceals the name of a Queen's sister—no less a personage than the Duchess of Montpensier. The Emperor's cousin,

Madame Rattazzi, has signed as "Camille Bernard," "Baron Stack," and "Viscount d'Albens." Madame Rattazzi's father was Mr. Wyse, an Irish gentleman of old family, for many years English minister at Athens. He married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, and separated from his wife a few years after his marriage. His eldest daughter married Prince de Solms, and a fortnight after his death Victor Emmanuel's minister, Urbain Rattazzi. As Princess de Solms her *salon* in Paris was celebrated as the place of rendezvous for the semi-literary and artistic world of Paris. Prince A. de Polignac was a constant visitor, as were also Madame Ugalde, Ponsard, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Champfleury, etc. "Henri Desroches" and "Jacques Reynaud" are the pseudonyms of Madame Dash.

July 27th.

The following absurd incident is related as authentic. When their Majesties go to the Français they usually send word beforehand to the Palais Royal of their intention of doing so, as there is a private communication between the Prince's apartments and the theatre, by which they can enter their box without passing through the crowd. Last Sunday, however, the usual notice was not sent, and when their Majesties arrived at the Palais Royal the doors were closed, and there was not a human being to receive them. The Prince, be it remembered, is in Italy, and the Princess Clothilde and her little boys at Meudon. However, the Emperor's footman inquired for the steward of the household. "Out." For the Groom of the Chambers. "Out." For a footman. Some were either at Meudon and the rest "out." The Emperor, Empress, ladies-in-waiting and suite were meanwhile sitting in the carriages, by no means comprehending the delay. At last a pantry-boy was captured with a roll of wax taper, such as housemaids carry about on winter mornings, and the carriage doors being opened, and preceded by this somewhat terrified boy, their

Majesties of France stumbled along the dark passages as well as they could, laughing like school children at the adventure.

August 7th.

The following good story is told of the friend of a young poet who inquired whether he would go up for the Academy prize to be given to the best poem on "La Mort du President Lincoln." "Oh, certainly not." "It's a grand subject, however." "That's true, but——" "What fault do you find with it?" "Why, how could I fish out a rhyme for Lincoln?"—an objection which probably did not strike the forty immortals.

August 9th.

The juvenile portion of the Paris world, as well as a goodly proportion of its older members, are looking forward to next Saturday with intense curiosity. On that day the Cirque Prince Impérial will be inaugurated in Rue de Malte by the performances of a German *troupe*, which consists of twelve monkeys, twenty-eight dogs, one goat, and eight ponies. The ponies will be mounted by dog and monkey jockeys. A carriage drawn by eight horses will be driven at a furious pace by two large Mandrilla monkeys. Ten apes, varying in height from four to five feet, attired in ladies' habits and round hats, will ride through a quadrille, and others among their tribe will rival Blondin and put Léotard to the blush by their feats on the trapeze. An organ will be turned by a horse, and marvellous feats of agility will be executed by the goat, who outvies any living acrobat. Here is a programme calculated, you must honestly admit, to *faire venir l'eau à la bouche*, and if half the rising generation do not demand admittance to the Cirque Prince Impérial next Saturday, their tastes must have considerably altered since my schoolboy days.

August 13th.

The census is now being taken of the population of France. Two solemn gentlemen in black, each armed with huge registers, ink-bottles, and pens, arrive and demand the age, profession, etc., etc., of every individual inhabitant. The intelligence with which the printed forms are filled up is remarkable, especially in country parts. The census lately taken at Envermeu, near Dieppe, contains the following insertion: "Louis Denis, aged three months; no profession; bachelor." A little further on: "Marie Jouret, aged eight days, idem, spinster."

August 16th.

M. Francois Ravaisson has rendered an important service to history, and one which will be thoroughly appreciated by the reading portion of the world in general. The title of his new work alone excites interest, and few will open its pages without feeling indebted to M. Ravaisson for the light he has thrown on the most curious portion of French history. The *Archives de la Bastille* are the result of many years of patient research—not in France alone, but in every public library in Europe, with the exception of that of St. Petersburg, which contains a large collection of papers taken from the Bastille, more curious, however, from their being autographs of celebrated men than from their bearing on history. M. Ravaisson recalls to his readers the fact that when the Bastille was taken the people threw the furniture, State documents, books, registers, etc., out of the windows; thus the latter became the prey of speculators, who carried off what they could find, and subsequently sold as curiosities most important State records, which were speedily scattered over Europe. M. Ameilhon, librarian of the Arsenal, with infinite zeal and patience, gradually succeeded in purchasing a vast number of these precious documents, and thus have I had the privilege of perusing the only authentic papers bearing on the mysterious history of the "Masque de Fer." The vellum-covered

register in which his arrival at the Bastille, his illness, and death are recorded is visibly stained by having lain for several days in the moat which surrounded the fortress, where it was accidentally picked up by a workman, who sold it for a few francs. M. Ravaisson has sifted the confused mass of documents thus collected, of which, naturally, he has rejected a vast proportion as being devoid of interest. His *Archives*, now published, are the result of his labours. Much of the romantic terror one has imbibed from one's earliest years as to the tragic sufferings endured by the victims of *lettres de cachet* vanishes when one learns that each prisoner possessed a room varying in height and size from ten to thirteen feet, that the said victim was attended by servants, who brought him or her breakfast, dinner, and supper—these meals consisting of soup, entrées, relevées, dessert, etc., a bottle of Burgundy and one of champagne (!) being the ordinary dinner allowance, a third bottle of whichever wine was preferred being supplied to the prisoner for his use at breakfast and supper. Several victims had furthermore the advantage of possessing private cellars, which they were allowed to stock with the finest vintages. *Du rest*, Marmontel, in his *Memoirs*, alludes with a certain tone of regret to the luxurious dinners he had feasted on during his incarceration, and certainly Madame de Staal, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Maine, who was imprisoned for two years in consequence of her share in the Cellamare conspiracy, appears to have had a remarkably jolly time of it. M. Ravaisson proves to us that the *détenus* were allowed to train carrier pigeons, who bore love messages as well as political information to their friends either in Paris or in the country. A library, stocked not only with works of devotion, but likewise with chess-boards, billiard-tables, games of all sorts, packs of cards, etc., was among the resources of amusement allowed to the prisoners. The reverse of this pleasant picture, however, is the account of the torture-chamber. The Bastille executioners were *specialistes*, and only condescended to use screw-boots and torture by water, in the administration of which

pleasant pastimes they were proficients of the highest order. The documents published by M. Ravaisson on the Alibert affair, revealing to the world for the first time the curious intrigues which brought about the Duke of Savoy's marriage with Margaret, sister of Henry II., the Lesmoul trial, etc., will prove a rich treat to all students of history.

M. Hippolyte Lucas publishes to-day an historical romance, of which the heroine is the celebrated Madame de Miramion, whose husband, J. de Beauharnais, left her in 1645 a widow at seventeen and mistress of an immense fortune. Madame de Sévigné's cousin, Bussy Rabutin, organised a raid worthy of the border country, and carried off the fair prize to his château; the young widow, however, so steadily declined his attentions that that celebrated Count was compelled to restore her to liberty. Madame de Miramion spent the remainder of her youth and fortune in founding religious orders, one of which bore her name, and was called the Miramionnes. M. Lucas's work is full of interest, and contains historical notes worth perusal.

August 22nd.

We have all heard of persons' characters being traced by their handwriting, but it strikes me as quite a new idea to draw conclusions as to the amount of intellect with which one's friends are gifted from the kind of wine they specially drink. Such, however, is the new idea, and the following list has been made out after no end of research of the special fancies recorded of some great men. Anacreon, it appears, preferred the wine of Cyprus; Horace, Falernian; Frederick the Great drank Monzillac, which he sent for to Bergerac; the celebrated lady-killer, the Duke de Richelieu, sent for Fronsac from Bordeaux; and the first Napoleon, Chambertin, which, by-the-by, the English Government refused to supply his table with at St. Helena. Gay and gallant Henri IV. only tolerated the light wine of Jurançon, whereas the mighty diplomatist, Talleyrand, preferred Gruan-Larose, now so much sought for on the English side of the

Straits. Madame de Sévigné patronised the white wine of Limoux, and Louis XV. the sparkling vintage of Samur. Marlborough only admitted to his table the light wines of the Rhine, and the Duke of Wellington preferred Hermitage. Montesquieu, even in his most serious works, praises the vintages of Breda, grown within four miles of Bordeaux. François I. drank nothing but Chiverny; and Romme, champagne, of which he made the somewhat blasphemous remark: "Champagne is like religion—a little philosophy leads you from it, whereas a great deal brings you back to it."

A most amusing *coquille*, or printer's error, has occurred in the columns of one of the leading evening papers, which has excited no small amount of merriment at the expense of a man of real talent. The following paragraphs, intended to have been printed separately, were by some blunder so arranged that one read consecutively: "Doctor X. has been appointed head physician to the Hospital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The works are being executed with the utmost despatch."

August 23rd.

M. de Quatrefages, Professor of Anthrophagy at the Museum of Natural History, received some days ago a barrel despatched by Dr. Muller from Australia. The dimensions of the said barrel may be conceived when I inform you that it contained a colossal *pieuvre*, compared to which the monster described by Victor Hugo in the *Travailleurs de la Mer* must have been a mere joke. Besides this curiosity the barrel contained several species of fish hitherto unknown in our part of the world, and some mammals recently discovered. All these creatures floating in a mixture of alcohol and benzine, you may imagine the insupportable odour which emanated from the combination of dead fish, spirits, and that most pestiferous, though useful, composition, benzine. M. de Quatrefages was absent in the country. His subordinates,

however, despatched, without loss of time, the *pieuvre* to M. Lacazes Duthiers; the fish, serpents, etc., to M. Damuèril; and the mammiferi to Mr. Milne Edwards. Dr. Muller has contributed largely to the interest of the Jardin des Plantes, which is indebted to him for the unique collection it possesses of Australian cranes, a species of bird extinguished by the English settlers. By-the-by, I wonder is the Marquis de Boissy aware of this fact? He might bring it into his next speech as a fresh instance of British barbarism. Among the fish several are lilliputian in size, and are doubtless very precious, as each specimen is attired in a shirt of the finest cambric. The mammals look somewhat like mice turned into porcupines.

August 27th.

The *Messager du Midi* gives us a strange piece of intelligence. It appears that a prison van conveyed from the railway station at Toulon to the House of Detention of that port twelve young women, whose ages vary from eighteen to twenty-five, selected from the female prisoners of the Maison Centrale at Clermont, to be embarked on board the *Ceres* transport ship and conveyed to Cayenne, for the special purpose of increasing the population of that convict station, and thus facilitate the colonising plans of Government. These twelve young women, however, are but the first detachment, as sixty have been selected from the various prisons of France. They are intended to be married to those convicts whose good conduct and diligence have attracted the attention of the inspecting officers. Each couple are to be given land and the means of purchasing agricultural implements and stocking their farm. The *Temps* justly remarks that it is to be hoped these young women have given their consent to the matrimonial speculation of Government.

August 31st.

M. Quatrefages, the great hippophagist, must be supremely happy at this moment. Horseflesh is proving a real boon to the poor, and the fact is thankfully acknowledged in several papers. Tickets are distributed to the indigent, and most gratefully received, for portions of horse meat. Horse soup is likewise made, and poor persons are glad to obtain permission to procure a portion of it by means of the said tickets. M. Quatrefages' prophecy that we should all in time become converts to this new edible is thus in a fair way of being realised.

September 7th.

Last night's train from Calais had the honour of conveying back to his native air Lamiraude, the ex-cashier of the Bank of France at Poitiers, who seven months ago annexed the trifling sum of 786,000 f. The story of his capture is worthy of record. On the robbery being discovered, M. Melin, a Paris detective, was sent for to Poitiers and given a *carte-blanche* to spend any sum he considered necessary in the capture of Lamiraude. M. Melin returned to Paris, interrogated several hundred Paris cabmen, and traced a man somewhat resembling his description to the station of the Northern Railway. It was clear Lamiraude had two days previously gone to London, whither M. Melin went, and where he discovered that after purchasing three hats in the City he had embarked for New York. M. Melin chartered a steamer, and reached America before his prisoner, who, on being recognised by him, stated that his name was Lasiner, and that he was a native of the South. "I think you are mistaken," replied the detective; "you purchased your hat at S——'s, in the City, as you passed through London." So saying, he took up Lamiraude's hat from the table of a tavern where this strange recognition took place, and showed the name of the City hatter stamped in the crown. M.

Melin, with the aid of the French consul, notwithstanding the extradition question, which in America is extremely complicated, succeeded in having Lamiraude lodged in prison. In a few days, however, with the connivance of the police, Lamiraude effected his escape. M. Melin at this crisis confesses he almost felt inclined to give up the chase, but with undaunted energy and perseverance he recommenced his task, and actually traced his bird across the frontier to La Prairie, a town in Canada. When M. Melin at last effected his second arrest he found his prisoner possessed of thirty-two sous and a revolver. On inquiring his motive for carrying firearms, Lamiraude replied that he did so to protect himself from robbers. "Did you ever think of yourself?" asked the detective. "That did not strike me," replied the ex-cashier. Lamiraude quitted Poitiers with 480,000 f. (above £18,000), half of which sum he carried about tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. Inconceivable to relate, he forgot this parcel in the railway carriage which conveyed him to London, but, perceiving his loss a few moments after quitting his seat, Lamiraude returned to search for it. The packet was gone, and he naturally could not claim it. While in the prison at New York no less than 52,000 f. were stolen from him; the rest he spent in gambling. M. Melin spent £700 in the capture of this worthy.

September 9th.

The Empress, as you are aware, is excessively fond of novel-reading, especially of sensational ones or those which contain some deeds of heroic courage, of patience, and virtue. We are told, for instance, that on the evening before she left Paris for Biarritz the Empress was absorbed in Edmond About's celebrated novel, *Trente et Quarante*, and wholly preoccupied with the fate of Captain Bitterlin, the most amusing personage of this fiction, when of a sudden the Emperor requested Her Majesty's presence. Very reluctantly, and not without expressing some regret, did the Empress lay aside the interesting volume to obey her lord and master. The

next morning Her Majesty left St. Cloud for Biarritz, not having been able to come to the *dénouement* of Captain Bitterlin's adventures. However, as she reached Biarritz a telegraphic despatch was handed to her. It came direct from the Emperor, and only contained these words, "Le Capitaine Bitterlin est mort!"

September 11th.

The Society for the Protection of Animals displays its love for its protégés in a peculiar manner. The society offers to present a horse per week to the committee for the propagation of horseflesh, on the plea that it prefers to kill off old servants and distribute their flesh to the poor than to see them ill-treated. Scarcely logic, one must admit, as there is no special necessity for their being ill-treated. *A propos* of quadrupeds, a good story is told of a gentleman to whom the resignation of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs appeared to give immense satisfaction. His friend inquired if M. Drouyn de Lhuys had injured him in any way. "By no means," was the reply; "merely as member of the Society of Acclimatation, of which he is president, I am delighted he should have given up the Ministry, as he will now have time to attend to us. Oh, monsieur, what splendid cross-breeds we shall have now!"

September 14th.

In one of the numbers of the *Tatler* Sir Richard Steele gives a most charming and humourous description of persons afflicted with the mania of collecting. Among the eccentric characters which this class of indefatigable curiosity-seekers furnishes, he quotes a certain Nicholas Gimcrack, an inveterate entomologist, if ever there was one, who pursued this mania with such fervour that he would gladly any day have exchanged his great-coat for a well-grown spider. This Nicholas Gimcrack, after spending a fortune in acquiring thousands of insects more or less disgusting, terminated his career by bequeathing to his luckless family the treasures he

had spent his life in accumulating and pinning into innumerable frames. Nothing is easier than to find Nicholas Gimcrack's representative in the present day. The mania of collections has developed to such an extent that we are all more or less bitten by it. One amateur spends his life collecting china or antique furniture—the more worm-eaten the more valuable in his eyes; another, like Champfleury devotes his leisure to pottery, and covers his walls, and even the ceiling of his apartments, with soup tureens, salad bowls, saucers, plates, etc., on which are roughly designed the principal events of the first Republic. Medals, shells, Chinese monsters, or stamps are the absorbing preoccupation of other undetected lunatics. I know one man in Paris who has an extensive library composed exclusively of works in one volume and of the same folio; but, perhaps, among the manifold phases of the collecting mania none is more excusable than that of gathering autographs. A regular trade has been started in this specialty. MM. Gabriel Charavay and Jacques Charavay are at the head of this new line of business, and publish a review and report, in which the public will find facsimiles of rare and curious specimens, their prices quoted, and their merits discussed. Lately a letter cited in MM. Charavays' report of the 14th August, No. 2,511, was put up for sale. The letter was placed in its alphabetical order, signed "Eugénie." It was put up at 100 f., and bought by Government. To read over the names and the tariff at which signatures or letters are quoted gives a most curious insight into the place held in public opinion by the generals, diplomatists, poets, literary men, composers, and even criminals whose handwritings are eagerly sought for by amateurs. Last month the prices ran thus: George Sand, 6 f.; Seward, 10 f.; Jefferson Davis, 15 f.; Duke of Morny, 4 f. 50 c.; Michelet, 1 f. 75 c.; M'Clellan, 20 f.; Verdi, 3 f. 50 c.; Prévost-Paradol, 2 f. 50 c.; Champfleury, 2 f. Gerard de Nerval is quoted 20 f., thanks to a note attached to the letter: "Correspondance amoureuse très passionnée." A copybook of the King of Rome is quoted 20 f. Renan, the sceptic

author of *La Vie de Jésus*, keeps up in the market, and goes for 10 f. A letter of Henri Latouche is to be sold for 2 f. 50 c.: it contains the following curious passage: "The only souvenirs of my literary life to which I look back with pride are, having edited *André Chénier* and having deterred George Sand from devoting her talents to water-colour drawing." A letter of Louis XVI. is quoted at 2 f. 50 c., by which the King grants a sum of 2,400 f. (£100) to "La Dame Rousseau, cradle-rocker to the children of France."

September 16th.

Now that cholera is really disappearing I must relate the following anecdote, as it is really worth recording. A prefect wrote to the mayor of a country village desiring him to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic had broken out in the department. His worship, not a little puzzled by such vague directions, meditated long as to what suitable reply he could make to M. le Préfet, and at length wrote that he and his subordinates awaited the calamity *de pied ferme*. Inquiries were subsequently instituted as to what precautionary measures the worthy mayor had taken in anticipation of the epidemic, and it was ascertained that he had had a series of graves dug in the village cemetery in sufficient number to accommodate the whole population.

I was told that Léon Gozlan had been a Jew. We all believed this to be the case, but we were all wrong. Preparations were being made for celebrating the funeral rites of the Israelitish Church, two rabbis having recited Hebrew prayers during the whole preceding night by the dead body of our charming writer, when M. Duval, his son-in-law, in searching among his papers, stumbled on a bundle of old documents in which, to his amazement, he discovered an extract from the parish register of the cathedral church of St. Mary at Marseilles, by which it appears that Léon Gozlan was born in 1803, and not in 1806, and baptised 14th July, 1805 (25 Messidor aux XVI.), and furthermore had a

M. Martin and a Madame Blom as godfather and godmother, which same functionaries appear to have been strangely oblivious of their duties, or Léon Gozlan could not have passed for a Jew all his life. His death has brought to our recollection innumerable anecdotes illustrative of his inexhaustible humour. He was one day walking about Brussels when he saw his own portrait in a bookseller's window. It was not a bad likeness merely; Gozlan was as dark as a Spaniard, and his hair was raven black, whereas the artist's imagination had given him a rosy complexion and light hair. "What picture is that?" inquired Gozlan of the librarian. "It is the portrait of Léon Gozlan." "You think so? Well, just look at me, and for Heaven's sake be satisfied with misrepresenting my looks, but do not misrepresent my hair." One of Gozlan's most amiable qualities was that of receiving young literary men at all times with the greatest kindness. About six years ago he was living in the Rue Bleue, when a young man brought him a drama taken from *Les Nuits du Père Lachaise*, requesting Gozlan to look over it. He consented to do so, and told the budding dramatist to call again in a few days, which he accordingly did. "Sir," said Gozlan, "you have had the courage to undertake a work I failed to attempt. The only piece I could extract from *Les Nuits du Père Lachaise* was "Le Coucher d'une Etoile." Take my advice, and when you wish to write a dramatic piece do so from your own head, and don't try to extract from a work what the author has not found in it himself. If English copyists who supply your theatres with redactions of French drama were to take this advice, it would be the better for their success and for your stage." The poor fellow's death was a strange example of the reality of presentiment as experienced by persons who have lived for years in intimate communication with each other. Last Friday night Madame Gozlan was aroused from sleep at four o'clock by a sort of electric shock. Obeying an unaccountable impulse she started from her bed, crossed a corridor which separated her apartment from that of her husband, attempted

to wake him, and to relate the strange sensation she had experienced. Léon Gozlan had just expired.

September 27th.

A grand hippophagic banquet, to which ladies are invited, is to take place on the 30th inst. M. Lange, President of the Society for the Protection of Animals, issues the invitations, and has drawn out the bill of fare, of which the following is a copy:—

CARTE DU BANQUET.
Potage consommé de cheval.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE.
Saucisson de cheval.

RELEVE.
Cheval nature (bouilli).

ENTREE.
Cheval à la mode.

LEGUMES.
Flageolets sautés a l'hulie de cheval.

ROTIS.
Filet de cheval sauce poivrade.
Salade à l'huile de cheval.
½ litre de vin par couvert.
1 gloria.

Heavens! flageolets dressed with horse oil! Verily, although I am not *difficile* in the eating department, still I cannot help shuddering at this alarming mixture. May I venture to suggest that the committee be compelled to give the veracious history of the steeds we are so politely invited to digest—their age, and the circumstances which led to their being stewed into soup and converted into oil, which latter condiment appears to be the favourite form of imbibing horse, as you may perceive in the *menu* that the salad will likewise be dressed with horse oil? I confess to a strong prejudice in favour of the produce of the olive.

September 28th.

In an article published by the *Constitutionnel* on Count Bacciochi, this paper relates the following strange circumstance. Previous to her departure for Biarritz the Empress paid a parting visit to the Count. The following day she sent him a reliquary, considered as most holy, which was to be kept in his chamber as long as the Count survived. This reliquary is said to contain a fragment of the swaddling clothes of our Saviour, as well as a portion of the Virgin's veil and a small particle of the shroud of St. John the Baptist. The reliquary was placed next to Her Majesty's bed at the moment of the birth of her son, the Prince Imperial. Writing of Count Bacciochi recalls the following anecdote. Our ambassadress, Lady Cowley, made him a present of a cockatoo, a splendid bird, with a faint tinge of rose colour on its head and breast and of yellow on the inner wing and tail feathers, its eyes of the correct ash colour, and of a mild and most amiable disposition. This cockatoo not only chattered all day long, but listened to what was said, and constantly repeated phrases he heard spoken. The Count's valet was one Nicholas. The bird acquired the habit of calling the servant, and also of saying "Vive l'Empereur!" which he had been taught. During the Crimean War the Emperor and a numerous suite happened to pay a visit to his cousin. The bird, probably excited by the brilliant colours of the uniforms and by the unusual stir in the *salon*, determined to display his learning, and accordingly shrieked forth his whole *repertoire*. In vain his master tried to silence him; talk he would. The Emperor, excessively amused, went up to his cage. The cockatoo paused for a moment, then eyeing him with a knowing wink, shouted, "Vive l'Empereur—Nicholas!"

An evening party of an original kind took place two days ago at the Salle Valentino. Placards announcing *grande soirée de coiffure* excited a certain amount of curiosity, which

was further increased when we were informed that this *soirée* was in fact a competitive examination of the respective attainments of the hairdressers of Paris; and thus was the idea of Messieurs les Coiffeurs carried out. A party of the gentler sex, bearing capillary edifices of the most varied description, paraded for some time through the *salle* and then seated themselves on benches, each taking her place beneath a placard revealing the name of the hairdresser to whose artistic skill she owed her *coiffure*. The *coiffure Lamballe* appears to have carried off the prize. I am sorry to say I was not present at this instructive *soirée*, therefore cannot give my personal impressions. I admit my dereliction from duty, and cry, "Mea culpa."

October 1st.

The third hippophagic banquet took place yesterday. It was specially intended for workmen, and above a hundred of the working classes sat down to dinner; as they remained at table from two to six we may fairly conclude that horse hot and horse cold, horse stewed and horse roast, form a most attractive edible. Ladies were invited, and were present—not silent spectators, however, as Madame Eugénie Poujade addressed the assembly in a most eloquent speech.

October 9th.

M. Prévost-Paradol has penned in the *Débats* of this morning a little paragraph—or *entrefilet*, as we call it—the translation of which I send, not merely because it is a just homage paid to a person of great merit, but inasmuch as it somewhat explains the reasons of Mr. Bigelow's resignation: "All who have had occasion to know and appreciate him will regret him deeply. Entrusted with the representation of his country at a moment when that country was torn by civil war, involved at a later period in the intricate negotiations to which the French occupation of Mexico gave rise, Mr.

Bigelow has held office during a period of difficult circumstances; and never did a diplomatic post less resemble a sinecure. But Mr. Bigelow was more fitted than anyone else for so delicate a situation, because besides the love of his country, he possessed a perfect knowledge of our own, and was equally imbued with a deep sympathy for France. However, after so prolonged a residence in Europe, Mr. Bigelow felt a natural wish to see his country once more, transformed as it is by such mighty events. Last July Mr. Bigelow requested the President to appoint a successor, and not to allow the autumn to transpire without setting him at liberty. This successor is now appointed. General Dix acted an honourable *rôle* in the late civil war, and in the interest of the United States, as well as in that of France, it is to be hoped that he will prove to be a worthy successor of the excellent and distinguished man who is about to quit us."

October 12th.

Ah! the pretty story I am going to relate, and how it will charm your fair readers, and all the Romeos and Juliets of this world! Mind, I do not vouch for the veracity of the story, but I have heard it related by such pretty lips, and with such fervour of language, that I am almost inclined to believe in its authenticity. The scene was enacted at Berlin on the morning of the entrance of the victorious troops. A young and distinguished officer of the Cuirassiers, who had received a cut of the sabre from an Austrian Uhlan, was paying a visit to his *fiancée*, a young lady attached to the Queen's household. Her lover entered her *salon* in his full uniform, wearing his helmet; but on taking a seat near his fair lady-love he took off his helmet and put it on a small table in front of the fire, as, notwithstanding all the enthusiasm of the population, the day was excessively cold. By some sudden movement, however, the young officer upset the table, and the helmet rolled into the fire. There was a scream and an exclamation of horror. The scream was, of course,

feminine; the expression of dismay, however, was masculine, caused by seeing the horsetail of the helmet catch fire and burn away in an instant. To join his regiment and pass the King wearing a singed helmet and one guiltless of horsetail was utterly impossible, and still less was it possible to absent himself on such a day. One exasperating fact was that the helmet was burnt behind; the wits among the crowd would therefore imagine that he had received a shot while flying from the enemy. Needless to remark that every shop in the city of Berlin was closed. Suddenly Romeo's fair Juliet started, seized a pair of scissors, and, in fewer seconds than it takes me to write, cut off the whole of her magnificent *chevelure dorée*, and with marvellous ingenuity fastened it to the scorched helmet. Thus Graf von —— rode at the head of his squadron of Cuirassiers with a flowing trophy of love and devotion such as one would have thought a Roman woman of old alone would have parted with; but this deed was done by a fair Prussian, and in the midst of the prosaic nineteenth century.

According to the twelfth paragraph of Article 475 of the Penal Code I was aware that every Frenchman was compelled, under pain of infraction of the law, to aid all Government officers, policemen, etc., in all cases of accident, rows, or riots, shipwreck, inundation, fires, and other calamities, as well as in case of pillage or robbery. Every Frenchman is, moreover, bound to seize a guilty party and give him up to justice. All this we have all been perfectly aware of. I also knew that there were a numerous body of men who gained their bread by the revolting occupation of spy. Yet till now I fancied these spies, or *mouchards*, as they are here called, filled no other function. A trial which has just taken place in Paris would, however, lead me to conclude that every individual in this country is qualified to serve the police, whatever may be his other occupations, and to be employed by Government which wishes to be kept *au courant* of what is going on. Thus the head of a restaurant, one's private servant, one's porter, etc., may be, for aught we know, in the pay of the

police. We are, in fact, living in an atmosphere of *mouchardism*. It is, however, no joke or sinecure to be a spy. Witness Clercemvault, a costermonger, who, although he had means of gaining his livelihood honourably, enrolled himself in that mysterious confraternity. He, having repeated what he heard, or denounced what he saw, naturally made an extensive circle of enemies. On the 16th of last June, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, Hentz Leperteur and the Brothers Neveu, who had cause of complaint against him on account of revelations he had made to the police, attracted him into a lonely spot near Paris, accused him of being a spy, threw themselves upon him, armed with open knives, and all but murdered him. Hentz Leperteur has been sentenced to twenty years' hard labour; the Brothers Neveu got off, owing to extenuating circumstances.

October 22nd.

The following anecdote of the fortunate "constructor" of the celebrated *redingote grise*, M. Leger, tailor to the first Emperor, who died yesterday, is curious. The Count de Rémusat was Grand Master of the Emperor's wardrobe. Napoleon allotted eight hundred a year for the expenses of his *toilette*. It will be remembered that he always wore knee-breeches of white cashmere. These garments, however, he was obliged to change several times in the day, as he, in the hurry of writing, constantly spotted them with ink, etc. The result was that Leger's bill exceeded the money that the Count de Rémusat had to dispose of. At first Leger sent the bill in once a month; the Count made an excuse, and the bill was not paid. Leger sent it in once a fortnight, then twice a week, and at last daily, but with no better result. His stock of patience exhausted, one day, while trying on a new uniform of the Chasseurs de la Grade, Leger made a complaint to the Emperor himself. The rage and astonishment of His Imperial Majesty was boundless on discovering that he owed 1,200 f. to his tailor. The bill was paid that day, and M. de Rémusat dismissed. On the Emperor appointing

M. de Montesquiou Fezensac to the vacant office, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not expose me to the humiliation of being asked by my tailor for the price of my breeches."

November 11th.

The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen publishes a curious list of the prices which certain articles of no intrinsic value have attained in consequence of having been worn or possessed by historic personages. The ivory chair which was presented to Gustavus Wasa by the city of Lubeck was sold by auction in 1825, and knocked down to a chamberlain of the King of Sweden, who bid 58,000 florins (£6,000) for it. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the Battle of Pultowa was preserved by Colonel Rosen, who followed the King to Bender. This garment was afterwards sold for £22,000 at Edenburg. Abbé Tersau gave a fabulous price for a pair of dancing-shoes worn by Louis XIV. at one of the ballets in which he himself took part during the early part of his reign. When the bodies of Héloïse and Abélard were removed to the Petits Augustins, an English gentleman offered £4,000 for one of Héloïse's teeth. Yet the great philosopher Descartes's skull, put up for auction at the Soarmann sale in 1820, fetched but £4; the wig of Kant but £8, and the cane of Voltaire £20; but a waistcoat of Jean Jacques Rousseau fetched 950 f.—£38 for an old waistcoat is not a bad price. (I give notice that I purpose disposing of one of mine during the course of the winter on the above terms.) The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau brought 1,920 f. at a recent sale.

The great news in the scientific world is the arrival of an enormous aerolite sent to the Academy of Science by Marshal Bazaine from Mexico; it weighs 870 kilogrammes. It was sent as a present to Marshal Vaillant, who has had it placed in the Museum of Natural History, where it attracts great attention. It will be shown at the Great Exhibition of 1867 amongst other scientific curiosities.

November 12th.

The musical world at last is destined to hear M. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, a treat which has been postponed in consequence of the impossibility of capturing that *rara avis*, a tenor who could undertake the part of Romeo. That problem has now been solved. Two summers since Madame d'A—— spent a few months in the vicinity of Marseilles. She heard many lamentations uttered among the peasants of the neighbourhood on the sad fate of a young *villageois* who had drawn a *mauvais numéro* at the last conscription, and had left to join his regiment in Paris. His place could never be filled, seeing that he had the "voice of an archangel." Madame d'A—— took note of his name and that of his corps, and on her return to her residence—Avenue Gabriel—sent for the young *fantassin*. The result of hearing him sing was her giving him the money necessary to buy him out of his regiment and her placing him under the tuition of an admirable master. Her generous action has been rewarded, inasmuch as her protégé has this week signed his first theatrical engagement at the rate of 30,000 f. for the ensuing season. Fifteen hundred a year in exchange for barrack life and private's pay (two sous per day) is not bad! Thus has a Romeo been found for Gounod's Juliet.

November 23rd.

The negro actor, Ira Aldridge, has had an immense success at Versailles in *Othello*—the only tragedy, unfortunately, he can appear in. The theatrical performance was preceded by a splendid dinner, given to the stars of the literary world at the Hôtel des Reservoirs—once, by-the-by, the sumptuous residence of Marquise de la Pompadour. Alexandre Dumas was among the last to arrive, and sat next to M. Barrière. The prince of romancists was in full force, and related more anecdotes during the hour devoted to dinner than an ordinary man would have remembered in a month. The Versailles

Theatre was crammed to suffocation, and Aldridge was tremendously applauded by the somewhat old-fashioned inhabitants of that antiquated town. His costume alone ensures the admiration of the feminine world, and if all the Othellos of the present day only sported half the gold, precious stones, and pearls which dazzled the Versailles audience, the Cassios would indeed have remarkably little chance of winning their Desdemonas' smiles. Aldridge's acting is splendid.

December 6th.

Cloaks are to come back to fashion this winter. Paletôts are to be utterly given up, and all male bipeds who respect themselves and the mandates of the Jockey Club are to appear draped in the ample folds of something between a Spanish cape and the old military cloak. This contemplated revival of an exploded fashion reminds one of the anecdote Arnault tells so well of the French ambassador's audience with the mighty Emperor Charles V. His Excellency, when presented to the master of half Europe and all America, looked about for a seat; but as France was in disgrace at the moment, every unoccupied chair had purposely been abstracted. The ambassador wore a splendid cloak of velvet and satin, broidered and gemmed, altogether a most gorgeous affair. On perceiving the premeditated impertinence, he quietly unfastened his cloak, rolled it up, and sat down on it. The audience terminated, he bowed to the Emperor and walked off, leaving his cloak on the floor. The Ushers of the Black and White Rods, etc., rushed after him with his late garment. "No," replied the French seigneur, "the ambassadors of the King my master have not the habit of carrying away the seats they have made use of."

December 9th.

The widowed Duchess of Malakoff has been staying at Compiègne on a visit to her Empress cousin. The following anecdote was related the other day of the circumstances

which led to the marriage of the fair Spanish aristocrat and the soldier Pélissier. At one of the Court balls the Marshal happened to be standing near a flower-stall, and, perceiving Dona Valera, who had just gathered a rose, he said, "Might I venture to hope, madame, that you would bestow that flower on me?" "No," was the somewhat discouraging reply; "but if it were a laurel branch I should do so." Encouraged by the gracious termination of the reply, the old hero of Sebastopol took a seat next to the fair cousin of his *gracieuse souveraine*, and commenced a siege which in three months ended in the capture of the lady's hand and heart.

December 14th.

Among the innumerable curiosities on which we are to feast our eyes at the coming Exhibition will be the skeleton of a monster snake found in the mountain of the Pardo. Don Sanchez (not Don Quixote's squire) has had the honour of dissecting this reptile, who possessed no less than 1,045 rings arranged spiral fashion. He must have been a splendid fellow-traveller to have met with gliding along one of his native mountain passes on a dark night.

December 16th.

I was the first to announce that Richelieu had lost his head and had found it again. The ceremony of restoring the head, or rather the face, of His Eminence to his tomb, which contains the rest of his body, was performed yesterday at twelve o'clock. A dense crowd thronged the Place de la Sorbonne long before that hour. Precisely at midday the doors of the ancient church were thrown open, and a most imposing sight struck the eye. A catafalque of black velvet, at the corners of which were four splendid candelabra, occupied the centre of the nave, while hangings of dark crimson velvet fringed with gold covered the walls of the edifice. Around the catafalque bishops and other Church dignitaries, in full vestments, were seated; beyond were ranged in order of rank the forty

academicians, the heads of all the colleges in France, the professors of theology, etc. Among the most remarkable men assembled at this curious ceremony were Monseigneurs the Bishops of Silva, of La Rochelle, of Chalons, of Nancy, etc., MM. Berryer and Camille Domet, and General Zamoyski. The family of Richelieu was represented by the present Duke. His Grace the Archbishop of Paris arrived at twelve, and received the Minister of Public Instruction, attended by his secretary and his *chef du cabinet*, on his entrance. One of the University beadles bore the oaken coffer which enclosed the precious relic, and handed it to Monseigneur Darboy, who carried it on a gorgeous *civière* to the centre of the church. A cardinal's scarlet hat lay on the box. His Grace pronounced a short address, in which he expressed the thanks of the Emperor to His Excellency M. Duruy for having been the means of restoring part of the remains of one of the most illustrious men of France to the Church. The mass for the dead was then recited, and His Grace Mgr. Darboy and the Minister of Public Instruction descended into the Richelieu family vault to witness the deposition of the coffer on the Cardinal's coffin. Two slabs of black marble have been placed in the wall of the vault, on which an inscription in Latin records the event of yesterday. His Eminence was buried at the Sorbonne on the 15th December, 1662—that is, precisely 204 years ago. He must have been admirably embalmed, as his features are quite perfect, and even retain a lifelike expression.

December 17th.

The most absurd story is now current as to Cardinal Richelieu's head. It appears that the *ci-devant* M. Armez, who presented the Government with the mask which was enclosed in the Cardinal's tomb at the Sorbonne with so much pomp last Saturday, is not the only person who flatters himself he has the veritable and genuine article. An opposition head is in the possession of another senator, M. Mérimée, who fondly dreams that his is the real head, and produces no end of old

parchment in defence of his conviction. M. Mérimée ought decidedly to have arrived last Saturday at the Sorbonne with the head in his possession, which ought to have been compared with the one so long preserved by M. Armez. The assembled bishops, ministers, and wiseacres in general, after having decided the question, would then have buried whichever was thought most likely to have been possessed by his high and mighty Eminence Armand du Plessis de Richelieu. What if, after all, the splendid pageant of Saturday was in honour of a defunct *garçon de café* instead of that of the great Cardinal?

December 18th.

La Liberté relates the following good story of genealogists in general, and of Ritterstein, the German, in particular. The first Emperor was literally besieged by adepts in this art, who, to curry favour, sent him magnificent genealogical trees, in which the origin of his family was traced up to the night of time. Ritterstein spent three years in proving clearly, and without any awkward gaps or missing links, that the house of Buonaparte descended from Blondel, the troubadour, to whom Richard Cœur de Lion owed his rescue. Napoleon laughed heartily at this proof of heraldic lore, and said, "Ah, if this plague were seated on the throne, genealogists would make out that his ancestor was health."

La Presse gives another anecdote which conveys a pleasant impression of the Emperor Maximilian. An officer was taking a walking tour through the mountainous district of Ischl, and having lost his way he went into a cottage to inquire the road. The poor woman to whom it belonged instantly desired her little boy to accompany the young man to the turn of the road and show him which path he was to take. This service having been faithfully performed, the officer gave the child money. The boy refused, remarking that military men never had money. "Ah!" said the young officer, "how do you know that?" "Because my brother is in the army, and never has any. My mother sold

her last stack of corn this very day in order to send him some." The young man, touched by the story, returned to the cottage, and, leaving his purse with the poor woman, promised to protect her son. The officer was the Archduke Maximilian.

December 19th.

The farewell banquet to Mr. Bigelow took place last night at the Grand Hotel. Three hundred of the resident Americans in Paris, two-thirds of whom were gentlemen and the remaining third ladies, assembled on this occasion, and nothing could have been more splendid than the entertainment or more tasteful than the decorations of the *salle*. Above the daïs, where the President (Mr. Kellog) took his seat, was suspended a portrait of Washington, framed in laurels. On his right hand was Mr. Bigelow, and on his left Mrs. Bigelow. General Dix, who is still residing at Versailles, had sent an excuse for not being present at the banquet. The first toast was proposed by the President, who, after recalling the old friendship which united France to America, uttered the following words: "I am happy to be able to say that at the present hour there no longer exists any cause for dissension between the two countries, and that nothing prevents the continuance of the traditional alliance." Mr. Bigelow, in returning thanks, drew a striking contrast between the deplorable state in which he had left America when he quitted its shores to assume office in France and the prosperous condition of the country at the present moment: "I shall find but a single flag afloat on returning to my country; I shall find three millions of enfranchised slaves and innumerable improvised soldiers, who, after having braved the horrors of war, have now resumed their peaceful occupations." Mr. Godwin, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, made a witty and humorous speech when drinking the health of the ladies. He made them alternately laugh and weep. Midnight struck before the coffee was even called for.

December 20th.

The following incident is going the round of all the official *salons*, and has created some scandal. It appears that a few evenings since, at Madame de W——'s first official reception, the Prussian ambassador, M. le Comte de Goltz, happening to meet one of the marshals, said to him, "Well, marshal, I congratulate you on following our example," to which the old soldier replied, in a tone of evident irritation, "France need not follow anyone's example, and still less of a power she has so often defeated. We could easily, with our rusty muskets, conquer Prussia with her needle guns." The Comte, somewhat amazed, said, "Well, marshal, your language is not very diplomatic." "I don't care," retorted the fiery old marshal, "it's the language of a soldier." The repartees were becoming so angry that a personage of considerable importance thought it but right to interfere, only just in time, however, to prevent unpleasant consequences.

A good story is told of a Bavarian who, quarrelling the other day with one of his fellow-countrymen, abused him in the most violent language, and, after exhausting a very extensive vocabulary of invectives, at last called him "Bismarck!" The phlegmatic German had borne all previous insults with praiseworthy patience; but on hearing himself thus apostrophised he flew into a tremendous passion, and cited his enemy before the courts. He was nonsuited on the plea that "Bismarck" is a name, and does not necessarily imply an insult—at least, no such interpretation was to be found in any of the Bavarian law precedents. This is not the first time that the name of a Prime Minister has thus been popularly applied as a term of contempt. Under the Restoration it was a common incident to hear a cabby apostrophising a sulky and restive horse, "Va donc, hé, Polignac!" and during the early part of the reign of the Grand Monarque "Mazarin" was equivalent to the refined exclamation, "You ——!"

December 21st.

We learnt in our old schooldays Richelieu had more head than any man of his time. It appears that this is not to be wondered at, considering that several heads have been found appertaining to him. One was buried at the Sorbonne last week. M. Mérimée assures the country he possesses another; and now we are informed that at half-past nine o'clock yesterday there was discovered in the Rue des Boulangers, on a dust-heap, a human skull bearing the following inscription: "This is the true head of Cardinal Richelieu." The *commissaire de police* of the *quartier*—having, I conclude, remarkably little to do during this rainy weather—is going to institute inquiries as to whence this occiput is derived.

December 27th.

I had not the good fortune to be at my favourite haunt, the Hôtel Drouot, the other day, or I might have realised a small sum. A painting of Ingres was sold for nineteen francs. The fortunate purchaser immediately took it to the great artist to know whether he was really its author. The latter acknowleged having painted it in the year 1809, and signed and dated it.

December 28th.

New Year's Day is the speciality of Paris. Strike the *Jour de l'An* from the calendar, and Paris life would resemble a fête without fireworks, a wedding without a breakfast, a *salon* without a "lion," the Italiens without Patti—in fact, the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out. Even we old bachelors, who expect nothing and gain nothing but annoyance by the return of this anniversary, are insensibly drawn into the vortex of excitement and anticipation. Its realisation to us begins at early dawn. From our comfortable slumbers we are aroused to the painful reality by the ceaseless ringing of the bell of our apartment. Our baker's

boy "souhaite la bonne année à monsieur." This pious wish is repeated by our laundress, re-echoed by our water-carrier, by the boy who cleans our boots, by our worst enemy, the *concierge*, and so on, till—our patience and our stock of five-franc pieces being simultaneously exhausted—we seize our hat and stick and hobble off as nimbly as a sharp fit of gout permits us to the restaurant we patronise for breakfast. In the hope of enjoying half an hour of peace we call for our cutlet and bottle of *pomard*. The sempiternal wish for our New Year accompanies the supply of our bodily wants. We throw down our morning paper in disgust, and rush out for a quiet stroll in our accustomed haunts. It occurs to us that a visit to our *coiffeur* would improve our personal appearance. With the first snip of the scissors the fatal words fall on our wearied ears. Do what we will, remain at home or out, from early morn to dewy eve, the self-same phrase rings in our ears. *Que voulez vous?* It is vain to struggle against fate. We have twelve hours of endurance before us. The boulevards, from the Bastille to the Madeleine, are already odious to the Parisian, flanked as they are by wooden sheds, to be presently filled with gingerbread men and chocolate pipes.

An hour ago I met an officer returned but last week from Mexico. I rushed up to him, and, after hurriedly congratulating him on his return, plunged into the question of the day by the inquiry, "Where is Maximilian?" "Ah," he said, pointing to a big frigate in the window of the toy-shop opposite which we had met, "Maxmilian! this is what I am going to give him. He is just four years old, and so grown I hardly recognised him; and as to Marie——" Heavens! I felt if I did not put a speedy stop to this sort of thing I should have the whole family history. "But I am asking for news of the Emperor." "Ah, ah, about the Emperor. Well, I hope he has by this time turned *boursier*." I went on a few yards further, and opposite Tortoni's met the Prefect of V——. I asked him what was the general feeling in his department as to the reorganisation in the army.

"*Parbleu!*" he replied, "the people think what my boy thinks. He will have nothing but a needle gun, and I have just bought this one for his *étrenne*." "It's a fine gun," said I hopelessly, moving on, as I had caught a glimpse of the Baron de R——. "What do you think, Baron, of the Budget?" "Alas," was the answer, "thanks to the approach of the *Jour de l'An*, as great a deficit, allowing for the differences of revenue, exists in my purse as that which M. Fould 'signalises' in the French finances"—and so on. I give it up. I tell you so frankly, for such are the insane replies you receive in Paris to any question bearing on any topic but that of New Year's gifts. The shops are crowded, the streets invaded by cabs tilting at each other in their frantic efforts to get on; the boulevards transformed into a common fair. Paris is a monster bazaar, or pantomime, if you like; amusing, it is true, and one sees the show gratis, which is an advantage. And dolls! they play the prominent part in the comedy. I am credibly informed that real artists model their figures, *modistes* make their bonnets (or whatever you may designate the thing which lies on the top of females' heads at present), shoemakers their *bottines*, glovers their dainty mittens, and jewellers their ornaments. The great *bon-bon* shop in the Rue de la Paix is already surrounded by a perfect mob—the dolls of the year being the City of Paris dressed for the Exhibition, and the Exhibition itself. The headdress of the latter is a sort of Tower of Babel; the robe of white satin bears the escutcheons of all nations broidered on its ample folds; from the waists fall the *oriflammes* of all the people of the earth, the bracelets, necklace, etc., of this marvellous lady being formed of gold and silver medals.

This dreaded anniversary over, we shall be absorbed by the anticipation of the Exhibition. I maintain my original impression — namely, that the building itself is hideous. I am told that the ventilation is faulty, that we shall be stifled for want of air in certain galleries, and blown along by a whirlwind in others. Whether this will

prove true or not I cannot pretend to foretell. There are sixteen subterranean airducts of great size, and to the eye of the ignorant admirably calculated for the purposes of ventilation. Beneath the three circular galleries intended for articles of dress, of furniture, and of fine arts, run likewise three subterranean airducts, the roofs of which are of course pierced by innumerable wooden gratings. Powerful ventilators will propel air into these subterranean passages, and thence by the gratings into the palace; whereas foul air will escape through openings in the roof. The palace will accommodate 25,000 persons at a time in its central part; the ventilators will supply this portion alone with 250,000 cubic metres of air. But it must be remembered that as each nation will erect formidable wooden partitions between it and its neighbours, the air thus propelled will not circulate freely, whereas in open spaces there will be a superabundance of that desirable element. *Nous verrons.* A line of spacious sheds intended for all materials required for architecture, as well as all heavy and cumbrous goods, is finished. One of these sheds is a bakehouse. In another a manufacturer of Mans intends erecting forty bells, whose chimes are continually to sound in our ears, a single one of these said bells weighing 2,500 kilos.—5,600 lbs. English. A kiosk, a chalet for ices, etc.; a washing establishment, to be directed by Madame Charles; a *crèche* for stray infants, on the last approved plan; a manufactory for newly invented dogs' cake, a ceramic garden, and I know not what besides are to fill a certain number of these *hangars.* Whether our intellects will take in the amount of new ideas which we shall imbibe at every step during the coming spring is a question I am not prepared to solve; but I certainly do not envy the luckless wight who will come over in the expectation of "doing" the Exhibition in a day, as I heard gravely discussed as a probability the other day.

December 31st.

1866 makes its exit in a sea of mud. Paris this day is positively detestable. The rain in torrents from above, the yellow liquid from below, combined with the crowded, well-nigh impassable state of the streets and boulevards, would undoubtedly turn the brain of any saint in the calendar, had these worthies but accompanied me this afternoon. Carriages! this day their name is legion. All the ministers hold *levées* to-day. The Prefect of the Seine and the city authorities have had a hard time of it. In the State carriages belonging to the city these functionaries have been driven from one *ministère* to another, in order to wish long lives (in office), health, and happiness to all their Excellencies. Half Paris, moreover, is driving about on similar errands in uniform—all the staffs of the various *ministères* enjoying this privilege, if it please them to indulge in it, of breaking out in blue cloth, either embroidered in gold or silver according to their rank. This custom is by no means compulsory, even on *levée* day; but as the young and unmarried attachés like to appear at court balls, they gladly avail themselves of the right of sporting an official costume. Next to having to provide *étrennes* for all belonging to you, the bore of the day is having to direct countless envelopes for one's cards, and despatch them by post to every individual with whom you may have exchanged ideas during the past years of your residence in Paris. "Sending out cards, *quelle corvée!*" (What a bore!), exclaimed M. X——. "But, my dear sir, if you wish to have friends at your wedding or at your funeral, you must keep up acquaintances," replied M. G——. The argument, I admit, is unanswerable; and seriously I believe it to be the motive of several thousand cards being exchanged to-morrow. The more crowded a church is, either for a marriage or a funeral, the happier the families concerned in the event feel. After all, the exchange of cards has *son bon côté*, as the French

say. A coldness has arisen between old friends; they have not met for months; the old custom gives them an opportunity of burying fancied or real slights in the tomb of the vanished year, and of meeting again as jolly as ever.

January 2nd, 1867.

The Marquis de la Rochejaquelin, whose death I record, represented a gallant race of heroes. His ancestor, Aymerie du Vergier, died during the crusade of 1248. His family arms bear two mottoes: "Si j'avance suivez moi—se je recule, tuez moi—si je meurs vengez moi"; the second, "Vendée! Bordeaux! Vendée!" A Marquis de la Rochejaquelin died in 1802 of wounds received while fighting in St. Domingo. Henri, his son, organised the insurrection of La Vendée and fell mortally wounded at the head of his gallant followers in 1794. His heroic wife accompanied him on horseback throughout the campaign, and was by his side when he received his death wound. Their son Louis organised the second Vendéan insurrection in 1813, and in June, 1815, was shot through the heart in a skirmish. The late peer who expired yesterday was the eldest son of this Marquis. During the July monarchy he remained true to his principles, and lived in retirement. On the morning of the 2nd December (*coup d'état*) the Marquis, who was deputy for Marbehan, happened to be the first who presented himself at the Palace of the Legislative Assembly. A cordon of infantry from the Courbevoie Barracks was drawn round the building—all entrance was impossible. The Marquis, after vainly addressing the troops, asked to see the general in command, who happened to be a friend of his. M. de Rochejaquelin harangued him with the eloquence for which he is well known, talked about *honneur*, *patrie*, duty, etc., etc. The general listened, and then said, "My dear friend, you speak remarkably well, but I can only reply as did the first sentinel you met—*on ne passe pas!* Go home and calm yourself."

The Marquis went home. He calmed himself, and two months later was senator of the new French Empire!

January 2nd.

Since the days of the Regency there has never been so much gambling at cards as there is going on at clubs, *cafés*, and private houses. The subject has attracted the attention of the Government, and the Minister of the Interior is said to be engaged in preparing a decree, which it is hoped may arrest the progress of this mighty evil. Kalil Bey is one of the most imperturbable of the card-players of the *grand monde*. He loses with the same impassible countenance with which he wins fabulous sums, and reminds one of the celebrated Marquis de Bacqueville, who, whilst at the opera, having been informed that his house was on fire, quietly desired the messenger to inform his wife, who was in the opposite box, as it was an *affaire de ménage*—a household affair—in fact, no concern of his. It appears that last autumn the Countess de C——, a fair and celebrated gambler, on being presented to the Pope, received from His Holiness a sharp reprimand on the subject. She solemnly promised Pius IX. that she would never again sit at a gambling-table, and kept her word, till a few nights ago, when, on being deeply engaged in *écarté*, was reminded of the pledge she had taken at the Vatican. "I have not broken my word," replied the fair Countess; "do you not perceive that I am standing?"

January 13th.

The Hôtel Drouot was literally besieged yesterday by curiosity collectors; the object of attraction being a note-case, 103 millimetres long by 81 in width. Its mounting of red and gold represents a wreath of laurel and lily leaves, and forms the setting to a miniature on ivory of Queen Antoinette on one side, and the Comtesse d'Artois (wife of Charles X.), and of her two children, the Duke of Angoulême and Duke of Berry, on the other. The Queen is represented in a robe

of sky-blue satin, richly trimmed with point lace. A white ostrich plume and blue ribbon forms her *coiffure*, and her hair is powdered; her right arm rests on the back of her chair, while her left holds a scroll of music. On the table, covered by a red velvet cover, is a vase of flowers, an inkstand, and some books; a harp and a green velvet curtain form the background. The portraits of the Comtesse d'Artois and her children are inferior in execution to that of the Queen. The note-case still contains the almanac of 1781. On one of the leaves is inscribed, "Given to the Marquise de Coumont, governess to the children of M. le Comte d'Artois, by Queen Marie Antoinette, 15th July, 1781." As an *objet d'art*, the casket is comparatively of no value, yet the interest attached to every souvenir of the decapitated Queen is so great that it was put up at 5,000 francs, and adjudged to M. Laurence de Lenain, for an illustrious lady, at the enormous sum of 9,000 francs.

The *Vogue Parisienne* gives the following details of the system by which La Diva Patti learns a new opera. Her brother-in-law is her master. Wherever she resides a piano is always placed in a room next to the private apartment, so that every note played on it can he heard by her. When a new *partition* is to be learnt by her, her brother-in-law, without warning her beforehand, plays whatever air he thinks likely to please her; and, as though he were only playing for his own amusement, recommences the same air three or four times. Adelina's voice is soon heard in the next room, as if it were echoing the *motif*. The professor continues, and, perhaps, sings the tenor, while he plays soprano on the piano. This seldom lasts many minutes. The door of the drawing-room is opened by Patti—singing all the while; she takes her brother-in-law's place at the piano, and now thoroughly excited, studies the *partition* with all the ardour of her artist nature. In two days Adelina knows the music as well as the libretto of the whole opera, and performs her part in it in Italian within a week of having received the score, with what triumphant success I need not relate.

An extraordinary drama was acted last week—on a very different stage, however, than that of the aristocratic Italiens. The scene of action was a booth at a village fair in the environs of Lyons. The *impressario* of a mimic theatre possessed a huge monkey of the cyno-cephalus tribe, which species are remarkable for their ferocity. The beast was kept in a strong iron cage, through the bars of which, however, he often succeeded in tearing the clothes of any unwary passer-by. The only being who had any control over him was the manager's daughter. The day after the fair the proprietors of the ambulatory menagerie, having made a good thing of the show, were preparing to move on to the next village, and, having fed their animals, had gone to the neighbouring tavern for their own dinner, when Monsieur Bertrand (the cyno-cephale), whose *déjeuner* had by no means pleased his gastronomic tastes, managed to shake open the door of his prison and escape to the provision waggon, where he was found regaling in the midst of plenty by the returned family. His master, unfortunately, seized a whip, and threatened the animal, who, before receiving a blow, flew at him, threw him on his back, and tearing out his flesh, was crunching the bones of his arm, when the shrieks of his wretched victim attracted the whole *personnel* of the menagerie, but no one among them dared to approach the beast. Suddenly the unfortunate man's daughter was inspired with an idea. She dragged a clown behind the bars of the open cage, opposite the open door, and told him to kiss her. "Again—again, and louder!" she cried. On the sound of this salutation, the monkey, jealous, as many animals are (he could not endure any mark of affection bestowed on anything but himself), howling with rage, turned round, and, believing them to be in the cage, dashed into it in order to fly at the clown. Needless to add, the door was instantly closed and barred. The poor girl thus saved her father's life; but he has already suffered the amputation of his arm, and is in a dangerous state.

January 15th.

I hear that the charming biographer and last representative of the Jurists, Victor Cousin, died yesterday at Cannes, where his delicate health compelled him to spend several winters. Victor Cousin had hesitated, however, to follow his usual habit, knowing that he would miss the genial society of his old friend, Lord Brougham, and first went to Pau, but only reached his favourite orange groves in time to inhale their perfume and die. M. Cousin was of humble origin, but rose by his distinguished talent and industry to the rank of Councillor of State, peer of France, and Minister of Public Instruction during Louis Philippe's reign. His biographies of the Duchess of Longueville, Condé's heroic sister, of Madame de Labé, of Madame d'Hautefort, etc., have thrown a flood of light on the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while the extraordinary purity and correctness of their style have done much towards improving the literature of the present day. His rooms at the Sorbonne were the only appurtenances which remained to Victor Cousin of his official rank. The walls of his *salon* there were literally covered with works, each of which any bibliophile would have purchased at its weight in gold. He possessed twelve editions of Plato, thirty-one of Horace, twenty-seven Elzevirs, and every memoir and work published during the reign of Louis XIV. In most instances these volumes had belonged either to royal personages of his time (and bore their escutcheons), or to Richelieu, Mazarin, and other celebrities of the grand *siècle*. M. Cousin was at home daily between twelve and one ; at this hour M. Thiers, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Prévost-Paradol, Taine, and Ponsard met frequently, up to the day he quitted Paris. During the Monarchy, Comte de Montalembert, Duc Pasquier, Comte Mole, and Duc and Prince de Broglie were among his constant visitors. He died faithful to his classic studies, to his disinterested respect for the Orleanist dynasty, and to the philosophy, whose time he had outlived.

January 16th.

A certain feeling of alarm prevails in the mind of the public, owing to the frequency with which disappearances have of late occurred in Paris. A writer of much talent, and one of the best contributors to *La Presse*, M. Pierre Baragnon, publishes in that paper a most interesting and sensational article on the subject, urging on the Government the necessity of watching somewhat more carefully over the lives and safety of its subjects, and requesting especially the Prefect of Police to bestow upon the honourable and honest part of the Paris population the same surveillance and paternal care he does upon malefactors. M. Baragnon's revelations as to what has been lately going on in Paris read like a novel of the Middle Ages. One would really fancy in perusing this paper that we were living in the good old times, when Lutetia was intersected by narrow and muddy lanes, when the streets were lit by lanterns, when people were in the habit of being attacked by masked robbers, thrown into the Seine, or plunged into *oubliettes*.

Among the startling facts brought forward by M. Baragnon to prove that he is not exaggerating the state of things, allow me to reproduce the following, which occurred during the last few months. Madame X——, twenty-three years of age, beautiful, and strictly virtuous, arrived in Paris with an elder sister, for the education of her three children. Her husband, a wealthy New York merchant, sanctioned and approved of this. Madame X—— took an apartment in the Champs Elysées, devoted herself to the care of her little boys, attended church regularly, occasionally in company with her sister, at a convent at Auteuil, and, in fact, led a most exemplary life. One morning at eight o'clock she summoned her maid, dressed hurriedly, appeared unusually agitated, and explained to her servants that she had an early

visit to pay. Madame X—— did not communicate with her sister before quitting the house, which she left, alas! never to return. On the sad tidings reaching her husband, he instantly left New York, and has been in Paris for some weeks, during which time he has spared neither money nor efforts to discover some trace of his beloved and beautiful wife. But one thing is certain—that not the slightest blemish can be attached to her disappearance. Her life was blameless, and her attachment to her husband and children undoubted. The French police, by means of the *appareil Casselli*, as M. Baragnon justly remarks, send the facsimile of the handwriting and details of the features and appearance of a common bandit to the four quarters of the globe. *A quoi bon?* The Director-General of the telegraphic lines lost his *chef de cabinet* three months ago in a similar mysterious manner, and, although that period has elapsed, neither friends nor telegraphic wires have elucidated the mystery. M. S—— was a man between thirty-eight and forty, belonging to an excellent family, to which he was much attached, extremely fond of the study of botany, and of all home occupations. He attained the position of inspector, and had every prospect of rising in his profession. One afternoon at five o'clock precisely, M. S——, who appeared very much preoccupied, entered his office, and, having summoned his secretary, said to him, "My dearest friend, I am obliged to absent myself for the next twenty-four hours on private business." The secretary naturally replied, "Very well, sir; what am I to do?" "Go on with the work as usual, and should the Director-General send for me, say I shall return to-morrow afternoon." M. S—— had received his monthly payment of £25 that morning, and had immediately paid a bill he owed amounting to £10. On quitting his office he had walked home, desired his *concierge* to call a carriage, walked up to his room, left some money on the chimney-piece, made some slight change in his dress, and got into the cab, giving directions to the driver in a low tone of voice. From that hour to the present moment neither M. S——, cab, or cab-

man has been discovered. M. Baragnon expresses anxiety lest the great Exhibition should attract to this city a fresh influx of pickpockets and cut-throats from all quarters of the globe. He naturally inquires what is to be done to remedy this state of things. The whole responsibility must naturally fall on police agents, and to them appertains the duty of protecting the inhabitants of Paris from such mysterious attacks. Moreover, M. Baragnon advises every visitor to this capital to conform themselves to the following rules of conduct: To beware of anonymous letters, and send them at once to the Commissaire of the *Quartier* they inhabit; to beware of mysterious rendezvous; to walk at night in the middle of any narrow street or passage their business may lead them by; and, finally, never to go out at night without a whistle, which, of course, will at once attract the attention of the police.

January 24th.

I have to relate the following strange transaction between Madame la Duchesse de Persigny and her seamstress, or rather tailor, the celebrated M. Maugas, who is a personage of European reputation, and only admits crowned heads, together with dukes and a few marquises, to the honour of being his customers. It appears that at the end of last winter M. Maugas sent the Duchess the following bill:—

"M. A. Maugas, Robes et Manteaux de Cour, furnished to Madame la Duchesse de Persigny. January, 1866—Dress of white silk shot with gold, trimmed with white satin, chemisette and sleeves of Valenciennes, 800 f. (£36); February—Ball dress of chestnut and silver tulle, trimmed with blue and silver butterflies over silk skirt, 1,200 f. (£48); flounced chestnut satin, tulle and silver, and blue butterflies, 350 f. (£14); March—Black silk dress, trimmed with jet and watered ribbon, 700 f. (£28); total, 3,050 f.

The season over, the Duchess left Paris for the country.

M. Maugas had previously sent in his bill several times, and at last wrote to the Duchess to say that on presenting himself at her house he had been referred to M. Desnoyers, the Duke's agent, who, to his infinite amazement, had offered him 2,500 f. (£100) instead of 3,050 f. He supposed some mistake had occurred. The dresses in question were certainly not cheap, but they were of a style which involved considerable outlay. A fortnight later M. Maugas wrote a second time to remind the Duchess that she had made no terms when ordering the goods, and had merely desired that they should be as perfect as possible, which her grace admitted them to have been ; that, although it was by no means the habit of his establishment to have recourse to the strong arm of the law, if he did not receive the money due to him he would not shrink from this unpleasant alternative. In reply to this declaration of war *à l'outrance*, M. Desnoyers wrote a most insolent letter to Maugas, the chief accusation therein being that if his customers did not agree beforehand as to the terms on which he undertook to equip them for conquest, it was evident he took advantage of their confiding natures to charge double what was his due. M. Desnoyers may be right, but the tone of his letter was familiar and sneering. The affair was brought before the Courts yesterday. M. Beaulieu pleaded for Maugas ; he opened the case by producing bills of every sovereign house in Europe, entering into minute details as to dresses supplied to every empress, queen, and princess in the *Almanach de Gotha*, thereby proving that in comparison to the price supplied to these high and mighty personages, the Duchess's attire was absurdly cheap. Why, one of the queens on his books had just paid 3,400 f. (£132) for a mere dinner dress ; another, an empress, I believe, 3,800 f. ; and so on ; and as to Princess Dagmar, the wife of the Cæsarewitch, her last dress cost 7,000 f. (£280). The counsel for the Duchess pleaded in her defence that she had agreed to a sort of tariff, by which her robes were to cost 700 f. all round. The court has referred the affair to the *expertise* of Madame La

Ferrière, before whom the blue butterfly and brown tulle, etc., attire is to be laid, and on her decision as to its intrinsic value this curious case will be decided.

January 25th.

Prince Narishkine is looking out for a house, but as yet he has failed in his search—one of the *sine quâ nons* he insists upon being that he should have eight *salons en suite.* Meanwhile the Prince has taken a villa near the Bois de Boulogne, where he was dining a few days ago with his friend and countryman the Prince ——. At dessert Prince Narishkine remarked on the beauty of the fruit basket, and asked his host if he cared about it. "Not in the least," was the reply. "Will you let me have it for such and such a sum?" "My plate room would not be worth seeing if I parted with it, for that is the best thing it contains." "I will buy the room also." "Very well," replied the host. "And the *hôtel* besides," added Prince Narishkine. "With all my heart." "And the cellar?" "*Soit.*" "And the stables?" "Certainly." "And the carriages and horses?" "Yes." "And what will you give me for all?" "Four hundred thousand francs." "All right; done." "But on one condition," said Prince Narishkine; "that I sleep here to-night, and that you leave here after dinner." The Prince replied that the clause was so *spirituellement excentrique* that he would agree to it likewise. The 400,000 f. were laid on the dessert table, partly in notes and partly in gold. The recent host rang the bell, gave orders to his groom of his chambers to pack up his wardrobe. Prince Narishkine accompanied his friend and guest to the door of a carriage which he graciously lent to him who an hour before had been its possessor; and thus Prince Narishkine became the host of the Villa Ranelagh.

February 1st.

The tribune which has just been re-established at the Corps Législatif is the original one, and its history is most curious. It belonged formerly to the Salles des Cinq Cents; the *bas reliefs* with which it is adorned belong to that period, and consist of two female figures, one of which represents History in the act of writing, and the other Fame sounding a trumpet. The double faces of Janus may be seen beneath these *bas relievos*, one looking at the fact as typified by History, and the other looking at the future, which is Fame, the whole surmounted by Liberty. On the 18th Brumaire this tribune was concealed in a cellar of the Legislative Palace; yet care had been taken to number each block of marble, of which it is composed, so that when parliamentary debates again were the order of the day the marble blocks were simply rearranged in their primitive order. Under the July Monarchy this tribune was placed in the present Legislative Chamber, where it remained till 1852, when it was again taken to pieces and replaced in the vaults of the palace, each piece, as formerly, being carefully numbered. The blocks of marble have been fifteen years again resting from the fatigue of supporting the weight of eloquence which has emanated from the orators of France, and now, owing to the intercession and liberal ideas of M. de Walewski, are once more to emerge into the political arena of the Second Empire. The tribune is reached by an ascent of six steps, and it was in this tribune that the well-known scene occurred within a few months of the fall of the Orleanist Dynasty, when Guizot, who was then speaking on a question of vital importance, uttered the following words to several members who were scrambling up the steps to endeavour to interrupt his speech: "Montez, messieurs, montez; vous n'arriverez jamais jusqu'à la hauteur de mon mépris!"

February 5th.

A curious scene occurred the other day in one of the great *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain. The Duke de G—— gave a splendid concert, to which he invited His Eminence the Papal Nuncio and his secretary. Both dignitaries accepted the invitation, but on entering the *salon* were somewhat surprised at the evident astonishment their appearance created. Their surprise increased when they remarked the Duchess of G—— (who, as lady of the house, advanced to receive them) appeared extremely embarrassed. The enigma, however, was quickly solved. The *diva* selected to entertain the noble company proved to be the *chanteuse* of the Eldorado, Theresa. Both prelates, on being made aware of this, instantly quitted the Duke's house. As has been justly remarked, the circumstance is a sign of the times. The representative of the head of the Church is invited to a private party, and the person selected to entertain him is a woman whom even the sterner sex blush to listen to.

February 6th.

Princess Wolowski gave a grand dinner last week to a party of *gourmets*. Conversation turned on the delicacies of former days which have gone out of fashion. A veteran *gourmet* recalled the *pâté de rouge gorges* (robin-redbreasts), of which the Marquise de Créqui writes in her *spirituel* memoirs. The Cardinal de Grèves was so fond of robin-redbreast pie that he never travelled without one. On one occasion the Cardinal was waylaid by the prince of highwaymen, Cartouche, who treated him with the utmost politeness, merely "annexing" his pastoral cross and ring, ten louis, two bottles of Tokay, and his robin-redbreast *pâté*. Cartouche took off his hat to his secretary, and said he was *trop gentil* to be robbed. "Well," said the Cardinal, "if you let my secretary off so easily you ought, at least, to give us back our pie and one bottle of Tokay." "Ah!" sighed the highwayman, "it looks

too good to give it up; but if Your Eminence will sit down and share it with us, I shall be delighted to be your host." The Cardinal was scandalised, but love of robin-redbreast *pâté* overcame his scruples, and he and his secretary accepted the proffered hospitality. Princess Wolowski has promised a *pâté de rouge gorges* to her friends at their next meeting.

February 20th.

When Her Majesty the Empress visited Nancy last autumn, where embroidery or muslin is the special occupation of the peasantry, she ordered several dresses to be put in hand for her own use, one of which has been completed and sent to the Tuileries. The design consists in a broad ribbon of open work thrown carelessly around scattered lilacs, heartsease, and all the symbolic flowers, the *fond* of the dress consisting in a marvellous variety of minute flowers, which diminish in size towards the upper part of the skirt. The value of this *chef d'œuvre* of hand labour is £50. M. Horrer, from whose embroidered muslin factory it has issued, considers it the best specimen ever produced by French embroideresses. The description of this dress reminds me of an amusing fact which occurred at the time of the Emperor and Empress's visit to Switzerland, when it had been the intention of Her Majesty to ascend Mont Blanc. Her Majesty expressed a wish to have some Scotch travelling dresses, such as she had seen during her visit to the Highlands. The Minister of Foreign Affairs undertook the commission, and sent the order at once to the French Consul at Edinburgh, who replied that in ten days the box would reach the French Embassy in London. The given delay elapsed, but no tidings of the costumes reached Paris. His Excellency telegraphed to the French Ambassador, who in his turn telegraphed to the Consul at Edinburgh, and received the following reply: "The boxes have not yet arrived." "What boxes?" was telegraphed back from the French Embassy. "Why, the boxes containing the costumes ordered from Paris." The Scotch

costumes the Empress had admired had come from Paris, and none such were to be had in Edinburgh, or had ever been made in that capital.

February 25th.

A curious autograph, unique of its kind, has been discovered by M. Philarète Chasles, *Conservator* of the Mazarin Library, and Lecturer at the College of France. M. Chasles, in searching among the treasures of this library, has been fortunate enough to find a copy of Euripides of the Sixteenth Century (edition Plantin), on the fly-leaf of which are inscribed the names of Marshal d'Ancre, the husband of Marie de Medici's friend, who himself was murdered within the walls of the Louvre, by order of Louis XIII., whilst his wife was condemned to death as a sorceress. The Marshal's names appear to have been Cosme Antoine Baptiste Concini; the Greek words "Kleina palaion" are written beneath the names in the same ink, whilst on the reverse side of the page are several passages from the works of Euripides, translated into Latin, and probably the ambitious courtier applied these to himself. This is the first time the Marshal's exact names have been discovered. The *écrou* of his wife and the details of her horrible death are to be found in the registers of the *conciergerie.*

March 4th.

I have just witnessed a disgraceful sight. A funeral ceremony had just terminated at the Madeleine; the coffin was to be seen, surrounded by the relatives of the deceased, issuing from the grand entrance, when suddenly several hundred persons rushed up the broad *perron*, and occupied the magnificent flight of steps leading to the entrance of the church, in order to secure a good view of the Bœuf Gras, which presently came by, preceded by the usual *masques*, blowing squealing trumpets, shouting, grimacing, and dancing; and these *carnivalesque* antics cease not in the presence of death. The French are generally remarkable for

the respect with which they treat the dead. The coffin of a pauper, carried along on a mere hand-cart, is saluted by every passer-by, whatever be his rank, and the man who does not raise his hat as the dead pass is considered as a regular brute. But the carnival, with its heathenish mysteries, appears to deaden every natural feeling, and the people allow themselves to be stultified to all sense of decency. This year the chief feature of the procession consists of a lofty car, bearing a colossal model of the genius of France, rising over a globe of gold, and inviting the nations of the earth to the Great Exhibition. The figure is remarkably well executed. The car was filled by persons of both sexes, attired in the costumes of Asia, Africa, and America. Twelve giants, ten feet in height, representing the inhabitants of different portions of Europe, follow this triumphal car. Yesterday the procession paid its visit to the Tuileries, and, according to ancient tradition, their Majesties and the Prince Imperial appeared on the balcony of the Cour de l'Horloge, and were enthusiastically cheered. Her Majesty wore a cloak of Algerian gold tissue, and a bonnet of pale blue crape.

The most brilliant *fête* as yet given this season has been the *bal-costumé* at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*. The Marquise de Moustier put aside her Legitimist exclusion, and did the honours to the Imperialist guests with all the grace and cordiality of a *grande dame* of the olden times. Their Majesties were present, in domino, and remained to a late hour, but were not recognised by any of the guests. Prince Napoleon wore a Venetian cloak, and appeared unmasked. To describe the brilliant costumes of the beauty of the fair *débutantes*, whose first appearance in the great world has been postponed till this long-expected *fête* came off, is simply impossible. There was a greater number of dominoes than is usual on these occasions. The truth is, the irresistible love of amusement inborn in every French woman at times conquers vanity, and induces them to lay aside the temptation of attracting admiration by a brilliant toilet for the sake of indulging in witty repartees and malicious remarks, by

which the freedom of a domino enables them to disturb the peace of mind of their dearest friend. This somewhat cruel sport is the delight of every French *femme de monde*, and as *bal-costumés* are rare events in the annals of the season, they improve the occasion when it presents itself.

March 6th.

The *Mois Agricole* of this month contains an interesting account of the Trappist Model Farm, founded by the monks of Staüeli, near the village of Cheragas, in Algeria, celebrated for the variety of odoriferous plants which grow wild in the neighbourhood. Marshal Bugeaud granted the Trappists 1,200 hectares of land in 1843. Two years afterwards a sum of 300,000 f. (£12,000) was spent on the buildings of the monastery, which are not yet finished, although £20,000 has been expended on them. The stock of animals on the farm is magnificent. The Trappists have cows which yield sixteen quarts of milk per day, which is an enormous quantity in Algeria, where the native cows do not yield as much as a goat in France. Besides milch cows, there are 50 head of black cattle, 400 sheep, and as many pigs on the farm. Another farm produce is 600 kilos. of honey, produced annually. They require more land, however, as they have not sufficient for cereal crops. There are 108 monks, of which 22 belong to the choir, and 10 are priests. Twenty ordinary workmen are regularly employed at the convent, besides any poor infirm people, or convalescents recently discharged from hospital, who may ask for a day's work. None are ever refused. When the Emperor visited Algeria, he wished to visit Staüeli. He was received by the Superior, mitre on head, at the threshold of the monastery, who invited him to luncheon. During this repast the Abbé desired that the table should be served with the dishes which compose the ordinary fare of the Trappist brothers—that is, vegetables boiled in water and without any seasoning. "The rules of our order prevent us taking any other species of food; but our monks are so much in the habit of living on these simple

dishes that they do not perceive the want of seasoning." "Have you tasted them, monseigneur?" inquired the Emperor, turning to the Bishop of Algiers, who was next to him. "Yes, sire," replied his lordship, "I tasted them once, and it was quite enough." The Emperor was not a little surprised to hear that there were a dozen old soldiers of the Garde Impériale among the monks of Staüeli. He spoke most kindly to one of them, who had been selected to be his guide. "Are you pleased with your life at La Trappe?" "Very much pleased, sire." The Emperor appeared surprised, but he was still more amused when he heard of the conversation one of them had had with General Fleury, who was the colonel of the regiment in which he served. "What put it into your head," inquired the General, "to turn Trappist? I did not know that a regiment of Guards was a preparation for the cloister. I certainly never suggested the idea to you." "I beg your pardon, General, it was you." "I! How is that?" "You taught me discipline, so that of the convent did not appear too severe for me." The General laughed heartily, and said he had never dreamt of being master of novices.

March 7th.

An amusing adventure occurred to a foreign gentleman who received an invitation to the State Ball, which took place last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Being a stranger, he naturally inquired whether any particular dress was required on these occasions, when he was informed that he must appear *en uniforme*, which expression does not alone imply military, naval, or civil costume, but likewise signifies court dress. The gentleman, however, not aware of this, proceeded to a tailor on the Boulevards, and, seeing a splendid suit of blue, magnificently embroidered with gold, thought he could not do better than order a similar suit wherein to make his appearance at the ball. On his arrival at the palace he was much gratified by the respect with which he was received, and not a little flattered by being ushered into

the presence of their Majesties by the private *entrée*, crowded at that moment by several personages whose dress was similar to his own. He remarked that several of them looked at him with some surprise, and evidently inquired among each other who he was; but seeing that they all looked gentlemen and persons of a certain age, he innocently congratulated himself on having done the right thing. A few moments, however, had scarcely elapsed when an official, in a gorgeous scarlet and gold uniform, came up to him, and in a somewhat peremptory tone requested him to follow him into the next room. When beyond earshot of the company he perceived that the said dignitary had summoned two gentlemen in black, one of whom inquired his name and address, and by what means he had entered the palace. Nothing was easier to reply to than the said queries. "If your statements be true, why disguise yourself as a senator?" Writing of balls reminds one of the Duke d'Ossuna's ball at St. Petersburg last week, of which Madame de —— obligingly read a description at her reception of yesterday. The Duke is the wealthiest man in Europe; his property extends from Cadiz to Trim. He is Spanish Ambassador to Russia, but his salary is distributed among the poor at Madrid by his agent, an ex-Minister. He wished to give a ball last week at his Embassy, but nothing the Russian capital could produce was considered worthy in his idea of appearing at the party. The Duke telegraphed to Paris for 100 footmen, 200 *maîtres d'hôtel*, and engaged 300 *moujicks* to work under these higher functionaries. On the ball night 100 horsemen and 150 of his private guard did duty outside the Embassy. This little party cost 80,000 f., of which 10,000 f. were spent in roses, violets, and camellias. A rival millionaire, the Marquis of Hertford, has just given M. Miellet 45,000 f. (£1,800) for a clock in buhl, the works of which are considered as *chefs d'œuvre* of workmanship.

March 11th.

It appears from the following anecdote that the Prince Imperial is kept in remarkably good order by his tutors. He was taking his riding lessons the other day; the child rode round the ring leaning to the off side of his pony instead of towards the centre of the circle. His equerry, M. Bachon, desired him to ride as usual. The Prince paid no attention. "Monseigneur," said M. Bachon, "I beg of you to ride in your proper position, otherwise I shall have to take you off your pony." The child did not seem to hear. M. Bachon went up to him, stopped the pony, and quietly lifted the Prince off his saddle. Monseigneur coolly lay flat down on the sand, and there he stayed. M. Bachon told him that if he did not get up he would make the pony walk over him. Upon this he got up, and was very obedient during the rest of the lesson. However, the Emperor came into the school just as the scene was nearly over. As soon as the child saw his father—"Papa, Bachon forced me to ——" "What! You say Bachon?" "Yes, papa; Bachon." "Say Monsieur Bachon," replied the Emperor. The child did not utter another word. The Emperor, on hearing from the equerry what had happened, informed his son that M. Bachon had been perfectly right, and had acted in accordance with his express orders. Next day the Prince was out riding, and suddenly stopped his horse and said, "M. Bachon, will you allow me to call you 'Bachon' when we are alone?" "No, monseigneur; your father forbid you to do so." "Yes, but when we are quite alone nobody will know anything about it." "Well, yes; but only when we are quite alone."

March 13th.

Gratitude and generosity are certainly not the distinctive features of the French character. Here is a man, a poet, a romance writer, a statesman, too, who in 1848 saved the

country from anarchy—his name Lamartine, and that name known from one end of the globe to the other. Not only is it synonymous with poetry of the highest order, but it speaks of earnest faith, of honesty of purpose, and of undaunted courage. Lamartine is now seventy-six years of age, and lives in a miserable abode in the Rue Cambacérès; he works day and night, with the hope of preventing his rapacious creditors from seizing, acre by acre, wall by wall, the antique manor of St. Point, where his ancestors are buried, which estate the old man clings to with the tenacity of age and old associations. To preserve this remnant of the family property, the poor writer works out his brains, but at seventy-six it is no longer easy to write; age has well-nigh frozen the sources of thought, which no longer flow on with the clearness and rapidity of twenty or even ten years ago. The Emperor asks France to give the author of *Jocelyn*, the poet of France, the statesman who in '48 assuaged the worst passions of an infuriated mob, a national testimonial. Surely this is but common justice! Yet there is not a newspaper, whether city or provincial, whose columns do not teem with violent invectives at this act of generosity, and who do not abuse the illustrious poet whom it is their good pleasure to represent as a common beggar, constantly asking for alms. It is scarcely worthy of a great nation thus to grudge a reward to one of its greatest names. In 1848 Lamartine stood at the helm of government, calm, collected, and fearless, while the angry surges of a turgid ocean of revolutionists roared around him. Who can read without a thrill of horror, and then a glow of admiration, his encounter with the deputy Lagrange? This maniac, whom the events of February, 1848, had literally deprived of his reason, rushed up to his colleague and demanded not only proscription, but the guillotine. "You shall have neither," calmly replied Lamartine. "You refuse to concede proscription—then die!" shouted the deputy, drawing a couple of loaded pistols from his breast-pocket. "Your demands will not be granted, and

you dare not fire at me," quietly responded the poet-statesman, as he stared at Lagrange, who was howling like a wild beast, actually tearing his clothes and the very flesh from his bones in his mad excitement. I need not remind you that during the nefarious year 1848 Lamartine proved to the world that he had as much courage in his soul as poetry in his heart. In the presence of the fatal red flag and of the revolutionary mob the orator neither evinced weakness nor fear. "Citizens," he exclaimed, as he addressed the infuriated multitude from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, "that red flag which you are now promenading about the streets of Paris has only been round the Champ de Mars, dabbled in the blood of the people; whilst the tricolour standard has gone round the world carrying within its folds the name, the glory, and the liberty of our country." It is right to recall these noble and patriotic words at a moment when France, stultified by egotism, makes such a fuss about granting the paltry sum of £16,000 sterling to the aged poet, patriot, and statesman. Be it furthermore remembered that Lamartine sacrificed a magnificent fortune, broke up a splendid establishment, and dismissed a host of family retainers, in his devotion to his faith. On a wild and raging sea of furious men he poured the oil of his wondrous eloquence, until the surging elements of fratricidal war melted away in peace. That Lamartine has been reckless, over-generous, and a spendthrift, no one can deny; but he was led away by a good heart and a generous spirit. "I am dying of hunger," wrote one day to him a gentleman who has since become a great personage. "Well," replied Lamartine, "here are five hundred francs; forgive me if the sum is so trifling." Dargaud, one of his most attached friends, perfectly maddened by seeing him perpetually the victim of intriguing applicants, one day made his appearance at the little house, Rue Cambacérès, which the poet still inhabits, and said, "Give me all the keys. I intend to remain here as factotum; and I shall keep the money." Next morning Dargaud went out, taking the keys of the secretaire with him. During his short

absence a lady, in the habit of collecting for the poor of Madeleine, rang and explained the object of her visit. Madame de Lamartine ordered the servants to break open the secretaire, and, taking 800 f., which were there in bank-notes, slipped them into the aristocratic hand of Madame la Quêteuse. Her husband looked at her with a smile on his lips, and played with his spaniels. That day there was not a franc in the house to buy dinner with. I am told that the allocation of £16,000 proposed by the Emperor will meet with as much opposition in the Chambers as it has met with in the Press. One deputy, alluding to M. de Lamartine's line of conduct during the Revolution of 1848, went so far as to say, "He is an incendiary who became a fireman in order to extinguish the very fire which he himself had kindled."

March 22nd.

To give an idea of the weather we have had, and of its results, I need only say that the day before yesterday the Emperor, who started from the Tuileries in his waggonette (which he drives himself), attended by General Fleury, went to the Exhibition, and found the circulation quite interrupted by carts, waggons, a perfect sea of mud, and small mountains of stones. The Emperor gave it up, and next tried the Rue St. Dominique. The case was yet more hopeless. The street is cut up, and reminds one of the descriptions one has read of towns in a state of siege. His Majesty had nothing for it but to turn his horses' heads and try the Avenue de la Motte Piquet. This was rather worse than the two preceding means of access. Unaccustomed to allow himself to be conquered by difficulties, he drove off in the direction of the Rue de Grenelle, but at the corner of the Rue de la Comète, his waggonette was well-nigh upset against a perfect barricade of stones, scaffolding, and every sort and kind of impediment against progress. The Emperor laughed heartily at his disasters; he got down (leaving his

whip in the carriage), discussed the state of things with some of the householders who happened to be standing at their doors, listened to the complaints of the injuries they had sustained in consequence of the carelessness of the municipal authorities, and, after hearing all they had to say, got into the waggonette again and drove home to the Tuileries. This morning, by six o'clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Grenelle were not a little amazed to see a regiment, not of soldiers, but of five hundred workmen, pickaxe and shovel in hand, take possession of their street. In a few hours the street was as clear as the Rue de la Paix, and in the afternoon His Majesty might have been seen driving his waggonette again, attended by General Fleury, along the Rue de Grenelle, loudly cheered by groups of its inhabitants, as well they might. There is nothing in this world like seeing after things oneself, as the Emperor appears to think. His son is better, and we hope the result of the last operation will complete his recovery.

April 25th.

The Exhibition of the Champ de Mars is not the only one in Paris at this moment which attracts the curiosity of visitors. The lilliputian ship, the *Red, White and Blue* is now at the Pompeiian Palace, Avenue Marigny, in charge of Captain John Hudson and his companion M. Franck, who give most interesting details of their miraculous voyage across the Atlantic in a cockle-shell of two tons and a half. It is an iron boat, its mast and rigging exactly the same as those of a frigate, each detail being in perfect proportion. When one sees the tiny boat, one can scarcely credit the fact that two men in full possession of their senses could have started on so mad an enterprise. It has been repaired and repainted, and now presents the coquettish appearance of a pleasure-boat. Captain Hudson not intending to return to America in the same hazardous manner, the city of Paris will probably purchase the *Red, White and Blue* for the Musée de

Marine. Meanwhile, the fairy craft must be removed from the Pompeiian Palace, seeing that the palace is about to be transformed into a travellers' club, an establishment much wanted in this gay metropolis, where English tourists especially miss so much the luxury of a club. The situation of the Pompeiian Palace in the Champs Elysées, and therefore in the centre of the English *quartier*, as well as the disposition of the reception-rooms, make it peculiarly suitable for this purpose. It is to be fitted up with the most scrupulous regard to comfort and utility.

Another exhibition which attracts many visitors at present, chiefly on account of the political situation of affairs, is that of the *plans-reliefs* of all the fortified places in France, now to be seen at the Hôtel des Invalides. It is an awful undertaking for ignoramuses such as myself to be taken in tow, as I had the honour of being, by a naval officer whose sole dream in life is of gabions, and bastions, and trenches, and stockades. To such, the six galleries and the hundred and five plans convey a foretaste of paradise. They are beautifully executed and extremely picturesque. The first which attracts attention is Grenoble, its citadel, the River Drac, and Mount Rachais, which rises 840 metres above the Isère. Ten years were employed in the construction of this model, which cost a fabulous sum. There is a plan next to this whose chief merit to the uninitiated is that it takes to pieces, and, therefore, a child present suggested the luminous idea that it would make a capital toy, the said toy being the fort of the Scheld, with its subterranean staircase of 1,774 steps, hollowed out of solid rock. This staircase, which connects the upper and lower fort, takes to pieces, and can be carried away at the good pleasure of the inhabitants. The plan of Strasbourg is a marvellous work, including the entire city and the surrounding country, the citadel, the advanced works, the course of the Rhine, the railroad, the Robertsau, the bridge of Kehl, the cemetery with its lilliputian tombs and its microscopic crosses. Above the city rises the cathedral,—and the copy here is executed with exquisite accuracy and detail—the

lacework of the double spire is a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of carving. If you have the strong weakness from which my naval companion suffered for sieges, you can indulge your fancy by studying Sebastopol, done after Marshal Niel's designs; Antwerp, likewise, with its dismantled outworks; Rome, with its Villa Garibaldi, the field works, the Trastevere, and the part of the city which lies on the border of the Tiber, from the Sixtine bridge to Mount Aventinus; Constantina also, with its Oriental architecture, the ravine of Rummel, its cascade and its fortress, and the famous rock whence light-headed wives are ruthlessly precipitated in the name of morality and the Prophet. [Heavens! if a similar rock and a similar custom existed in the neighbourhood of Paris!] Corfu, Luxemburg, Gibraltar, Cyprus, and Tournay, are likewise here, and a plan of the whole of Switzerland, with its lakes and its mountains, its valleys, its forests, and its precipices. All this in *carton pâté*, and about as high as the table. Although an ant would cross the Lake of Geneva in two minutes, and a fly would traverse the glaciers of Monte Rosa and reach the Jungfrau in one, still the proportions have been so accurately preserved, and all has been executed with so much artistic skill, one cannot help experiencing a feeling of pleasure at retracing the scene of one's varied adventures in that lovely country on this model, and one begins to dream again of the fair Berneoise, who kissed hands to us from the upper window of the picturesque chalet, where we spent such pleasant hours in our boyhood days, when every rosy-cheeked milkmaid assumed to our verdant imagination the poetic form of a Hebe, if not a Venus.

April 29th.

The first night of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* at the Théâtre Lyrique was an immense success. Madame Carvalho was in splendid voice, and received a perfect ovation. The history of the composer is interesting. It is related of him that as a boy at college every possible effort was made

to destroy his musical genius. His professor, M. Poirson, was in despair. His parents intended him for the Ecole Normale. On its being announced to him that he was to go up for the necessary examination, the boy burst into tears, and steadily refused to continue his classical studies. His mother appealed to M. Poirson, and implored him to recall her boy to what she considered to be his duty. The stern professor accordingly sent for him, and in the same tone said, "So you wish to be a musician?" "Yes, sir," replied the terrified boy. "But that is not a profession." "What, sir, the profession of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Gluck, is not a profession?" "But," interrupted his interrogator, "you must remember that Mozart at your age had already composed music worth publishing, whereas you have only scribbled notes on paper. However, here is your last chance —if you really are a musician, you can set words to music." The old man copied out the poem "Joseph." "A peine au sortir de l'enfance." The boy rushed up to his school desk, and, after studying the subject, wrote an air and accompaniment, which he brought back to his professor and showed to him, pale with emotion, as he felt that on his judgment his future career depended. He sang it to the old man, who listened in amazement, and led him to his drawing-room, where he made him play the accompaniment on a piano. Those present were enraptured by the beauty of the composition, and it was at once decided that young Gounod must follow the bent of the undoubted genius with which he was gifted.

April 30th.

A curious concert took place yesterday evening at the Petite Bourse—that is, at the opening of the Passage Jouffray—where the *flaneurs* of the Great Bourse congregate to discuss the news of the day. It was pouring rain, therefore the crowd was considerable. Two miserable *savoyards* were vainly endeavouring to collect a few sous

by scraping on their villainous violins, when MM. Léonard and Weniawski, who happened to be among the group of newsmongers, took their instruments and played, to the amazement of their audience, some of the exquisite airs with which they have enlivened the musical world of Paris this season. Needless to remark that a perfect shower of silver fell into the caps of the poor little *savoyards*, who little anticipated so rich a harvest. A similar impromptu concert once took place at Halle, near Leipsic. The great French violinist, Seligmann, observed a blind beggar vainly endeavouring to make a few groschen by his performance on a cracked violin in the market-place of Halle, and with an impulse of true good-nature took the instrument out of his hand and quickly collected a crowd of listeners, who were too happy to contribute to the old beggar's relief while listening to the marvellous performance. M. Seligmann returned the violin to the old man, whose only expression of gratitude consisted in, "Now, sir, won't you give me something for having lent you my instrument?" Such is human gratitude!

The construction of a new market-place at the corner of the Place d'Italie and the Rue Mouffetard has caused the disappearance of one of the most curious and picturesque establishments in Paris, styled the Cabaret à Saint Michel. In the palmy days of the July Monarchy and of Vidocq's rule at the Prefecture, the said cabaret was the scene of many a *razzia*, and gave the myrmidons of the police more trouble than almost any similar place of meeting in the city. The interior arrangements were peculiar. In one of the back rooms was a camp-bed, on which were stretched those who during the course of the evening became dead drunk. This room was called the Morgue. Above the door was a coarse painting representing a giant conquering a promiscuous-looking beast, whose type it would be difficult to define, beneath an inscription, "Au grand Saint Michel." *Du reste*, this cabaret was specially patronised by the *chiffonniers* of the Faubourg St. Marcel, who considered it as their

club, and who established a set of rules which they no more attempted to break through than if they had been trained at the Reform or at the Carlton to the ways and customs of club life. The *chiffonniers*, who possessed a box in a good condition, as well as a rake with a clean handle and shining steel, had a *salle* to themselves. This was called the House of Lords (Chambre du Peers). Those whose implements were old and worn were only admitted to the House of Commons (Chambre des Deputes), whereas the lower class, who, having no box, carried away whatever they gathered in a mere towel, were consigned to the Chambre des Proletaires. However aristocratic and exclusive these rules, the various classes never quarrelled or condescended to mix with each other. They ate in their separate *salles*, their knives and forks being chained to the various tables. The beverage dignified by the name of wine was served in an earthen pot called "le petit père noir." The peculiar idiosyncrasy of this cabaret, however, had considerably disappeared since the Empire.

June 14th.

I was present at the first performance given by Madame Ristori at the Théâtre des Italiens when she appeared in *Elisabetta d'Inghilterra*, and, although it was the night of the ball given at the Prussian Embassy, the house was well filled. Ristori is magnificent as Queen Elisabeth—full of dignity, passion, and fire. At the close of the second act, when brandishing her father's sword, she contemptuously throws the scabbard at the feet of Philip II.'s ambassador and swears to undertake a war of extermination in Spain, she was overwhelmed with thunders of applause, and bouquets were showered at her feet. In the third act, when she allows her temper to burst forth against Essex, she made the whole house thrill under the excitement of

her anger. In the fourth act one almost shares the tortures the Queen undergoes in presence of the unbending firmness of Essex. The fifth act reproduces Delaroche's tableau, with which we are all familiar in the gallery of Luxembourg. The Queen is aged, and death is at her bedside. Ristori altogether was magnificent. Gleck, who acted the part of Essex, was much and deservedly applauded. Ristori's brother will be a first-rate actor; he took a minor part, and did it admirably. The house was filled by the first-class critics of the day—such as Théophile Gautier, Hippolite Lucas, Alexandre Dumas and his daughter, Emile de Girardin, etc. Giacometti, the poet, who wrote *Elisabetta*, is now engaged on a piece to be entitled *Marie Antoinette*, especially for Madame Ristori. The subject was suggested by the great *tragédienne*, who will study the new *rôle* during her eight months' tour in America, and return to Paris prepared to perform it.

June 21st.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Aosta were present last night at the first night of *Hernani*, at the Théâtre Français, in company with Princess Clothilde. The Grand Duchess Marie occupied a box opposite that of the Prince. It would be impossible to exaggerate the scene of excitement which the house represented on the rising of the curtain. There was literally not one available spot unoccupied whereon standing room could be found. Well-known writers, distinguished artists, were too happy to find a place in the orchestra, in the *couloirs*, or next to the *rampe*. The crowd without was as dense as the crowd within. The *cafés* in the neighbourhood were crammed by men connected with the press, taking notes and receiving reports of the impression made on the audience. Mdlle. Favart, Moubant, etc., acted admirably, but never was the public in better temper or more determined to be pleased. For ten minutes the audience, unmindful of the etiquette which forbids the

actors to reappear on the stage of the Français during the course of the piece, called—nay, shouted—for the re-appearance of Moubant at the end of the first act. In fact, there has seldom been witnessed such a scene as that of last night. The cries for Victor Hugo were as enthusiastic as though we could have hoped their echoes reached the ears of the poet. In 1830 his name could scarcely have been repeated with more genuine enthusiasm than it was last night by the audience at the Théâtre Français. The decorations and scenery for last night's representation alone cost 50,000 f. (£2,000).

June 22nd.

Antiquarians will learn with pleasure that a Psalter, once the property of Saint Louis, has been discovered in the library of the University of Leyden. That excellent monarch seems to have been rich in copies of the psalms, since one *Psautier* in which he inscribed his royal name in particularly illegible characters is to be seen in the Musée du Souverains at the Louvre, and there is another in the Imperial Library. The copy found at Leyden bears the inscription: "Ce psautier est à Monseigneur Saint Loys, Roy de France, au quel il aprist en enfance."

June 26th.

The death of Dr. Trousseau has revived many interesting anecdotes of his early days. When but fourteen he was attending a course of lectures on magnetism given in a small country village, where it happened that Dr. Bretonneau was recruiting his health. A workman whose sight had been seriously injured by a splinter of iron having entered his eye, was attended by the doctor, who, with all his skill, utterly failed in extracting the small fragment embedded in the mass of inflamed flesh. The boy Trousseau heard of the case, and returning from a lecture on the power

of the magnet asked leave to try its success. As the experiment could not produce pain, leave was granted, and in a few seconds the future *prince de la science* showed the iron splinter attached to the head of the magnet. Dr. Bretonneau, struck by the boy's intelligent application of the facts revealed to him in the lecture, adopted him as his pupil, with what results we all know. During the last two months Dr. Trousseau pointed out daily to his class of hospital students the progress of the disease which carried him off, and a few days before his death inspected the tomb he had ordered to be erected for himself. He said the masons had done their work well; and, after paying them, drove to an undertaker's, where he arranged as to his funeral, settling the amount it was to cost, remarking as he did so that relations were usually overcharged, and he was determined his family should only pay what was right.

August 21st.

The Duke of Brunswick, of diamond notoriety, has a rival, not only in eccentricity, but likewise in the extent of his collection of precious stones. M. Negroin is the name of this happy individual. He lately called on Me. Yves, a well-known notary, and requested of him to look out for an hotel, the price of which was not to exceed £16,000 sterling. Me. Yves, having found an hotel which suited the great man's fancy, proceeded to make out the deed of sale. On the day fixed for payment the man of law was somewhat startled by receiving a handful of diamonds instead of the gold pieces he was accustomed to. "What difference can it make?" said the nabob. "Send for an expert; he will tell you that my stones are of the purest water. I will deposit for the value of a million, if you wish, at the bank, in order that he may select those he prefers." The verification took place, the diamonds were acknowledged to be of the purest water, and thus the bargain was concluded. A few days after this curious transaction M. Negroin called again on Me. Yves, and begged of him to purchase a country-house for him within a few

miles of Paris. There were to be gardens, hot-houses, a park, etc. The price was to vary from £25,000 to £30,000 sterling. "Will you pay, sir, for this estate in diamonds?" "Certainly," replied M. Negroin. "I possess several millions' worth. I do not wish to dispose of them just now, because there is a fall in their price both in the Paris and London markets; but those who receive these stones in payment are fortunate, for their value is greater than their current price." Me. Yves, although tolerably accustomed to deal with eccentric customers, declares he never met with so curious a specimen of humanity as M. Negroin.

The great novelty of the day, and the subject of all conversation, is the miraculous gift of healing possessed by a Zouave of the name of Jacob, who, by the mere exercise of his will, performs daily the most extraordinary cures on paralysed persons who for years have been unable to move without assistance. The Zouave receives no payment for the boon he confers; he is perfectly unassuming in manner, and does not attempt to explain by what means he accomplishes the cures he undoubtedly effects. His regiment is quartered at Versailles, but, in consequence of the difficulty the poor experienced in reaching the only portion of the barrack in which he was allowed to receive his patients, the Count de Chateauvillain, himself a paralytic, offered him the use of several rooms in his hotel, where Zouave Jacob daily administers relief to thousands who flock from all parts. The Count publishes in the *La Petite Presse* a plain statement of his own experience of the efficacy of Jacob's influence. He drove in his carriage, accompanied by his wife, to the manufactory of M. Du Noyet, where Jacob was engaged with several poor and disabled patients. The Count, who had been paralysed for years, was supported by his footman and a workman, who obligingly lent him his arm from his carriage to the *salle*, where he was allowed to take a place in the circle of the sick surrounding Jacob. Persons were being transported on litters or carried in men's arms to his presence, many being so utterly helpless as to be unable to sit upright,

and only able to support themselves by leaning against each other. As soon as the room was full Jacob entered and said, "Let no one speak until I question him, or I shall go away." Perfect silence ensued. The Zouave then went from one sick person to another, telling each exactly the disease from which he or she was suffering. Then to the paralytics he simply said, "Rise." The Count, being of the number, arose, and that without the slightest difficulty. In about twenty minutes Jacob dismissed the crowd. M. de Chateauvillain walked to his carriage without the slightest difficulty, and when his wife wished to express her gratitude to Jacob he replied that he had no time to listen, for he had other patients to attend to. Medical men are themselves taken by surprise, but the facts are not contradicted.

August 22nd.

The Zouave *guérisseur* is decidedly the lion of the day. The importance attached by the public, as well as by the Press, to the *soi-disant* cures operated by this private affords a striking indication of the temper of the public appetite in this country towards supernatual agency. France is a Catholic nation, and cannot do without miracles. Its faith would die away were it not for the weeping virgins and Zouave *guérisseurs*. To many the facts accomplished by the said Zouave appear as a delusive farce and extravagance of superstition; but to many more I am assured it is a serious and all-absorbing faith. Scores of people in Paris, as well as Versailles, are actually made crazy by the miracles operated by Monsieur Le Zouave. He has created the greatest curiosity, and hundreds of men and women of character and ability now seek opportuities to witness and investigate phenomena produced by Jacob Le Zouave. If this Jacob is a mere impostor, which many persons broadly assert, it is nevertheless confessed by candid and careful investigators that he is most successful in concealing his imposture. The fact is that Jacob, disdaining the former manifestations of spiritualism, which merely consisted in

rocking, lifting, rapping, or tapping, has had the good sense to turn his mind towards things of ordinary and tangible utility. He does not pretend to introduce you to Socrates and Solomon, to put you in communication with Voltaire or Alfred de Musset, and offer to describe to you the scenery of the planet Jupiter or the star of Aldebaran, but he, more practical and matter of fact, undertakes to rid you of rheumatism, gout, amaurosis, palsy, etc. For startling effects, the phenomena which he produces are worthy of the age of Michael Scott. I gave an account of them in one of my last letters. It now remains to be known by what means or influence he manages to perform such miracles. The *Figaro*, who the other day gave a most flourishing description of the prodigies accomplished by Jacob, now writes as follows: "As long as the *Moniteur* does not insert the name of the Zouave as Dean of the College of Physicians, as long as the invalides still make use of crutches, I shall still persist in believing that the Zouaves are more fitted to destroy than to cure men. Parisians are too apt to believe in any foolishness of this kind. Were we to announce that Markowski had discovered the way to fly through the air like a swallow, and that on Sunday next he intends dancing a polka at fifteen million feet above the Arc de Triomphe, in the neighbourhood of the Great Bear, on that very day, and at the appointed hour, forty thousand Parisians would, with their telescopes, invade the Champs Elysées."

Meanwhile the crowd of vehicles, from the coronetted carriage of a peer to the cart of a costermonger, which block up the entrance to the Rue de la Roquette, has so effectually stopped all thoroughfare that the police have been obliged to post up notices informing the public that the *séances* are discontinued for the present. It is reported, however, that Jacob is going to establish himself at the "Cirque Napoléon," Boulevard du Temple. Yesterday he only arrived at the Rue de la Roquette at three o'clock, yet the crowd was so dense that all access to the shops in the street was utterly impossible.

August 30th.

You are aware that the *Situation*, an anti-Prussian paper, was started by M. Hollander, a name unknown in the literary world, but well known in certain official circles. Alexandre Dumas, one evening last spring, was engaged in writing his *Blancs et Blues* when he was surprised by the future editor, who abruptly asked the author of *Monte Cristo*, "Are you on the side of the Austrians or the Prussians?" "On neither side," replied Dumas. "Prussians represent brute force, whilst Austrians represent hereditary despotism." "But," inquired M. Hollander, "if the Austrian Government granted an increase of liberty, would you write a novel in their defence?" "Not only would I do so, but I would glorify the Emperor. An Emperor who bestows a constitution on his Austrian subjects after Solferino, and on his Hungarian people after Sadowa, appears to be a remarkably intelligent man." "Well," said M. Hollander, "I want a novel entitled *Terreur Prussienne à Frankfort;* will you undertake it?" "Yes, on condition that if I have ruffians in the story I shall invent them myself." "Agreed. I require sixty *feuilletons*, of 400 lines each—84,000 lines in all." "But if the story only makes fifty-eight *feuilletons?*" "I require sixty." Dumas took out his pen, and calculated sixty *feuilletons* at 400 lines each, 31 letters each line—that is, 744,000 letters. "When do you require the work?" "By the fifteenth June?" "That's too soon. In the first place, I have not the necessary documents." "We supply them," said M. Hollander. "I grant fifteen days more, till the first July, at twelve." "Agreed." It was presented as the clock struck twelve on the 1st July. Dumas says he never wrote a work that gave him so much trouble or that pleased him so much.

The farce of the Zouave *guérisseur* has been played out. Marshal Foray is considerably the worse for the fall he got

in attempting to throw away his crutches in obedience to Jacob's word of command. The whole thing has proved another monstrous humbug, such as was the Davenport Brothers.

Whether the man believes in himself I cannot take on myself to say; but Paris has ceased to believe in him. I have heard a bookbinder state that at a recent meeting of the magnetisers of the Faubourg St. Honoré, to which the Zouave Jacob was invited, he (the bookbinder), a true Parisian, challenged this *soi-disant* worker of miracles, and called him a charlatan; he furthermore informed him that if he was able to cure the sick and banish suffering, he was willing to administer to him a remarkably well-dealt kick, with the hope that he could instantly relieve himself of the pain thereby inflicted. This polite offer, I need not say, was declined by the Zouave.

September 2nd.

This morning, at ten o'clock, took place the funeral of Charles Baudelaire, one of the most gifted writers of the present generation. He dies, however, in a madhouse, for this reason, perhaps: that he allowed his intellect to descend into those abysses which, according to De Quincey's own words, "have, like the sea, swallowed treasures without end, that no diving-bell will bring up again." Baudelaire made his name by his first work, *Fleurs du Mal*, as well as by his translation of Edgar Poe's works, which he popularised, and which are now well known to the great majority of the reading world of France. Baudelaire was a dandy of the Beau Brummel order; for many years the exquisites of the Boulevard des Italiens watched his appearance among them in order to ascertain what was the last new thing in ties and waistcoats. This weak point of his character is difficult to understand when one studies his writings, more especially his analysis of the works of De Quincey, wherein he displays a penetration and broad appreciation of the genius of the opium-eater strangely inconsistent with his trivial devotion to external circumstances.

September 13th.

Berezowski, who attempted the life of the Emperor, arrived at Toulon on the 11th. As soon as he entered the precincts of the *bagne*, the grey-and-yellow dress of a cellular prisoner was taken off, and the red jacket and green cap worn by those condemned for life were put on. The unfortunate young man was then taken to the prison forge—his feet were already swollen and painful from the long march he had just had. A heavy chain was fastened on his right leg by a massive ring; he did not appear to suffer during the operation, and quickly rose from the recumbent position in which it is always performed, taking up the chain in his hand, which otherwise drags on the ground. The head was shaved, as is the custom, in squares—that is, one square perfectly bare and on the next the hair is left about half an inch long. In spite of this disfiguring process and the green cap, it was remarked that young Berezowski had a certain look of distinction, and even a gentle, intelligent expression of countenance. One of the gaolers, who was not aware that his fingers had been injured, asked him what was the matter with his hand. "It was the pistol," he replied; "I was cured in three weeks by the application of cold water." While his ten companions were having their irons riveted on, Berezowski remained quietly in a corner of the forge, and spoke to no one. He will not be chained to another convict, as is usually the case, but will remain in one of the convicts' rooms chained to a triangle iron, which is fastened to the camp bed of the prisoners, and through which a bar is slipped, thus preventing their moving beyond the length of their chain. In a month, unless the wretched young man first turns mad, he is to be sent to New Caledonia.

September 15th.

The last gossip from the chateaux of the great world is a practical joke played on the Marquis de Gallifett, husband of the celebrated beauty whose many fascinations are said to have captivated the heir-apparent to the throne. The Marquis, some weeks since, went on a visit to a friend's château, where a large party of ladies of rank were assembled. On the morning after arrival he was much surprised to discover that he was covered with flour, which had been sifted over his sheets. Naturally the heat of the bed had made this flour adhere to his body, and he therefore bore a strong resemblance to a miller. The Marquis summoned his servant, and desired him to scrape the flour off every part of his body, and keep it with the utmost care. At breakfast he made no remark on the strange circumstance, and remained a week in company with his fair enemies. The whole party reassembled a fortnight later at a country-house in another department. M. de Gallifett, on arriving, entered the drawing-room with a magnificent cake, the beauty of whose decorations excited the admiration of all the ladies, who immediately insisted on tasting it. It was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* of culinary art, and possessed a peculiar flavour the ladies declared was quite new to them. "That is not unlikely," replied the Marquis, "as it is made of the flour sifted over my sheets at the Chateau de ——."

September 27th.

A valuable work has just appeared, and one which will produce an impression on society in general. Madame la Comtesse de Bassanville has entered the literary arena as authoress of a *Guide de Cérémonial.* Henceforth no luckless wight need tremble lest he should commit an awkward mistake in the presence of Emperors, ministers, or other high personages, if unaccustomed to the precincts of palaces, and

compelled to seek an audience from a crowned head. He has only to be armed with the volume in question, and he may confidently brave all the gold-coated chamberlains in Europe. The amount of genuflexions to be performed before reaching the Emperor are curious to read. From the *salle d'attente* the petitioner is summoned by the chamberlain on duty, by whom he is escorted to the Emperor's *salon*. At the door he is to make a low bow, or sweeping curtsey, as the case may be; walking a few steps further, he is to renew this salutation; advancing towards the sovereign, he is to make a third, and await respectfully till he addresses him. "Oui, sire," or "Non, sire," or "Madame," is the correct mode of replying to their Majesties, who are invariably spoken to in the third person. The three bows appear to me an awfully difficult task to get through, and since this valuable work of Madame la Comtesse has appeared I have resolved to engage a dancing master and forthwith acquire the art of genuflexions. However monkey-like these laws of etiquette read, they more or less exist in every country. Unless of Imperial blood, the Czar's guests stand when they are admitted to the honour of seeing him condescend to eat. Louis XIV. decreed that at the councils, when despatches were received and opened, the ministers should remain standing, however long the council might last. Till the Revolution in France the ladies presented to the Queen kissed the edge of her dress, while duchesses were allowed to kiss the said garment at the knees. Well might Jules Noriac write a book on *La Bêtise Humaine!* The only wonder is that he did not extend so suggestive a topic to several volumes.

September 29th.

Last week the following scene occurred at the Etampes Station on the Orleans line. The train stops there for ten minutes. As it started a gentleman jumped into a carriage occupied by a lady, at whose feet lay a mastiff of most ferocious aspect. The gentleman touched his hat, and was

about to replace in its case an unlighted cigar he had in his mouth, when the dog not only growled, but made a dash at him, and the lady, whose expression of countenance bore a strong resemblance to that of the dog, started from her seat, seized the cigar out of the gentleman's mouth, and threw it out of the window, remarking as she did so, "I dislike smokers—they make me ill"; on which the gentleman, politely taking his hat off, and remarking, "I do not like mastiffs—they annoy me," took the dog by the back of the neck and pitched him out by the same route his cigar had taken.

October 2nd.

Last Sunday was celebrated the close of the fair at St. Cloud. The most popular of the shows of the season undoubtedly has been *l'homme aux rats*, well known to the inhabitants of the Quartier Mont Parnasse, where he has held his headquarters for the last thirty years.

The name of this Rarey of the rat race is Antoine Léonard. If the former succeeded in breaking in the worst-tempered brute ever created, Léonard in three weeks certainly accomplishes the difficult task of inculcating habits of obedience on the biggest rats that ever ran. His favourite scene of action are some cross alleys in the 14th and 15th Arrondissements. His sole theatre is a sort of perch, which he sticks into the ground, and he then takes his *corps de ballet* out of his pocket. At his word of command the rats run up and down the perch, hang on three legs, then on two, stand on their head, and in fact go through a series of gymnastic exercises that would put Blondin himself to the blush. His crack actor is a grey rat he has had in his troupe for eleven years; this old fellow not only obeys Léonard, but is personally attached to him. It is a most curious sight to see Léonard put him on the ground, and then walk away. The creature runs after him and invariably catches him, however many turns he may make to avoid him. An Englishman offered 50 f. for him about two years ago, but Léonard would not separate from his old and attached friend.

October 7th.

The *Siècle* of this morning publishes a very interesting article as regards a certain César Moreno, the following details concerning whom are very curious. He is an Italian, native of Piedmont, and speaks forty-two languages. He was sent for by Victor Emmanuel. "As you are acquainted with every known *patois*, you can talk to my Ethiopians," said the King—the said Ethiopians having been sent over by the Viceroy of Egypt with a present of Arabian horses. The blacks were sent for. Moreno, to their amazement, addressed them in their native idiom. "What did they say to you?" inquired the King, after the negroes' departure. "That your Majesty was wrong to have had them baptised, because they have remained Mussulmans in heart and soul. Blessed water lost, sire!" The King laughed. From his youth Moreno hated our country, and, as he was bitten by the mania for travelling, he went to India, and became *aide-de-camp* to Nana Sahib. At Cawnpore he had a duel with an English officer, who laid his head open with a sabre, on which Moreno levelled his revolver, and while quoting from *Richard III.*, "Despair and die!" shot his adversary dead. After the defeat of Nana Sahib, Moreno went to Singapore, where some Malays tell him of an island where rivers of gold and mines of diamonds are in abundance. Moreno accordingly freights a steamer, and, assisted by his Malay friends, arrives at this Eldorado, which is inhabited by a diminutive race of blacks, who look upon him much as the Aztecs did on Cortez, and he is forthwith led before their chief, whose palace is formed of the interwoven branches of a palm tree. Moreno makes himself so agreeable that no less than three of the chief's daughters are bestowed on him as wives. Meanwhile he explores the island, draws a map thereof, and, having obtained his father-in-law's leave to pay a visit to his white friends, he arrives at Florence, where he obtains an audience

of Victor Emmanuel, and urges him to fit out an expedition to take possession of this auriferous land. His Majesty, however, what with Garibaldi and Bismarck, has enough on hand just now. Moreno, considerably disgusted, starts for Paris, where he now is, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor and an audience which he has solicited. Whether he will obtain it is not for me to say. If he finds his proposal to extend the French possessions in the East rejected by the Cabinet of the Tuileries, Moreno starts for New York, where he flatters himself he will form a company, in whose name he will take possession of the island, dethrone his father-in-law, and establish factories, whence the superabundant and much-neglected wealth of this newly-discovered Eldorado will flow in shiploads of gold and precious stones to the shores of Europe. In conclusion, I beg to remark that César Moreno is an utter stranger to me; I do not dispute his Columbus-like faculty of discovering hitherto unheard-of islands, but I leave the responsibility of the preceding statements wholly to Monsieur Edmond Texier, of the *Siècle*.

October 11th.

Tables may thank the spirits of the past for the amount of public attention they have occupied within the last few years. The world of strangers and enthusiasts for the first Emperor rush to Malmaison on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, not so much to inspect the souvenirs there collected of the Empress Josephine as to look at a table styled, *par excellence*, the table of the marshals. Austerlitz had been fought and won. Napoleon's predominant ideas at that crisis were first to perpetuate the remembrance of his victory, and, secondly, to convince the world that the china manufactory of Sèvres could produce finer works than any other in the world. He sent for Isabey, the great miniature painter, father of the present artist, and commissioned him to paint a table, which would measure nine feet in circumference, and on which he himself would be pourtrayed, surrounded by Bernadotte, Murat, Berthier, Lannes, Ney, Bessières, Duroc, Caulaincourt,

Marmont, Davout, Mortier, Soult, and Angereau. Isabey was not in the habit of painting on china, and declined the offer. The Emperor uttered but two words, but they were very significant, "*Je veux*." Isabey set to work in 1805, but, unaccustomed to work on china and to calculate the change effected by exposing his painting to the heat of a furnace, which alters the tone of many colours, especially affecting blue tints, he felt hopeless of success. In despair one day as he paced his *atelier*, a pot of a rich blue substance caught his eye. "What is that?" he inquired of an apprentice. The lad tremblingly replied that it was a compound he was trying. He had used some of his master's colours to produce it, and fearing discovery, had hidden the result. In a few hours Isabey's marshals were done in the blue he had so long sought in vain. The apprentice boy, Riancreu, is now conservator of the Sèvres manufactory. The table was completed in 1810. During the period of its execution Napoleon paid Isabey an annual sum of 6,000 f. It was placed in the Salle des Maréchaux, and subsequently in the Louvre. During the occupation of Paris by the allied armies Isabey saw a rope placed round the Vendôme Column, and heard it doomed to destruction. He naturally trembled for his table. M. de Serres, to rescue it from destruction, purchased it from the directors of the Louvre, then glad to get rid of a Napoleonic souvenir. He gave 60,000 f. for it. During Louis Philippe's reign he wished to sell it to the Government, but was only offered 50,000 f. for it. M. de Serres died lately. His widow has sent the table to the Malmaison Exhibition, and it is said the Emperor intends purchasing it.

November 4th.

A good story is related of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who is well known at Vienna to dislike the present exaggerated *décolleté* style so fashionable among young ladies belonging to the great world. A certain Princess X—— was the star of Vienna during two successive seasons. Her features were not in strict accordance with the classic line of

beauty, but *en revanche*, her neck and shoulders were faultless —only one saw somewhat too much of them. One evening at a Court ball the Princess was all but innocent of any corsage, and the little that her dressmaker had added to her skirts was not particularly useful. The lady complained of cold and shivered, and as she passed the Emperor shrugged her lovely shoulders completely out of the lilliputian corsage, saying, "I am so cold—b-r-r-r!" The Emperor beckoned to one of the equerries-in-waiting, and gave him an order. In a few seconds he reappeared with the Princess's opera cloak, which the Emperor took from him and quietly placed on the shoulders of the fair *frileuse*.

November 11th.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* gives intelligence which will be received with sorrow by many a broken-hearted convict and many a repentant criminal, whose very existence is well-nigh forgotten, even in their own families. Abbé Morin, the almoner of the convict hulks at Toulon, has died. Neither politician nor soldier, his mission was nobler than either, namely, to bring consolation to the afflicted and hope to the despairing. Admirably he fulfilled it. When first appointed chaplain to the *Bagne* his task appeared hopeless. His predecessor—a Spaniard—had brought scorn and insult on his holy office.

It occurred to the Abbé that if he could amuse his wild and infidel audience instead of lecturing them he might catch their attention. M. d'Exauvilliers had just published a series of little books, in which grave questions on morality and religion were treated in the form of dialogues. The Abbé got as many copies of these as he had members in his congregation. He entered the *salle* and read aloud the introduction, which explained that in a certain village the Mayor, M. Dupont, was a sceptic, Maître Thomas an infidel, Gros Pierre a blasphemer, etc. The Abbé asked for the best readers amongst his audience. Much amazed, a dozen stepped to the front as quickly as their heavy chains and

manacles permitted. To each he handed a pamphlet. The Abbé reserved to himself the *rôle* of the village curate. He begged the first nearest to him to begin. The convict at once tried to give the right emphasis to the part allotted to him. The Abbé read his reply. The second culprit read the next remark, and so on. The men got into the spirit of the book, and the spectators seated round listened with profound interest to this novel scene. The subject was grave, but admirably treated. Naturally the curate had the best of the day, and when, in his closing address, he victoriously refuted the arguments of the infidel, the blasphemer, the atheist, etc., a burst of applause resounded from every side of the *salle*. On the following Sunday the only difficulty he had to combat was the anxiety of each convict to secure a part. The Abbé varied his repertoire, and from that hour he conquered, not the respect only, but the affection of his congregation, composed, be it remembered, of the vilest criminals on the face of the earth. But his work ended not within the prison walls. He rested not till he had built and endowed the Convent du Bon Pasteur, wherein are sheltered two hundred reclaimed women. During the last years of his life Abbé Morin was Chaplain-General to the Fleet, and devoted a portion of each Sunday to reading and explaining to the men on board the vessels stationed at Toulon a portion of God's Word, with what success officers and men testified by their numerous attendance at the good Abbé's funeral.

November 13th.

It is almost inconceivable, and scarcely to be credited, how difficult it has become for a family to find a respectable apartment in a tolerably good situation in this metropolis, the difficulty arising from the exactions of the landlords. Many among the prosperous class refuse to let their apartments to doctors, *pasteurs*, curates, or notaries, alleging as a reason that professional men receive visitors of all classes —perchance even poor, shabbily dressed persons, who do

not look well on the staircase. Indeed, *pasteurs* are particularly objected to, as many in Paris have the vulgar habit of inviting the poorest among their congregation to come to them on all occasions, and at all sorts of strange hours. For instance, I dined lately with Pasteur G——. While at dessert he was summoned by a mere mechanic to baptise his dying infant. *Au premier*, in the same house lives a banker of great repute. That very day he gave a dinner to one of the ministers. "Was it suitable," inquired the landlord next morning, "that his Excellency's wife, Madame la Marquise, should meet on the stairs an unwashed *ouvrier*, leading by the hand a ragged little urchin?" The *pasteur* must receive his poor at more suitable times—early in the morning before the great world was up. I had a laugh at my excellent friend when he related the story to me, as I remembered he had only secured the apartment by the ruse of not mentioning his profession. But landlords object even more to persons who have children. A few months since a gentleman and his wife took an apartment near the Champs Elysées for the usual period of three years, the lease to be renewed for six or nine years at the expiration of the term. The landlord was charmed to receive them as tenants, seeing that after strict inquiries he had ascertained their fortune to be ample, and that they had been married ten years unblessed with children. These were the tenants he liked. Ten years married by the registry at the Mairie, and never had a child, and the lady by no means young. A few months scarcely elapsed before a horrible rumour, communicated by the *concierge* to his cook, and by that personage to his valet, who took an opportunity while laying out his master's clothes to insinuate the chance of a new tenant being added to those already in possession of the *premier*. The result was instantaneous. Hastily completing his toilette, the infuriated landlord rushed downstairs, rang violently at the door of Monsieur F——, and demanded an immediate interview, which, being granted, Monsieur F. was assailed by the most violent invectives,

accused of treacherously breaking the express terms of the lease, and finally threatened with a lawsuit. There are landlords who furthermore stipulate that their tenants are neither to keep dogs, cats, or even canaries.

December 11th.

A touching anecdote was related to me of Blanc the other day, which proves him not only to be endowed with genius, but with a good heart. One day—this was a few days after the Revolution of 1848—he met the celebrated Chaudesaigues staring vacantly at some caricature in a shop window. "What are you about?" inquired of him the author of the *Historie de dix ans*, striking him familiarly on the shoulder. Chaudesaigues turned round and looked at him. His features were emaciated, his eyes sunk with suffering and sickness. "I am learning how to die of hunger," replied Chaudesaigues. Louis Blanc, deeply moved, took him home, opened his secretary, which contained a sum of 300 f., and putting 200 f. into the hands of the unfortunate man, said, "It is only an advance on the money I shall owe you for work I am anxious you should undertake for me." Another anecdote worth relating: Having heard that the son of General —— was ill and unable to leave his bed, and without anyone to take care of him, M. Louis Blanc instantly set out to his lodgings and acted as his nurse. He spent the night with his young friend. Day had scarcely dawned when the ringing of the bell was heard. Louis Blanc went to open the door. A man rushed in frantically with a bill, demanding in the most violent language instant payment. Louis Blanc returned to his friend's bedside, told him that he (Louis Blanc) was obliged to quit him for a few hours, as he had been sent for. He then left the house with the creditor, took him home, and paid the bill, which amounted to 400 f. The young invalid only knew two years later that Louis Blanc had saved him from being arrested for debt.

December 13th.

Gustave Doré has just sold the immense picture which occupied so large a space in the central *salon* of the Annual Exhibition this year to an American amateur for £2,200. The subject, it will be remembered, is a gambling table at Baden. Several of the celebrated anonymas of the day sat for the portraits of this picture, which is a lifelike photograph of the scene daily enacted at the German kursaal. An Englishman in the foreground, attired in a knickerbocker suit of tweed, seated across a chair, evidently more absorbed by the slight figure of one of the queens of the *demimonde* than by the Rouge et Noir going on at the table, is one of the best-drawn figures in the picture. Its merit was incontestable, but there was a universal expression of regret that an artist who has soared so high for the choice of his subjects should have stooped so low as to attract the attention of the *petit crevés* of the Jockey Club, or the applause of the Quartier Breda. The Marquis of Hertford writes a letter in the *Moniteur des Arts* of this morning, in which he requests a story may be contradicted of his having given 80,000 f. for a Titian originally sold to a huckster for thirty shillings, and subsequently to a picture dealer for as many pounds—the said dealer having, as the story goes, discovered its merit, and sold it to the Marquis for the sum stated. Lord Hertford begs to state that he has purchased no such picture, and wishes the fact to be known, inasmuch as since the publication of the legend he has been assailed by offers from all parts of Europe of hitherto undiscovered Titians, the price of which gems, the Marquis writes, vary, odd to say, from 80,000 f. to 100,000 f., but 80,000 f. is the usual tariff.

December 19th.

The star of the hour at the Italiens is the American *cantatrice*, Miss Harris, whose graceful manners and expressive countenance, combined with a voice of marvellous flexibility and sweetness, attracts immense popularity. One of her last performances was in *Crispino e la Comare*, where, especially in her upper notes, she accomplishes perfect *tours de force*. In the *duo* of the second tableau of the first act Miss Harris sang with M. Ciampi, and was encored at each verse, recalled, and rapturously applauded. The same evening the baritone, Steller, made his *début* in *Lucrezia Borgia*. No doubt he will be in London next season, as he has proved a success over here. His voice is one of the finest we have heard for a very long time, and created a sensation. He has, moreover, the rare merit of pronouncing the words with distinctness, and acts remarkably well.

The *gamins de Paris*, who are accustomed to receive bows from crowned heads, cannot understand why the Sultan only touches his fez in return for their shouts of "Vive le Sultan!" *Messieurs les gamins* do not consider themselves treated with sufficient respect and courtesy, and this explains why, when he visited the exhibition this year, they vociferated in his ears, "Otez donc votre calotte!" Abdul Aziz Khan might certainly have done so without running the chance of catching cold, but as Commander of the Faithful, his Ottoman Majesty could not do so without compromising his dignity. Someone remarked to me that as sultans are forbidden to walk on any ground but Mussulman territory, he had avoided the difficulty by stuffing his boots with Turkish earth.

January 14th, 1868.

One of the specialties of this capital is the *fête* of the *blanchisseuses*, annually celebrated at Mi-carême, and intended, I conclude, to give us a tantalising idea of the attractions of the washing population of Meudon, Sèvres, Suresnes, Asnières, Viroflay, the one and all of these localities being tenanted by washermen and washerwomen. For this show they are transformed into mythological personages, some representing Hercules, Jupiter, or Bacchus; their fair companions, Venus, or Hebe, or Pomona. The greater number, however, are in carnival attire, and some of the costumes admirable in effect, though perhaps wanting in accuracy of detail. The lower classes of Paris society, in fact, are metamorphosed—women wear men's clothes, and walk about stick in hand; whilst men are disguised as women, some wearing widespread crinolines, others not even a single petticoat. A curious sight it is, and not one calculated to impress a stranger with an exalted idea of French morality. One of the shows of the last Mi-carême was that of two little carriages, drawn by twelve lilliputian horses, and bearing along twelve tiny boys, varying in age from five to six years, in the costumes of athletes. The cars were inscribed with the high-sounding words, "*Les terribles Lutteurs du Grand Gymnase*," this naturally being an ambulatory advertisement to attract the Paris *badaud* to the boxing matches at the Grand Gymnase. *La boxe*, by-the-by, as the French designate our national sport, is becoming an institution in this capital. A friend of mine took an apartment some time ago in the Rue des Ecurier d'Artois, solely on account of the retired and quiet character of that *quartier*. "'Tis true," he repeated to his acquaintances, "I pay a high price for my apartment, but my wife is nervous and requires a quiet situation, and our street is so quiet." Lo! a fortnight ago a *club pour la boxe* was established under his very windows, and its members box away till the small hours of the morning to the unmitigated disgust of the inhabitants of La Rue des Ecurier d'Artois.

January 15th.

The recent death of the Duc de Luynes, distinguished alike for his scientific attainments and unbounded munificence, will be fresh in your memory. His son, a volunteer in the Pontifical Zouaves, being prevented from resuming his regimental rank by the duties inseparable from the possession of the vast estates to which he succeeded on the death of his father, has presented His Holiness with twelve rifled guns, wishing, as he himself remarked, to be represented in the regiment. The Pope, when expressing his gratitude for this noble gift to M. de Luynes, inquired how he could acknowledge this act of princely generosity. "By allowing me to give twelve more guns in case these should not prove sufficient"—a reply eminently characteristic of this Ultramontane yet chivalrous race.

January 19th.

I think it right to inform you that a sort of surveillance is now exercised over our pocket-handkerchiefs. It is considered as highly objectionable to use one of those handkerchiefs adorned with the portrait of the first Emperor. At the representation of "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre" one of the actors, Léonie, thought he would produce a comic effect by sneezing in a pocket-handkerchief bearing the equestrian figure of Napoleon I. No one dreamt of sedition, and the present Empire did not appear the worse for the joke, when one evening a country *sous-préfet*, happening to see the piece, was struck with horror at recognising the well-known features on the square of cambric applied to the nostrils of Léonie. Fired by patriotic zeal, he returns to his prefecture, and instantly communicates to his chief, the prefect, the horrible circumstance he himself has witnessed. The prefect, on hearing the awful communication, believes it to be his duty to address a confidential report on the subject to the Minister, to whom

he reveals the dangers which the State incurs by permitting such treasonable acts in the Théâtre de l'Athénée, Rue Scribe. The Minister writes to his colleague, another excellency; that excellency summons M. Camille Doucet; notes, *procès verbaux*, etc., etc., are exchanged; Léonie, utterly unconscious that his handkerchief had become an affair of State, is informed that if he does not get another of less seditious import he will probably be arrested on the stage by a company of gendarmes. You will be glad to hear that the outraged feelings of prefectorial and ministerial loyalty are appeased, as Léonie has bought another handkerchief, and, having myself been present at a recent representation of "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," I can assert that he now uses a handkerchief on which Croquet taming his lions is splendidly printed. Who knows if this may not be symbolical of no end of treachery and sedition.

January 20th.

Although it is not my habit to send you advertisements, still I think the following one important, inasmuch as it may prove useful to a great many people who are doubtless anxious to provide themselves with wives. I translate literally, as I find it in a morning paper: "A young lady of forty-eight, having a moderate income, but possessing a patent for a new invention, wishes to marry a gentleman of sixty-five well versed in chemistry." This last appears to me a new requisite in the matrimonial market.

February 8th.

The last fashion in the robbery line may be as interesting as the "newest style" in dress, and the following episodes strike me as worthy of record on account of their novelty: At the last Bal de l'Opéra a commercial agent met a masked lady, as he imagined of the great world. A carriage and livery servants awaited her exit. She graciously permitted the admirer to accompany her to her house, but on condition

of his allowing her to blindfold him. The drive lasted about an hour, at the expiration of which time the carriage stopped at a house. They entered, and, ascending a staircase of thirty steps, M. B—— heard a door open. On the lady taking off the bandage from his eyes, he found himself in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and in the presence of three men armed with poniards and revolvers. "If you stir, you are a dead man; give us your money, and you shall be left at the Pantheon." There was, of course, no alternative; the victim laid his purse on a table, and at five o'clock in the morning was deposited at the Pantheon, the carriage immediately starting off at full speed. The police vainly endeavoured to trace out the affair, but no light was thrown on the mystery till a few evenings since. M. Paul B——, a grocer, was walking home by the Rue Soufflot, when a young woman suddenly fell almost at his feet, and in such a manner that M. Paul B—— was obliged to support her. She appeared to have sprained her ankle, and therefore to be unable to walk. The grocer had nothing for it but to offer her his arm, and assist her to her lodging, Rue Mouffetard. Arrived at the *porte cochère*, her sufferings prevented her ascending the stairs without his aid. She lived *au sixième*, and on reaching that storey she knocked at a door, which at once opened, and M. Paul B—— was instantly seized by three men, who enacted precisely the scene of the Bal de l'Opéra robbery, with the slight difference that they obligingly informed their victim they belonged to a society scattered over Paris; therefore, if he betrayed them to the police, his life would not be safe in any quarter. This has proved perfectly correct, the police having already twelve of their gang in safe keeping.

February 12th.

The Duchess of Hamilton (Princess Mary of Baden) gives *soirées dansantes* every week. At the last the absence of Madame de —— was much regretted, more especially when it became known that she was seriously ill. It appeared,

however, that the lady in question constantly believes herself to be dying. Her husband is absent on a political mission, and she accordingly sent him the following telegram: "Return instantly. I am very ill—dying." To which M. de —— replied: "Pressing business. Wait a fortnight." Madame de —— has waited.

March 11th.

The Senate has decidedly the monopoly of eccentric petitions. Amongst the humorous string of those yesterday laid before that austere assembly notice the following. It is worthy of record, inasmuch as it is in utter contradiction to that of the worthy Sieur Boutron, of Loiret. That patriot expressed a wish that the Colonne Vendôme should be demolished and the bronze thereof melted down into workmen's tools or saucepans—I forget which; also, that the flags and trophies which adorn the Chapel of the Invalides should be restored by France to their original owners—that is, the nations they were respectively taken from. Now M. Quicherat, a worthy "propriétaire à Paris," for so he describes himself, does not share the ideas emitted by the Sieur Boutron. In the petition he laid before the Senate yesterday he on the contrary urges the necessity of erecting a monument in commemoration of all the great achievements accomplished by the French army under the present reign. The petitioner humbly submits to the consideration of the senators his conviction that too long a period has already elapsed, and that the country ought speedily to bestow on "our recent victories the traditional consecration which triumphs on the field of battle suggest to nations imbued with a proper spirit of jealousy as to their national honour." The place whereon to erect this monument, remarks the petitioner, is already prepared. Where else should it be elevated but on the very spot where the Emperor drew rein on first entering Paris, when surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, who so vociferously cheered their Sovereign?—that spot is the Place d'Italie, 13th Arrondissement. A

few more of the petitions which engrossed the attention of that sapient assembly appear to me worth noticing. Nos. 127 and 258 bear the signatures of M. Cazères, of Pouyastruc (Hautes Pyrénées), and of the Sieur Cramonzeaux, barrister, of the Haute Vienne. These gentlemen solicit the intervention of the Senate to obtain that the Prince Imperial (aged twelve) be, without further delay, associated with the Imperial Government under the name of Napoleon IV. The petitioners remark that by the inexorable law of nature which compels sovereigns to have successors, peoples and dynasties are often exposed to perils and dangers; therefore it would be a measure of the highest prudence to forestall these disagreeable accidents by operating an association, or, as it were, establishing a continuous stream of sovereign power, without awaiting moments of crisis. Petition 181 is, indeed, a strange one, judging by the following paragraph, which appears in the official report of yesterday's debate: Le Sieur Manvergnier, of Limoges, begs to call the attention of the Minister of the Interior to certain observations he has made, the result of which is that he has discovered the means by which every torrent of rain can be turned off land bearing crops of pasture. Premising that clouds are merely sea-water converted into vapour by the heat of the sun, the petitioner suggests that they should be condensed by means of huge fire-engines, and the water thus formed turned off on the sea-coast, which, this scientific luminary remarks, is usually uncultivated. Petition 191 will, at all events, have the result of proving that its author, M. Deiss, of Paris, is anxious to proclaim to the world at large that he is a staunch Bonapartist (probably he purports standing at the next elections for one of the Paris *circonscriptions*). However, M. Deiss de Paris, as he styles himself, humbly cravés from Government that henceforth in all *cafés*, reading-rooms, libraries, etc., where the Opposition papers are taken in, the managers of the above-named establishments may be compelled to take in a like number of Ministerial and official journals, as in this way, sapiently

remarks the petitioner, persons frequenting such establishments will have the antidote next to the poison—*le contre-poison à côté du poison.*

March 12th.

The *Secolo* of Milan announces that a tailor of Milan possesses the identical pair of breeches in which the first Emperor fought the battle of Marengo. These necessary articles of dress, being somewhat the worse for that great victory, were sent to the said tailor to be patched, and furthermore as a pattern for a new pair. The man of shears appears to have considered the inexpressibles in question as "past mending," and kept them altogether. It appears that he bethought himself that some hundred years hence they would be considered as a relic of the young conqueror who was sweeping Austrian armies before him as though they were so much dust, and would be worth money, so he had their identity proved and registered by a notary. Relic collectors have another opportunity of buying up the old clothes of defunct royalty. The old King of Bavaria preserved every article he ever put on—from his boots to his hats, from his shirts to his overcoats—from the year 1823 to the date of his death; and, moreover, with an eye to the instruction of the future historian of dress, had each garment entered in a register according to chronological order. He did something more to the purpose, however, for his heirs, as he left 250 millions of money.

March 30th.

The best balls of this season—naturally I do not allude to official entertainments—have been given by the American colony in Paris. Mrs. Gowan's receptions, Mrs. Downing's and Mrs. Norton's *bals-costumés* have been the events of the gay world. The last-named lady and Colonel Norton gave a masked ball last Friday, which was unusually brilliant and piquant from the fact of everyone present, including the master of the revels, being masked; and the most amusing

incidents were the result. The Press was represented by Madame Schlieker, whose costume of black and gold was illuminated by the designs of printing machines, the names of various newspapers, and other symbols of the profession. Mrs. Pratt, daughter of the well-known American Dr. Sims, was admirably costumed as a red Indian, her skin being dyed, and her magnificent black *chevelure*, which hung far below her waist, confined by a feather coronal, and her many-coloured petticoat also embroidered with feathers, the dress having the merit of being authentic. The Javanaise, Mdlle. Duhamel, in powder and hoop, Miss Harris, ringing the silver bells of Folly, and Miss Kate Harris, in the crimson, white, and gold costume of the wife of a Hungarian magyar, were the fairest amongst the belles. Why Le Petit Crevé Anglais should have been represented by M. de Morlot in a dress of cloth of gold, fitting perfectly tight, a melon of gold in guise of headgear, and immense standing-up collar, I know not. The inevitable umbrella, the Briton's faithful companion, carefully encased in shining oilsilk, hanging at his side, one understood, for an Englishman and his umbrella are inseparable; but I am not aware of having exhibited myself to the public, or observed my countrymen doing so, in golden apparel; and since the days of railway travelling the milord whose portmanteau is stuffed with banknotes has become a *rara avis* in Paris—he is to be found doing the Nile in his yacht, or fly-fishing by the banks of the Norwegian fiord; but nowadays the great mass of the English who convert the Rue de Rivoli into a *succursale* of Oxford Street is not encumbered by the gold that glittered on the Petit Crevé's person. Oiseau Bleu was a success amongst the ladies, who pronounced him, for I am oblivious of his name, "charmant"; such lovely blue wings; and then the cap of blue feathers and the birds' heads on his shoulders, and his winged boots—*ravissant*, as a young lady confided to me. The host, all but invisible beneath a huge wig, spectacled moreover, and disguised as a Breton notary, was only unmasked at an early hour on Saturday morning. The

floral decorations, as usual in Paris, were most artistic—twining ivy, pyramids of white camellias and violets, adorned the supper-table, which did credit to the hospitality of the land of the Stars and Stripes.

March 31st.

The Cercle des Beaux Arts, a club much resorted to by some of the most talented of the literary and artistic world of Paris, is situated in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. To be admitted one must, as in English clubs, be presented by two members, and go through the ordeal of a ballot. If I mention this club, it is because I was last night at a *soirée* given by its members, which was interesting in every detail. We had not only good singing and good music, but we were entertained by some of Lemercier de Neuville's humorous marionettes, masks and grimaces of the most celebrated personages of the day. The acting, though performed after the fashion of Punch and Judy, is most witty and eminently satirical. The political characters are lifelike, and unmistakable from their resemblance—the tone of voice and gestures of each personage are imitated to perfection. Lemercier de Neuville is not only a capital actor, but a first-rate writer. Why he has turned into a *montreur de marionettes* he himself has most touchingly explained in his amusing work, *I pupazzi*. In 1863 poor, and burdened with a family, he was endeavouring to gain his livelihood by his pen. We all know the struggles of a young unknown writer, the hopeless effort to induce editors to accept a work signed by an untried name, the polite excuses and the insolent rebuffs by which one is, as the French expressively designate this sort of thing, *éconduit*. Lemercier got a few articles placed, but the "black dog" was at his door. His little child was sick—dying, in fact. On his cradle lay broken toys. He would awake and ask for fresh amusement; some numbers of *Le Boulevart*, on the first pages of which were Cargot's inimitable "charges," lay scattered on the floor. An idea struck the father: he cut out the carica-

tures, pasted them on some cardboard, on which he had been sketching, and with some broken wire from the toys constructed a series of marionettes. The child awoke and screamed with delight. De Villemessant brandished his razor, Nadar sent up his balloon, Rossini tossed maccaroni in his saucepan. "But why," asked the boy, "has that gentleman a razor?" "Oh, because he writes the *Figaro*, and Figaro was a barber." The child's question suggested to him that for the great majority to whom the idiosyncrasies of great men are unknown "charges" ought to be accompanied by an explanation. He wrote a few verses, imitating the style of each writer—satirical, of course, but easily recognisable. Some of his artist friends, surprised by the novelty and the humour of the child's show, insisted on his giving a *soirée*. It was a success, although the audience, consisting of the young *littérateurs* of the day, was perhaps the most fastidious and the least easy to please of any in Europe. Five years have elapsed, and Lemercier de Neuville and his "pupazzi" are now as well known as any of the characters he satirises.

Musical *soirées* and Lent are synonymous terms in Paris. The Parisian woman of fashion will dance at balls given by heretics, but at her own house she will entertain you with music only, which is rather an expensive enjoyment just now. Madame A—— gave a concert lately at her house in the Avenue Gabriel, at which a scene from a popular *partition* was performed. Altesse, first flutist of the Opera orchestra, executed a few bars of one of the airs. When Madame A—— next day asked him what she was in his debt, he replied, "A hundred francs, madame." "What! for eighty notes?" "*Oui*, madame."

To help us to endure the period of fasting mackerel have benevolently allowed themselves to be caught in numbers hitherto unknown in the annals of fisheries; 9,800 baskets of them arrived at the Paris market yesterday morning, and remarkably fine of their kind they were.

April 29th.

Last night—or to be more technically correct, this morning—our Swedish nightingale sang for the last time, and ere this reaches you she will be in London. The great world, the artistic world, the musical world, proved their appreciation of her genius, and their sincere regret at parting with her, by crowding the vast *enceinte* of the Grand Opera in such numbers that there was not an available spot within the *salle* which was not occupied by some representative of the highest ranks of Paris society. As early as three o'clock in the day there was no possibility to obtain a ticket, whatever sum you might offer for it. I shall not give an account of the *libretto*, which is a mere musical adaptation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Neither shall I attempt to convey an idea of the magnificent *mise-en-scène* of this opera, which for the last month has attracted the whole of Paris; my sole object is to record the tremendous success achieved last night by Mdlle. Christina Nilsson. In the first three acts, although her part does not call forth her powers either of singing or acting, she nevertheless steals upon us siren-like, magnetising her audience by the charm of her voice, as well as by her own exceeding loveliness. Yet, apparently, evidently unaware of those gifts, perfectly childlike, and even unconscious of the effect she produces on the spectators. Few artists, let it be said, would be able to personify Ophelia as truly as she does. That is, suffering love's pangs without once confessing them; making a secret of this love and never divulging it; and even when in a hopeless state of madness, only manifesting her devotion to Hamlet by tears and sighs. When she sang an exquisite air—borrowed, as I am told, from her own country—we listened as though we were in the presence of real insanity, so eloquently and truly did she act this difficult part. So natural and unsophisticated, so full of pathos was she in this admirable and touching scene, that I detected many a tear in those who most frantically applauded her. In all truth it

may be said that the whole of that excited audience gazed upon Ophelia with all the tenderness, with all the intensity of love of Hamlet himself; and had Shakespeare himself been present, he too, poor fellow, would have lost his heart to Ophelia-Nilsson, so exquisite was her rendering of the simplicity, the childish delicacy, the virgin innocence, as well as the sorrow and despair of his heroine, all of which were expressed in notes sweet and melodious, such as belong not to earth, and lead the imagination to soar to higher spheres. In the song in which are depicted the wild, rambling fancies of her mind, the sudden transition from gaiety to sadness is so dramatically performed by the Swedish nightingale that she here reveals herself as great an actress as she is an unrivalled *cantatrice*. It was at this moment that burst forth from every part of the house the most frantic applause, such as in a long experience of Paris audiences I have never witnessed, and such, indeed, as led me to believe that the madness of Ophelia had proved contagious and seized upon the audience. In the annals of musical history never was such an ovation made to an artist. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and not easy to be described, when the crowded and brilliant audience, rising simultaneously and giving vent to its excitement, took leave of one endeared to them, not only by her enchanting voice, but by her personal qualities and youthful charms. To write that bouquets were flung from every part of the house and literally covered the stage is sober fact. Hundreds fell from the boxes, and of a size and beauty that must have cost fabulous sums; and not only was this extraordinary demonstration made by the audience, but a gigantic floral trophy of white lilies and lilacs was offered to her by the manager, and each of the actors, actresses, *danseuses*, and *choristes* presented her with wreaths, crowns, and floral devices of every imaginable form—some in leaves of gold and silver; one garland which Ophelia held in her hand for a few moments was formed of the wax blossoms of the Stephanotis and the white flowers of the Gardenia, interwoven with long streamers of silver ribbon. This representation

produced the unprecedented sum of 14,147 f., an amount unheard of in the annals of the Grand Opera. *Hamlet* in twenty-two nights has brought in above £10,200 sterling.

May 12th.

There is a time-honoured saying, "'Tis never too late to learn." I therefore am glad of an opportunity of conveying instruction which I myself received with due deference from the *Figaro*. It would appear that the question has been put to that popular journal as to what the origin and meaning of "esquire" added to our patronymics may be; in fact, why John Brown is addressed "John Brown, Esq." "The word 'esquire,'" replies the *Figaro*, "in its popular acceptation, is a title of courtesy granted to persons who conceive it to be derogatory to their dignity to be addressed as 'Sir John So-and-So' or 'Sir Thomas So-and-so.' However," continues this erudite journal, "this distinction is going out of fashion, and persons belonging to the upper classes no longer indulge in the puerile vanity of adding this title to their surname." I translate literally.

May 19th.

You will remember the adventure of the Prussian engineer officers whose good pleasure it was to spend some days in the vicinity of Meudon, and in the garb of workmen to drink at a *cabaret* by an unaccounted-for accident frequented by the men employed in the manufacture of the portable cannon invented by the Emperor. The story goes that Marshal Niel is particularly curious as to the manufacture of German beer, and, wishing to ascertain precisely the amount of hops used in the breweries along the Rhine, sent a party of French engineer officers to make inquiries on this interesting subject. By another unaccounted-for accident these officers were only interested in the manner in which beer was made in fortress towns. This peculiarity struck M. de Bismarck, who, to save further trouble and expense,

has obligingly forwarded Marshal Niel plans of all the Prussian-Rhenane fortresses, together with a design of the best breweries in each of the Rhenane frontier cities. The story strikes me as too good to be true.

June 4th.

The law which in France compels property to be equally divided amongst the children at the death of the head of a family constantly brings treasures of art into the public sale-rooms, and long-forgotten works are thus brought to light, executed by our best masters for personages of importance, whose possessions, utterly swept away by successive revolutions, are now represented by poor and unknown descendants, in many cases utterly unconscious of the value of the few relics of the past glories of their house they may yet have preserved. Two instances have lately proved an agreeable surprise to the world of art. A panel was sold the other day on which was painted a child of two or three years lying on a mattress of white satin. From one hand gold pieces are falling, whilst with the other he presses a dove to his heart. Above are zephyrs and other mythological personages. On close investigation it has been proved that the painting is from the brush of no less a master than Boucher, the panel being executed by order of Louis XV. to decorate one of the apartments of the Grand Trianon, the subject having been his grandson, Louis XVI., when a child. The panel was subsequently presented by Queen Marie Antoinette to one of her ladies. A still more curious incident occurred last week at Versailles. One of the brightest ornaments of the Court of Louis XVI., the Countess Ghika, died, aged ninety-three, at the beginning of this year. The Countess, having lost her husband as well as his property by the first revolution, was granted a small pension by the Bourbons on their return to power, which pension was continued by successive Governments to the hour of her death. Charitable persons added to this pension, and one amongst them, visiting her at Versailles on one

occasion, noticed a portrait of a beautiful woman in Court dress, and inquired who it represented. "Me," replied the ancient lady, "and the painting is by Prudhon." The lady died, the few possessions were sold, and with them the picture. My friend, absent at the time of the auction, returned, to be informed that the Prudhon had been sold for 2 f. to a *brocanteur*, and, truly, at his shop-door, he discovered the treasure, which he repurchased for 10 f.: he is now in possession of a picture valued at 12,000 f., it having all the merit of never having passed into the hands of a cleaner. *Du reste*, a mere sketch by Prudhon sold last week at the Hôtel Drouot for 600 f. (£24). The Countess is in the Court dress of the period, adorned with jewels and rich lace.

June 5th.

A rather amusing incident is related to have occurred during the visit Prince Napoleon paid M. de Sainte-Beuve to congratulate the latter on the speech delivered by him at the Senate. When the Prince called upon the senator, he was received by Sophie, his well-known servant, and as M. de Sainte-Beuve was dressing, His Highness entered into a conversation with the ancient dame. "M. de Sainte-Beuve," observed the Prince, "must have been highly satisfied with the ovation made to him by the students." "Oh yes, sir," replied Sophie, who thought she was paying a compliment to the Prince, "they all shouted, 'Vivent les Impérialistes!'" "You are mistaken," interrupted the Prince, "you did not hear well; they cried 'Vivent les matérialistes!' not 'Vivent les Impérialistes!'" Sophie was puzzled, and asks for explanations.

June 7th.

Paris is at this moment in a state of wild excitement. Cabmen coolly ask 50 f. to take you to Longchamps and back, a distance which on an ordinary day you certainly would accomplish for 5 f. At the hour at which I write not a

vehicle of any kind, not even a milkman's cart, is to be had for any amount of love or money. I chanced to dine in an aristocratic quarter of this city last night, and I undertake to assert that during five hours I heard no subject alluded to but the probable events of this day on the racecourse, varied occasionally by feminine voices engaged in exciting each other's jealousy by descriptions of the *chefs d'œuvre* of millinery in which the fair ones are at this moment equipping themselves for conquest; but, alas! the clouds as I write are lowering, and a shadow of darkness ominous to muslins and laces is falling over the land. Alas for the doomed toilettes! The general opinion, at the pigeon-shooting yesterday afternoon and at yesterday's races, amongst the French, was that the Marquis of Hastings's Earl was a better horse than Suzerain. Note, I attempt not to utter a prophecy, I merely repeat what I heard, and likewise some bitter feeling expressed that the English had refused to back French horses. I give these echoes *sous toutes réservés*. Paris is crowded with foreigners. Amongst the English who will be present are the Marquises of Lansdowne and Hastings, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Newport, General Hastings Doyle, Lord Stamford, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Captain and Lady Mary Craven, Mr. S. Gladstone, and all the men of note in the sporting world. The hotels are filled to overflowing, and the avenue of the Champs Elysées at this hour presents the appearance of one unbroken mass of equipages. Ladies' tickets for the grand stand, even at 10 f., and gentlemen's at 20 f., were not easy to obtain yesterday afternoon, and a tremendous crowd was expected.

June 8th.

I was not mistaken in the opinion I expressed. The Earl, as I said, proved a better horse than Suzerain, and won magnificently by a length. The competitors were Suzerain, Blueskin (Mr. Savile's property), Vale Royal, and Count Lagrange's Nelusko. The French were confident of their favourite's success, and even when the two horses were

standing together before the start, sneered at the idea of the Marquis of Hastings winning the day. The result of the race was not for one minute doubtful, the Earl, after the first three-quarters of a mile, keeping well ahead, and winning easily by a length. The English cheered tremendously. Fordham was dragged off his horse, and the character so well known on every French racecourse, Joey Jones, wearing the Marquis of Hastings's colours—red and white—got into the saddle, and cheered and hurrahed as long as his voice lasted. But the victory was received by the French in dead silence; the great majority did not attempt to conceal their annoyance. The Emperor congratulated the Marquis of Hastings, but almost immediately crossed the course, the Empress leaning on his arm, to his carriage, and at once drove back to the Tuileries. The display of jealousy on the part of the French is not commendable, inasmuch as when Gladiateur was victorious in England no such feeling was manifested. The scene on the course was brilliant and striking, although the sun did not shine, and the ladies trembled for their toilettes. The weather kept up, and the afternoon belied the threatening aspect of the morning sky. The Court arrived in three open carriages *attelés à la Daumont*. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and the Count and Countess of Flanders joined the Imperial party at the grand stand, and saw the race from the Emperor's box. The Empress was most becomingly dressed in blue silk, flounced with Brussels lace, a *fichu* Marie Antoinette of the same lace, and a straw bonnet wreathed with wild flowers. The beauty and distinction of the youthful Countess of Flanders struck everyone. She recalls her sister, Queen Stephanie of Portugal, whose early death was so much deplored; and report says the Countess is as amiable as her sweet, intelligent countenance would lead one to expect. This is by no means the first time the French have been beaten on their own ground. In 1863 Mr. Savile's Ranger, when 20,134 spectators paid for entering within the lines, and in 1866 the Duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, when 38,012 spectators

swelled the receipts, carried off the Derby of France. The prize consists of a piece of plate presented by the Emperor and of a hundred thousand francs presented partly by the city of Paris and partly by the railway companies. For the first time the Prince Imperial made his appearance in the weighing yard. He was under the escort of his cousin, Prince Achille Murat, who appears to be spending his honeymoon anywhere but in Mongolia or St. Petersburg. The yellow clarence of the Marchioness of Hastings, picked out with pale blue, excited considerable curiosity, especially as the postillion's jacket was rose-coloured.

June 9th.

The cup presented by the Emperor to the Marquis of Hastings on the Earl winning Le Grand Prix is thus described. It is an oxydised silver media cup of graceful design, chiselled with admirable delicacy. The handles are formed of horses' heads; the cover surmounted by Victory distributing palm branches. A tablet of *lapis lazuli* is encrusted in the centre of the cup, on which is engraved, "Given by the Emperor. Grand Prix, 1868." This work of art stands on a block of onyx. As has been truly remarked, the Earl did not beat France, the proprietor of Suzerain, M. Schickler, being a Prussian *pur sang*. The third favourite, 'tis true, belongs to the Comte de Lagrange, but is of English breed. Though born in France, the Comte's horses are sent to England as soon as they can stand, and only sent back when perfectly trained. Their grooms, jockeys, saddles, bridles, and even shoes are English. *La Gazette de France* inquires what there is French about a *soi-disant* French racehorse.

Number 2,867,996 gained the prize of £6,000 (150,000 f.) at the lottery for the "*Enfants Pauvres*." A hairdresser of Bressuire was the lucky man; he at once rushed up to Paris, drove straight to the Corps Législatif, where he demanded an immediate interview with his deputy, who, when at home, he has the honour of shaving, and requested

him to accompany him to the Bank of France, in order to claim the money. M. Charles Leroux, lest he should lose a vote at the coming election, immediately acceded to the hairdresser's request. The incident excited much merriment in the House, where the story spread like wildfire.

June 21st.

La France of this morning gives us the following details of Maximilian's last hours, translated from the German narrative written by his physician. These details were originally published in *La Gazette de France* on last Friday, the anniversary of the Prince's execution:—"At eight the Emperor lay down, and I remained with him alone. Towards nine Palacios made his appearance with Escobedo's orders that the Emperor should be informed that the wishes he had expressed as to his body would be fulfilled. The Emperor read Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Jesus Christ* till ten, when he put out his light. Towards half-past eleven, while he slept, I was alarmed by the entrance of Dr. Riva de Rejià, who informed me that Escobedo was there and wished to have an interview with the Emperor. The noise disturbed him, he struck a light, Escobedo entered, and the doctor and I retired. The General remained but a few moments, and as I returned he said, 'Escobedo came to take leave of me. It was a pity. I was sleeping so well.' He extinguished the light, and in about an hour, which to me appeared an eternity, I heard the regular breathing which indicated sleep. He awoke at half-past three; at four the confessor arrived; at five the Emperor and the two generals heard Mass, and at six breakfasted. He then for a second time handed me his wedding-ring, which I had returned to him on the 16th, when his execution had been deferred; repeated his farewell messages to his friends, and putting a scapulary in his pocket, which the confessor had given him, said, 'You will take that to my mother': this was the last order the Emperor gave me. Colonel Palacios

arrived at half-past six. I accompanied him as far as the staircase. He pressed my hand, slightly bowed his head, and smiled; I endeavoured to follow, but my strength gave away, and I could not. In half an hour the unprecedented execution had taken place. At eight Colonel Palacios, deeply moved, returned to the cell, and, grasping my hand, said, 'Era una alma grande.'"

The *Official Gazette of Vienna* publishes the following letter, written by a gentleman who witnessed the execution of the Emperor Maximilian:—

"When, on Wednesday, at six o'clock in the morning, the condemned went out from the convent of the Capucins, the Emperor, crossing the threshold, turned back and said to Ortega, his counsel, 'What a beautiful sky! That day is such as I wished the day of my death should be.'

"They were all of them dressed in black. Each of them got in a carriage with a priest. These carriages, escorted by 4,000 soldiers, took the road leading to the Surra de la Campana, a hill at a little distance from the town of Queretaro. It was at one hundred steps from that point where the Emperor had surrendered on the 15th. The condemned alighted at the spot where they were to be executed. The Emperor shook off the dust covering his clothes; his deportment was resolute, he carried his head high. He asked who were the soldiers chosen to shoot him; he gave an ounce of gold to each of them, and requested them to aim at his chest.

"The young officer who was in command went to the Emperor and expressed to him how much he feared that the Emperor would die bearing ill-will to him, while, on the contrary, he disapproved from the bottom of his heart the mission he was compelled to perform. '*Muchacho!*' (young man), answered the Emperor, 'the duty of a soldier is to obey. I thank you for your pity, but I request you to fulfil the order given to you.'

"Then the Emperor advanced towards Miramon and

Mejia and embraced them with affection, telling them, 'We shall soon meet again in the other world.'

"The Emperor, who was between them, addressed Miramon thus: 'General, sovereigns admire brave men, and, before dying, I will give you the place of honour.' Then he turned to Mejia, and said to him, 'General, what has not been rewarded on this earth shall be rewarded in heaven.' Mejia was the most dejected among them. A few minutes before he had seen his wife carrying his child in her arms, her chest naked, wildly running through the streets as if a prey to madness.

"The Emperor, making a few steps forward, pronounced, with a clear voice and with a remarkable serenity, the following words:—

"'Mexicans! The men of my blood and of my origin, the men animated with sentiments such as mine, are designed by Providence for founding the happiness of nations or for dying as martyrs. When I came to you I had not a single concealed thought. I came after having been requested to do so by well-meaning Mexicans, by those who sacrifice themselves to-day for my adopted country. On the moment of departing from this world I carry away with me the consolation of having done nothing but good to the extent of my strength, and of not being abandoned by my beloved and trusting generals. Mexicans! May my blood be the last that shall be shed; may my unhappy adopted country rise up again!'

"Then the Emperor moved back a few steps, advanced one of his feet, raised his eyes to the sky, put his right hand on his breast, and quietly waited death.

"Miramon took a paper from his pocket, slowly glanced on the 4,000 soldiers as if he were still their general, and said: 'Mexican soldiers! Fellow-citizens! You see me here as a man sentenced to death for treason. At a moment when life has already ceased to belong to me, when, in a few minutes, I shall be no more, I declare to you all, before the world, that I was never guilty of treason against my country. I fought for order, and it is for that cause that I succumb

now, but with honour. I have sons, but they will never be touched by the calumny with which I have been infamously polluted. Mexicans! *vivat* Mexico! *vivat* the Emperor!' He pronounced these words with a thundering voice. All hearts were moved, many eyes were filled with tears.

"Not a single inhabitant of Queretaro assisted at the execution. The streets were deserted, and the houses shut. The bodies were embalmed. It is reported that the Emperor has bequeathed 50,000 thalers to Miramon's sons, and has requested his brother, the Emperor of Austria, to treat them like his own children. Mejia has recommended his son to Escobedo, whom he made prisoner several times, whose life he saved more than once."

June 29th.

Alexandre Dumas has discovered a new solution for the immense powers of attraction he has long possessed. The veteran romancist does not attribute his popularity to his talent, but to the amount of magnetic fluid with which he is endowed, as you will see by the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Journal du Havre* :—

"SIR,—Would you be kind enough to act as my interpreter to the distinguished persons who were so good as to receive me on my arrival at Havre, and with whom, by their simple volition, I have been since yesterday? I am more touched than surprised by this sympathy which comes to me voluntarily, and gives me special importance in my own estimation, inasmuch as it neither proceeds from what I have written, or shall ever write, but simply from the magnetic reciprocity which I feel and inspire. The occult and mysterious phase of this sentiment makes it very difficult for me adequately to express the gratitude with which it inspires me. However this may be, Havre is the city wherein I have always experienced and given out the greatest amount of this tender and fraternal affection.

"Accept, sir, the assurance, etc.,

"ALEX. DUMAS."

M. Emile Ollivier first married a daughter of the great pianist Liszt. The lady died and was buried in the enclosed cemetery of St. Tropez. You enter by a great gate, closed during the night to the public, but there is likewise a side door, of which M. Ollivier was given the key, in order that he might indulge his grief by moonlight, if it so pleased him. During the elections the Mayor and M. Ollivier, not taking the same view of things in general, came to open warfare, and on the hustings M. le Maire got the worst of it. Now access by this side door to the cemetery was a privilege his worship alone could grant. Feeling himself aggrieved, he had a padlock put on the door. M. Ollivier stormed and wrote letters, and reported the affair in such high quarters that M. le Maire had nothing for it but to have the padlock taken off, and humbly restore to the deputy of the Opposition his right to mourn over his wife's grave.

July 1*st.*

At the last meeting of the Academy of Science the learned members of that body were much surprised at seeing a deal box containing an old boot placed on the table. It proved by no means to be a historical article of dress, but simply the boot of a poor workman, and yet it was brought into this erudite assembly under no less high auspices than those of M. Becquerel, whose special study is electricity. The story of this wonderful boot is thus related: On Sunday, the 22nd ult., a violent thunderstorm burst over Paris. A workman was crossing the road leading from Bercy to the Jardin des Plantes, when he suddenly felt an oppression on his chest, and in a few seconds was thrown on his face by an irresistible force. He lost the use of his senses, and in this condition was picked up and carried home. On examination of his body there was no external mark of violence, and there was not even a scratch visible. During the two days which succeeded his fall he was unable to control a violent trembling. At the expiration of that period

he, however, revived, and it was thought that no trace remained of his strange accident. This was a mistake, however, for his boots remained. The said boots were heavy hob-nailed workman's boots, and the lightning had abstracted the greater number of the nails. Two members of the Academy, after listening to M. Becquerel's statement, said that this phenomenon was by no means new. General Morin stated that at Charenton cannon-balls piled in pyramidical heaps had been suddenly projected in every direction under the influence of electric fluid during the same thunderstorm. Marshal Vaillant related that a few years ago, in the Bois de Vincennes, a soldier was knocked down by the same fluid, his shoes dragged off his feet, and all the nails of the said shoes extracted, as in the case of M. Becquerel's workman.

The following experience will convey some idea of the rent demanded by the proprietors of the Haussmannic edifices of which the new avenues are constructed. Having been asked by a friend of mine, a physician, to look out for an apartment for himself, his wife, and daughter, in a respectable part of the town, I found an *entresol* in the Avenue Haussman, which appeared to me to be likely to suit my friend, till I inquired its price. "Sixteen thousand francs a year," was the *concierge's* cool reply; "and, monsieur, we do not admit families with children. M. le Propriétaire is strict on that point. Neither children nor dogs. Your friend keeps carriages as a matter of course; there are stables and coachhouses." "But no nurseries?" I remarked. "Ciel, au grand jamais, non," was the indignant reply.

July 12th.

A small pamphlet appeared this morning under the following title: *Nero's Last Will and Testament, as dictated by him on the 19th January*—Nero, I need scarcely remind you, was the Emperor's favourite dog. Among the last wishes expressed by this sagacious animal I find the following:—

"The French nation having a weakness for statues, I do not object to one being erected in my honour; but still I wish this tribute to my memory to be done with moderation; therefore it will only be put up on all the public squares of Paris, of the chief towns of the departments, and the most important villages of the provinces. These statues shall either be cast in bronze or plaster, according to the importance of the locality. Not wishing that posterity should laugh at me, I specially forbid that I should be reproduced on horseback." It is all very well for Nero to issue his directions as to how and where he chose to be immortalised; but if M. Ingres, the great artist of the classic school, had done likewise, he would not have been wrong, as at the hour I write there are no less than thirty-five specimen statues exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux Arts of the great little man—the one more thoroughly absurd than the other. If you happen to have ever seen the great illustration of the Orleanist dynasty, you will remember that neither M. Ingres's figure nor general appearance was anything but favourable to the sculptor's art; consequently all true admirers of the late senator-artist trust Government will select an allegorical group representing Fame crowning the bust of M. Ingres. Amongst the models sent up for approbation is a life-size cast of the great leader of the purely classic school in the act of taking snuff.

July 16th.

A gentleman received last night the following telegram: "Your mother-in-law just expired. Should this reach in time start by *train de plaisir* at nine p.m."

July 27th.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the habits and customs of our countrymen, is going the round of the papers, and is gravely cited as an example of the eccentricity of our Legislature. A gentleman very much afraid of fire insured his house, furniture and clothes, and, in fact, his

whole possessions. Some months afterwards he claimed an indemnity for a case of cigars he had smoked, on the plea of the cigars having been destroyed by fire. Naturally the company laughed at the demand, but the gentleman sued the directors, and, according to the French version, gained his lawsuit, inasmuch as his policy bore the words, "Whatever goods perish by fire." The story is believed, and its readers shrug their shouders, remarking, "Quelle nation excentrique!"

July 28th.

A young author, who received much kindness from Alexandre Dumas, brought the latter his first volume, remarking that he would like to write a few words on the flyleaf. "Pray do," said Dumas. The young author took up his pen and seemed puzzled what to write. "Well," observed the author of *Monte Cristo*, "what are you hesitating about?" "I am embarrassed, for I owe you everything, and without you I should not be known." "Write," said Dumas, "if you like, '*à mon second père*'" (to my second father). "I was thinking of doing so." "Then why don't you write it?" said Dumas. "Why, you see, I have already written 'To my second father' on a copy I sent to my uncle at Lyons." "Well, then," said Alexandre Dumas, "write 'to my third father.'"

July 31st.

I gather the following anecdote from the same source, only the scene related occurred last winter at a private party at the Tuileries, and not at Fontainebleau. After dinner the Court were playing at *jeux de société*. The question proposed was: "How distinguish truth from a lie?" It was the Emperor's turn to reply: "Nothing more simple. Open the door to both, and the lie will be sure to enter first." At this moment the folding doors were thrown open, and a groom of the chambers announced two of the ministers, who were seen to bow to each other and each to decline accepting the

precedence. At last the younger of the two Excellencies remarked that he had but recently joined the Cabinet, and that it was evident his colleague had the *pas*. The company, meanwhile, attracted by the singular coincidence, were not a little amused to perceive M. Rouher, the Minister of State, enter the *salon*, followed by M. Pinard, and their Excellencies were much puzzled by the hilarity their arrival occasioned.

August 23rd.

The affair which took place in the Bureaux du Pays, when a cashiered naval lieutenant entered the office of that paper, and, having ascertained the identity of M. de Cassagnac, struck him on the face, has now been settled. For this act of violence he (M. Lullier) has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 200 f. penalty.

It is well known what it has cost M. Rochefort for having in his *Lanterne* attacked the present dynasty. The above statement shows what a slap administered on the cheek of a political writer is valued at by French tribunals. It may now be interesting to see what small importance the Correctional Police attaches to a French novelist's nose. The nose I am speaking of ought to excite respect, if not pity and commiseration, inasmuch as it appertains to one of the most productive and amusing of French novelists, Maximilian Perrin. He, like Paul de Kock and Victor Ducange, has in his writings celebrated *les grisettes*, *les dames de la halle*, *chevaliers d'industrie*, robbers and highwaymen. As a sensational romancist he has ever had great success. The other day, as he was walking up the Rue Joquelet, an immense ladder fell on his head, crushing his hat, smashing his spectacles and excoriating his nose to such an extent that it took some time to bring together the lips of the wound. Dorel, the locksmith, who was the main cause of the accident, by allowing his ladder to fall upon Perrin's olfactory apparatus, was sentenced to 16 f. penalty as well as to 25 f. damages to the said writer; 41 f. in all. This is not

setting much value on the novelist's nose; and altogether it appears to me, in a pecuniary point of view, a more reproductive event to have one's cheeks slapped than one's nose laddered.

August 30th.

The Persian of the Italian Opera was found yesterday morning dead in his bed by his servant. He was a well-known *habitué*, as he sat in the corner box on the right of the stage, his high-peaked astracan cap, with its little tuft of white, so drawn over his face that his eyes were the only feature visible, for his soft silvery beard concealed the rest of his face, and his person was completely enveloped in his vast robe of fine black cloth, his small, delicately shaped hands crossed and hidden in the wide sleeves of this truly Eastern garment. The pale features and strange look of resignation of the Persian prince were familiar to us, as he daily drove along the Champs Elysées to take his solitary drive in the Bois. For twenty-five years the existence of this singular Oriental has never varied. Every night was he to be seen either at the Opera or the Italiens, and, when these were closed, at the Opéra Comique. The sphynx-like impassibility of his countenance has never been known to change, whether the audiences of which he formed an item, under the impulse of a Patti, or a Faure, or a Grisi, or a Mario, or an Alboni, or a Garcia, frantically applauded or energetically hissed the idol of the hour. The same unmoved expression and motionless figure remained in his *loge* till the curtain dropped, and then stealthily glided along the corridors till he reached his carriage. Prince Ismael, for so he was called, contributed some articles on Oriental literature to *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, on one occasion, when asked by M. Garcin de Tassy, the Professor of Oriental Languages of the Collège de France, why he was invariably clad in black, he replied by a quotation from Horace. For twenty-six years he occupied the same apartment in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the gardens, attended by the same servant, whose duty it

has been to open, read and consume all letters addressed to him. Thus he never allowed events, whether of public or private life, to disturb the even tenour of his existence. His carriages belonged to him, but his horses were hired, and his meals supplied to him by a *restaurateur*. He read the *Times*, *Fraser's*, the *Quarterly* and several Asiatic papers. He died as he had lived, alone, without revealing the secret of his life, which, however, must be well known at Teheran.

November 2nd.

One of Robert Fleury's *chefs d'œuvre* is for sale, and may be seen in a shop window of the Boulevard Malesherbes. How it comes to be there I have not the faintest conception, but, like all his works, it is a gem of the first water. The subject is "Luther affixing his theses." The Reformer, who has not yet cast off his monk's cowl, is the central figure. His declaration of faith, posted on the convent wall, has attracted a mixed crowd. Luther explains the new doctrine to a burly Capucin friar, who leans on the shoulder of a pale young student, whilst a portly burgomaster, several artisans, to say nothing of two or three priests, listen with curiosity, surprise and a certain awe. The minute correctness of costume, and the varied expression of the countenances, which are the salient points of Robert Fleury's works, are in this given with marvellous accuracy and delicacy of handling. Meissonier's delicious bits of mediæval costume, executed with a minute finish not surpassed in any of Petitot's or Van Blarenberghe's miniatures, lack the interest which is always attached to Robert Fleury's gems, from the fact that his brush invariably illustrates one of those *marquant* historical scenes which characterise a century. £400 is the price marked beneath this picture, half the money paid for his "Charles Quint at St. Yuste," or for his "Torquemada in the torture-chamber of the Inquisition watching the effect of burning the feet of a pair of heretics by slow fire," exhibited three years ago, and purchased at a fabulous price.

London ate, or otherwise consumed, 1,250,000 rabbits during the year 1867, skinned and prepared for eating, reared by the children of the peasantry of the department Du Nord and Pas de Calais, who thereby realised £42,000. These rabbits are sent over by the Ostend steamer. The skins are disposed of in the country to hat manufacturers. This trade is entirely in the hands of children who are too young to be employed in field labour.

November 4th.

The 700,824 cats which, according to the last census, represent the feline portion of the Paris population, ought to be grateful to the well-known humourist Champfleury for the panegyric which he has just published under the title *Les Chats*, published and beautifully got up by J. Rothschild, of the Rue Saint André des Arts. This most interesting book will amuse and delight all amateurs of our four-footed household friend, and embalm Grimalkin in a more than Egyptian perpetuity. Champfluery was the very man to conceive and bring out such a work, for he has ever had a mania for cats; and, indeed, if we are to judge by the clever *charge* he has published of himself at the end of the volume, there is a family likeness between him and his favourites. Champfluery, moreover, asserts that he never writes with so much felicity as when Grimalkin demurely graces, as did the cat of the famous Dr. Syntax, the top of his great armchair. Champfluery, speaking of his own particular puss, might indeed exclaim, as did Joseph Green, the whimsical American writer, in his elegy on the decease of Dr. Byle's cat—

> "She in the study was my constant mate,
> There we together many evenings sate;
> When'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
> I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail;
> And as I stroked improv'd my dying song
> From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue;
> Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
> She purr'd in metres, and she mew'd in rhyme."

About twenty or twenty-five years ago Champfleury was almost unknown to fame. Victor Hugo's attention was drawn towards him by a novelette entitled *Chien-Caillou*, and he instantly sent to the then Bohemian writer a most flattering letter expressing a wish to make his acquaintance. Champfleury started at once for the poet's residence, Place Royale. On his arrival he was informed that there was company at dinner, but nevertheless was ushered into the splendid drawing-room. Without paying the slightest attention to the magnificence of the apartment, decorated with panoplies of arms, velvet draperies, sculptured *bahuts*, and relics of the Middle Ages, the author of *Chien-Caillou*, perceiving an immense Angora cat warming its paws near the fireside, lazily stretched on an Indian carpet, imitated the example of his feline host. When the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* entered the *salon*, accompanied by his guests, he was somewhat surprised to see his visitor full-length on the floor, deeply absorbed in a game of romps with old puss. Victor Hugo, struck by the original nature of the newcomer, instead of talking to him of his works, began a conversation about cats, and the whole evening was spent in relating anecdotes of the *genus felis*. This interview between the great poet and Champfleury may, probably, have suggested to the latter the first idea of the present volume. *Les Chats* is a book well worth reading; it thoroughly initiates us into the ancient and modern history of cats, giving us a clever *aperçu* of the mythological *rôle* they played in Egypt, Greece, Rome, etc., and containing numerous anecdotes illustrative of the habits, customs and manners of King Grimalkin and his descendants. The work is beautifully got up, with most characteristic woodcuts, copied from Egyptian and Japanese designs, as well as from modern artists of every country.

November 8th.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the *atelier* of M. Gustave Doré. The great artist had just left the bedside of the great *maestro* Rossini, to whom he is attached by ties of the closest intimacy and affection. The Rossini of painting has long been the favourite of the mighty genius whose musical inspirations, like the artistic productions of the younger child of genius, have *abordé* every style—from grave to gay, from humorous to sacred. That Rossini is almost beyond all hope of recovery is the painful impression of the multitude who daily crowd to his house at Passy in the hope of reading a favourable bulletin. Yesterday he was in a most excited state, and was not easy to approach. Marshal Vaillant, in the name of the Emperor, inquires daily in person; ambassadors, ministers, the stars of the literary, artistic and scientific world inscribe their names twice a day in the book of inquirers. If this be indeed his last illness, the great musical genius of the age will at least have had the consolation of leaving the world while in the apotheosis of his fame, which even at the advanced age of seventy-eight he has not outlived. My special business in paying a visit to the *atelier*, Rue Bayard, was to see the magnificent reproduction of an Alpine scene which the *Gaulois* gave an account of. Three *chefs d'œuvre*, however, occupied the wall opposite that, covered by a gigantic canvas, on which is a splendid scene, taken from the Gospel of St. John, as yet in too unfinished a state to report upon. The first of the three paintings which thus greeted me is a view in the Savoisien Alps—a rocky glen, bounded by the snowy peaks of the Alpine ridges, a lake, in the deep, blue waters of which lichen-covered rocks lie, as it were, scattered; the mist of evening rising and softening the barren scenery by the delicate hues reflected from a setting sun, form a picture indeed worthy of Doré's brush. Next to this is a smaller picture of the well-known Rosenlaui, the details given with a precision he has hitherto set aside; and the

third painting is of a totally different class—romance and love have inspired this gem. "Le Premier Regard" is its title. The scene lies in Alsace—a mountain path through a wood; a young girl scarce sixteen, on whose arm an aged grandmother leans, has just passed a youth accompanying an old man laden like himself, with sticks for firing. The old dame, bent with age, by no means perceives that her young charge has turned round to return the passing salute of the stalwart young peasant. *Les vieux* discreetly mind their own business. Their day of love-making is over, and they have enough to do to get along the weary road, and keep continually looking on the ground for stones and other impediments which might cause them to stumble. The simple story is told at once, and the whole is bathed in a flood of golden light, which blends with the blue-green of the evening sky of a summer's day. The glory of this setting sun, the clear stillness of the perfumed air, by which every leaf, every flower, every insect is seen as through a microscope, must be seen to be judged. "Le Premier Regard" is a gem of loveliness, and will not, I fear, long remain in France.

November 15th.

Rossini is dead, and the whole of Paris is alive to the loss of this great musical composer, who began his artistic career at twenty years of age by *Tancredi*, and ended it at thirty-eight by *Guillaume Tell*. During those eighteen or twenty years of hard work he wrote no less than forty operas, the *Barbiere di Seviglia* being without exception the most popular one. The annals of the world can hardly furnish a more interesting example of innate genius bursting the trammels of poverty, and winning itself, with resistless impulse, a position commensurate with its worth, than does the career of Gioacchino Rossini, who from being the son of a poor orchestral horn-player rose to become the rival of Mozart. The *post-mortem* examination which is now made by the whole of the French press of his character, as well as

of his genius, is a most touching one, inasmuch as it unanimously recalls, without any flattery or fulsome adulation, the merits of all the marvellous *chefs d'œuvre* that have emanated from the great *maestro*, as well as the kindness and generosity of his heart. His last moments were most painful. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the death struggle commenced. The breathing became most difficult, and it was painful to listen to. Every ten minutes glasses of iced water were given to the dying man to quench his intolerable thirst, for an internal burning caused him the most agonising suffering. He literally writhed in his bed, uttering broken sentences. The last name on his lips was that of his wife, the celebrated Olympe, whose hand he kissed with affection a few moments before he lost his consciousness. He had composed a Stabat to be executed at his own funeral. The Opera artists have been for the last few days practising this mortuary production, which will be performed at the burial ceremony on Wednesday next.

In this cold, damp and muddy atmosphere it is a real treat to be able to meet with a book which recalls the bright and sunny days of spring. Such a book it has been my happy lot to peruse this morning near my fireside, and as it is intended for a Christmas present, I cannot do better than mention it for the benefit of those who care about an interesting and well-written French work, and who have a fancy for butterflies, those tiny and fairy loiterers—

"Playing all the day in their Sunday dress,"

as our poor unfortunate Clare used to say of them. *Le Monde des Papillons*, such is the title of the work I allude to; and the greatest praise I can give of it is that it is published by J. Rothschild, and written and illustrated by Maurice Sand, son of the celebrated George Sand, to whose gifted pen we owe also the charming preface attached to the volume. The habits, customs, instincts, loves, metamorphosis, etc., of butterflies are here most poetically described. Besides sixty-six engravings, the book contains fifty beautiful chromo-

lithographs, giving us a specimen of each European butterfly, each decked with its well-known gems, emeralds and rubies, and so lifelike are they executed that one almost fancies they are opening and shutting their richly tinted wings in the sunshine. A correspondent is generally better acquainted with *canards* than with butterflies, but in presence of such a work he almost regrets having to handle a goose-quill instead of a butterfly's net. And then, what a lesson do we not derive from the study of these bright yet ephemeral insects! Witness, for instance, the following allegory: "A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, pleased with its beauty, made an offer of perpetual friendship. 'Quite out of the question,' was the reply, 'for you once spurned me and called me a crawling dolt.' 'You mistake,' exclaimed the bird; 'I have entertained the highest respect for such creatures as you.' 'Now perhaps that may be,' said the other, 'but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superior.'"

And now, having ended my daily gossip by this piece of morality, I have nothing to add but *adieu—à demain!*

November 16th.

Rossini's burial will be one of the most imposing ceremonies of the year; the Requiem of Mozart and the Stabat composed by Rossini will most likely be executed, not only by the Opera artistes, but by those of all the lyric theatres. Madame Alboni, who for many years had refused to sing in public, has asked as a favour to be allowed to join in the splendid choir of artistes which will pay a last tribute to the memory of the mighty composer. This request she made after having knelt by the bedside of the illustrious defunct. Amongst the clauses of Rossini's will there is one clause which states that, in gratitude for the hospitality he received in France, he wishes to be buried at Père la Chaise; by the other clause he leaves to the Institute of France 6,000 f. a

year, to be divided in two prizes, which are to be annually delivered—the first to the poet author of the best opera libretto, and the second to the composer who shall have written the best opera. With the exception of these two legacies, the whole fortune returns to Madame Rossini, *née* Olympe.

November 18th.

A visit to the subterranean vaults of the Madeleine on a gloomy day in November is anything but a lively occupation. It is one which it is very difficult to obtain permission for, and when one's object has been accomplished one questions whether sufficient interest attaches to the spot to compensate for the trouble taken to make the pilgrimage. Along narrow, vaulted passages, damp and sepulchral, you proceed till you reach the low and dimly lighted crypt, the walls of which are hung with star-spangled black cloth. Here are deposited the coffins of those whose funerals for various reasons have been delayed beyond the time prescribed by French law, and here reposes the yet unburied *maestro*, Gioacchino Antonio Rossini, his coffin covered with black cloth, edged with silver braid, and adorned with handles of massive bronze. It is of a great size, and, I was told, is of tremendous weight. His name and the date of his birth (1792) and of his death are the only inscriptions it bears. The funeral will take place on Saturday at La Trinité, because Thursday is the only day when the whole church of La Madeleine can be engaged for a funeral ceremony; and, as early yesterday morning the number of invitations issued in the name of Madame Rossini amounted to four thousand, it will be easily understood that the whole of a vast *enceinte* is required for the reception of the immense numbers which are flocking from all parts of France and even Italy to pay a last homage to the departed genius.

November 19th.

The body of Rossini has been removed to-day from the crypt of the Madeleine to the Trinité. The Italian Government offered to bury him with almost regal honours, provided his remains were interred in Italian ground. Madame Rossini, however, declined the offer as inconsistent with the clause in her husband's will. The veteran Auber is engaged in superintending the practising at the Conservatoire of the Prayer in Moses and the mass to be executed on Saturday. The *Stabat Mater* of Rossini is to be performed at the Opera on Saturday evening in commemoration of the great *maestro's* death. As you are aware, Rossini was well known for his *bons-mots*. A few days before his death he asked Madame Rossini what hour it was; and when she had answered, he next inquired what was the difference between her and a clock: "The clock points out the hour to me, whilst you make me forget it."

Gustave Doré, on the day of the Empress's *fête*, offered an exquisite pen-and-ink sketch drawn on wood to the Empress, and a copy of his "Purgatoire" *avant la lettre* to His Majesty. Amongst the party who left Paris for the château yesterday, and who will therefore be present during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, are the Italian ambassador, the President of the Corps Législatif, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Nisard (the academician), the Turkish ambassador, the Count and Countess de Moltke, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Cabanel (the great artist), and Ambroise Thomas (the composer of the opera *Hamlet*). The last gossip from the Opera is that we are soon to have Gounod's *Faust*, as the public has had enough of *Hamlet* for the present. *Toujours perdrix!*

November 24th.

Thanks to the gracious permission of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, I extract from her scarlet-bound album the following, inscribed by the great *maestro* on its first page; the handwriting is bold and clear:—

"Vous voulez que je sois le premier à griffonner votre album. Vous exposez par ce prémice, le singe de Pesaro à vous dire les banalités que toute le monde rabâche du matin au soir. Que vous êtes la créature la plus aimable de la terre; que vous êtes jolie comme les amours; que vous chantez comme un rossignol, etc. etc. Moi, ex-compositeur, qui n'ai jamais imité personne, je me vois placé comme tous, en devoir de vous répéter que vous êtes adorable, rien que ca! Banalité dont je m'honore quis qu'elle me permet de m'inscrire, votre admirateur dévoué. Sans omettre la ferveur du singe de Pesaro.

"G. ROSSINI.

"*Paris, 27 Avril*, 1867."

I do not give you this relic as a specimen of French composition, but as a tribute paid to the fair Ophelia of whose musical genius Rossini had so high and so just an appreciation. We are all expecting *Faust* at the Grand Opera, but we are not to enjoy this treat till February. As you are aware, there is in *Faust* but one *rôle* worthy of a great artist, and that is Marguerite. Christine Nilsson, with that extreme modesty and immense generosity for which she is so well known, has actually offered to yield this part to Madame Carvalho, in a letter addressed to M. Perrin, the director of the Opera, of which I do not give you a translation, as it appears in all the evening papers. It is unnecessary to add that neither the public nor M. Perrin will consent to any such sacrifice.

November 30th.

The ambassador of the United States, General Dix, a great connoisseur and protector of the fine arts, paid a visit this afternoon to M. Gustave Doré's *atelier*, to inspect a magnificent drawing in black-and-blue pencil, executed by the great artist, of Rossini, as he lay after death, before being placed in his coffin. A more splendid effort of genius has seldom been executed. The head lies almost buried in pillows, the creases of which, formed by the weight of the head, almost create a sort of *auréole*. The whole of the bust is displayed, as well as the hands crossed and grasping a small crucifix. The features retain the expression of immense concentration of thought, and, in spite of the cadaverous appearance imparted to the whole body, by the marvellous genius of Doré's pencil, the likeness to the living Rossini is positively startling. Doré, in this sketch, has presented himself to the artistic world in a new light, for if in "Elaine" he represented the poetry of death, in this masterpiece he gives the reality in its imposing majesty. A laurel crown, which had been placed by a friendly hand, lies at the foot of the bed. Several members of the deputation from Pesaro called on M. Doré to view this interesting souvenir of their great compatriot. So affected were they by this splendid sketch, and the marvellous fidelity with which the *maestro's* features had been delineated, that they were melted to tears.

December 2nd.

There was a regular row last night at the Italiens. The peristyle of the house was from half-past seven to nine a scene of confusion and uproar such as is seldom witnessed in the sanctuary of the upper ten thousand. *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* was to be performed, and, of course, as usual, La Diva was to have sung. At the last moment a piece of white

paper pasted across the bill conveyed to us the disappointing intelligence that Rosina was ill. Those who had in the morning paid eighteen francs for their *fauteuils*, those who had waited an hour in the *queue* to buy their places, and had waited patiently for the mere sake of hearing her, were of course frantic. Ladies in full dress had sent away their carriages, and had no means of returning home. Cries of "L'argent, rendez l'argent!" were uttered. The box-keepers, considerably frightened, were willing enough to return the money; but it was a slow and difficult process, and the possession of their money by no means calmed the malcontents. The house was nevertheless crowded, and loud plaudits from every part of the house proved to Mdlle. Grossi that, although she had never studied the *rôle*, she was considered fully worthy of replacing La Diva Patti. This popular young artiste displayed an amount of courage for which we owe her thanks. Her splendid voice was never, even in *Lucrezia*, where she sings with such force, heard to greater advantage.

The event of yesterday morning in the artistic and religious world was the annual celebration of the *fête* of Ste. Cécile at Cardinal Richelieu's favourite church of St. Eustache. By nine in the morning crowds had assembled, although the service only commenced at eleven, attracted by the report that Mdlle. Nilsson was to sing the *Gloria in Excelsis*. M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of *Hamlet*, conducted the orchestra. The whole of the immense nave was filled to excess, although admission was only granted by the purchase of tickets, the proceeds being handed over to the fund for sick and disabled artists. The *Kyrie Eleison*, sung by all the choirs, and accompanied by the full orchestra, had a splendid effect; however, the musical triumph of the day were the *Gloria* and the *Agnus Dei*, sung by Mdlle. Nilsson. To convey an impression of the exquisite purity, the holy fervour, and the musical science displayed by this fair young votary of Ste. Cécile, is simply impossible. If, as the last notes of the *Agnus Dei* died away, we did not express our admiration

in rapturous applause, it was only because the execution of the chaunt impressed us with a feeling of solemn awe, and recalled to us that we were listening to her in a sacred temple. The exquisite cleverness of her diction was much remarked, as well as the silvery quality of her upper notes. "Elle me rappelle Jenny Lind tout à fait," remarked a musical critic whose written opinion is law in the musical world of Paris; but he has not the merit of being the first to make the comparison.

December 4th.

Le Gaulois of this evening contains an interesting account of an interview between its correspondent and Mazzini at the Casa Nathan, a few yards from the Lake of Lugano. The mighty patriot is by no means dead, as was reported, but sufficiently well to have been able to rise from his chair to receive M. X., who found him in a grey dressing-gown, faced with red. He at once alluded to the report of his own death, and said he had been dangerously ill of a disease of which the last seizure had been the fifth he had experienced. He could not continue to converse for any length of time, and can only write on a book placed on his knee, as bending over a table causes great pain. Unfortunately, Mazzini persists in smoking Swiss cigars, fitted only for a race of Titans, the result of which is most exhausting. An open cage, the four inmates of which flutter in the liberty of which their master is so ardent an apostle; two portraits, framed in black wood, of Italian patriots; a scarlet camellia in flower on his table, and a window commanding a splendid view of the lake and surrounding scenery; a few books on a shelf against the wall, form the *entourage* of the invalid.

December 6th.

The theatrical success of the day in Paris is *Miss Multon*, a sensational drama, the story of which was revealed to the French public by a *feuilleton* which appeared in 1861 in *La*

Patrie, and was subsequently published by Hetzel in the form of a two-volume novel, entitled *Lady Isabel*, translated by a friend with whom I have been on the most intimate terms for the last forty years from Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*. The French public will not purchase a three-volume novel unless signed by Dumas or some such well-known writer. My friend therefore reduced *East Lynne* to the more popular two-volume form. It had a tremendous success, both as a *feuilleton* and novel. MM. Nus and Belot have waited till six years have expired, and now, believing themselves clear of all danger of being summoned before the courts, they have pirated the idea without mentioning the name of Mrs. Wood or of her French translator. The popularity of *Lady Isabel* has not, however, died out, as it has been recalled to the memory of the public by *Le Nord*, and to-morrow several of the theatrical *feuilletons* will remind MM. Nus and Belot that to them does not belong the honour of transplanting *East Lynne* on French soil. They have altered the *dénouement*, and in my humble judgment spoilt it, inasmuch as they have suppressed the touching scene of the death of Lady Isabel, and her recognition by her husband, Archibald Carlyle, the lawyer, in her last hour, and altered this finale to a sort of concession made by the husband, who, on recognising his wife in his children's governess, turns her out of the house, but agrees to allow her to revisit her children once a year. The success of the piece, even though the story is thus mutilated, is tremendous. Mdlle. Fargeuil's acting, as the repentant and still devoted wife and mother, is beyond all praise; and, in fact, *Miss Multon* bids fair to have even a greater success than *La Dame aux Camelias*, and MM. Nus and Belot, in contradiction to all poetic justice, will evidently realise an enormous sum by this literary piracy.

December 8th.

From Versailles I hear, with deep regret, that Emile Deschamps, the first poet of the romantic school, or, as *Le Public* entitles him, the trumpeter of *romantisme*, has been struck by ophthalmia, and can scarcely distinguish light from darkness. This veteran poet, who, in 1830, with Alfred de Vigny, transplanted the genius of Shakespeare into France, and contributed, by his imitations of the principal *chefs d'œuvre* of our immortal bard, to arouse the admiration of this country for his mighty works, has of late years retired into private life, and been a constant resident at Versailles. I have more than once heard him relate an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, which I repeat. In 1852 he was fifty-seven. On the 2nd December, having slept in Paris, he happened to be walking down the Champs Elysées at an early hour, intending to return to Versailles by the first train. Utterly unconscious of the political convulsion which had taken place during the night, he was about to cross the Avenue Marigny, which runs along the garden wall of the Elysée Palace, when he found himself suddenly in the midst of a tremendous crowd, and pushed, driven and knocked about by an excited multitude congregated outside the gates of the palace. Vainly he struggled to make his way out of the mob, and became seriously alarmed as to his personal safety when a carriage dashed up towards the gates of the Elysée. The mob naturally made way, and Emile Deschamps, at once recognising Princess Mathilde's livery, rushed after the equipage, scrambled up on the footboard, and, holding on behind one of the footmen, in this strange position reached the *perron* of Elysée Palace. He nimbly jumped down, opened the door of the carriage, and, stretching out his hand to Princess Mathilde, explained in a few words the expedient to which he owed his safety. The Princess smiled, and invited him to await her return from her interview with her cousin, the Prince President, in the audience chamber. But here new troubles awaited the translator of *Romeo and Juliet.*

That apartment was occupied by a hundred police agents awaiting orders. Presently M. Deschamps remarked that they began to inspect him. One or two walked round him, scrutinising him from head to foot, and whispering to their comrades. At last one came up, and in an imperious tone said, "Who are you, and what brings you here?" Emile Deschamps related his story, which, in truth, would have sounded improbable to the least suspicious, but to the head of the detectives it bore coinage on the face of it. Not one of the hundred present had ever read a line of poetry, and to them the head of the romantic school was evidently an emissary of the Republicans. Three amongst them were designated to escort him to a neighbouring police office: he was just starting when the folding-doors opened, and Louis Napoleon appeared. "Grace," exclaimed M. Deschamps, "I crave mercy." "For what?" calmly inquired the Prince President, who knew him intimately. "I have not the remotest idea for what; but they are carrying me off to prison." Louis Napoleon shook hands with him, and said, "Yes, I will forgive you, but on this condition, that you will share my first dinner at the Tuileries," which M. Deschamps accordingly did.

The great literary curiosity of the day is the letter written by the dying Berryer to the Comte de Chambord. I give it verbatim.

"To the Count de Chambord,—

"O Monsigneur! Oh, my King! They tell me that I approach my last hour. I die with the sorrow of not having witnessed the triumph of your hereditary rights, consecrating the establishment and development of the liberties of which our countries have need. I offer these prayers to heaven for your Majesty, Her Majesty the Queen, and for our beloved country. In order that they may be less unworthy of acceptance, I quit this life armed with all the consolations of our holy religion. Adieu, sire. May God protect you and save France.

"Your devoted and faithful

"BERRYER."

L'Union gives the following details of this letter:—"We have seen a *facsimile* of it. Nothing can be more touching. It occupies two sheets of notepaper. The writing, which at the first few lines is very much altered, though perfectly legible and characteristic of firmness, becomes towards the conclusion as clear and vigorous as in his younger days. The signature is bold and as beautifully written as though it were copper-plate. In several places the ink has escaped from the pen and run over some of the letters, which are, however, distinct. After a certain space, a stain is visible on the middle of the page. It was a big tear which fell on the paper, mingled with the ink, and blotted some of the letters."

All the heart and soul of Berryer were expressed in that supreme farewell.

December 11th.

At a sale of books to take place at the Salle Sylvestre, so well known to bibliophiles, will be put up to auction next week the *Logographe*, published during the first revolution, and interesting inasmuch as the editors of this paper had a special tribune allotted to them at the Legislature; it was in this box, which measured a cube of nine feet, that the King, Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and the royal children were compelled to conceal themselves after the bloody attack on the Tuileries of the 10th of August; it was there they were given the food the republic so generously afforded them, and there from nine in the morning till three on the following day the whole Royal Family were shut up, till it was the good pleasure of Robespierre and his associates to convey them first to the Feuillants and thence to the Temple, whence they issued for the guillotine, with the exception of the young Dauphin, who was beaten and starved to death by Simon, and of the young princes exchanged, after two years' solitary confinement, for other prisoners. The sale of the *Logographe* next week revives pleasant memories.

December 20th.

Connoisseurs and artists crowded this afternoon to the Hôtel Drouot, attracted thither by the private exhibition of thirty of Ziem's exquisite water-colour drawings. Ziem, as a painter, is as well known as Turner, whom, as a colourist, he so strongly resembles; but water-colour drawing is an art which flourishes far more on English than on French soil. It is an exotic, in spite of the interest Princess Mathilde takes in a branch of art in which she herself excels. Hildebrandt's exhibition of water-colour sketches of the four continents, and I know not how many oceans, astonished French artists. His drawings had great merit, but were far inferior to Ziem's. Venice has ever been Ziem's favourite city. He is willing to quit the City of the Doges for the Golden Horn, but reluctantly exchanges the glowing colouring of these sunny lands for the grey and neutral tints of the north. Turnersque in colouring are many amongst the gems which to-morrow will be disputed by the Rothschilds of art collections. One is charmed by the accuracy of detail which enhances the value of such a drawing, for instance, as that of the "Palais des Doges," of which every block of the rose and white marble façade, clear cut on the azure of the midday sky, is finished with a perfection that admits of the closest inspection, and yet the whole is executed with the breadth of style for which Ziem's paintings are so well known. He excels in rendering the blue and roseate skies and the silvery light so peculiar to Constantinople; in reproducing the emerald-tinted waters of the Lagune, broken into a thousand flakes, refracting the sun's rays, cut by the track of the gondolas, in which shiver the mirrored outlines of the Venetian palaces. Perhaps the "Saint Simeon in Piccolo," with its green dome and marble columns, seen in the early morning, is one of the most lovely of the architectural drawings; the "Barques Chioggiotes Byzantines," starting on a fishing expedition, of the sea pieces; and "The Island of Philae at Sunset," of the landscapes.

December 29th.

Ziem's water-colour sketches went for high prices: the "Barques Chioggiotes Byzantines" for £50, the "View of Venice by the Setting Sun" for £70, the "Pleasure Party at the Doge's Palace" for 40 guineas. It must be remembered that, in spite of their intrinsic beauty and intense colouring, they were by no means highly finished. A water-colour drawing by Eugène Lami, "L'Escalier de Marbre," the subject being the *fête* given on the Dauphin's marriage at Versailles in 1755, was sold yesterday, at the Hôtel Drouot, for 160 guineas. Lami's specialty was drawing crowds without conveying an idea of confusion. Ziem's thirty-four sketches of Venice and Constantinople were sold in one hour, so eager was the competition for them. The sale produced 900 guineas.

January 1st, 1869.

The last number of the *Continental Gazette* publishes, under the head of "The Fashions," as witty an article as any which have emanated from the pen of Mdme. Le Bœuf-Dolby. From it I extract the following paragraph:—"The fashionable and drawing-room pastime of the present hour is called the *Grimakisticope*. It is a box containing all the celebrities of the day, unto the features of whom any visitor can with a touch impart any expression he likes, from the most awful grimaces that ever added ugliness to a monkey to the sweetest ever dreamt of by the *Madone des Roses*. Thus Prince Napoleon can be reduced to the emaciated outline of a fasting monk; M. de Bismarck can be made not to wink towards France; M. Guillaumet can have one eye pinched in and the other blind; Wagner can be had with a low forehead; M. Pasdeloup with a baggy waistcoat in front; and Messrs. Belot and Nus can appear with contrition on their faces for having turned Mrs. Henry Wood's novel into *Miss Multon*, and pretending they had never read *Lady*

Isabel. All these delightful effects are undeniably novel, and more sensational than whist with a dummy; but I predict that no *crevé* seeing himself with a swelling at a friend's house will encourage a *Grimakisticope* at his own home."

January 4th.

The paintings of M. de Flers sold at high prices at the Hôtel Drouot last Thursday. Some years ago de Flers lived at a small country house on the borders of the Forest of Fontainebleau, which he gradually turned into a small curiosity shop, to the infinite annoyance of his wife. Having gone for a day's shopping to Melun, she happened to observe a *marchand de bric-à-brac.* The idea of inducing him to carry off some of the accumulated rubbish, as she considered her husband's antiquities, struck her; she forthwith requested him to call the next morning, with a wheelbarrow, at her house. On his arrival according to appointment, Madame de Flers showed him a lot she had selected, and, after some bargaining, got rid of the inconvenient lumber for 225 f. (£9 sterling), much rejoicing at her husband's temporary absence, which allowed her to strike so favourable a bargain. That afternoon M. de Flers on his way home, passing through the town of Melun, much struck by the beauty of certain antique vases, etc., displayed in the window of a *marchand de bric-à-brac*, asked their possessor how much he would let him have the lot for. After much bargaining the man agreed to deliver them at his country house for 325 f. (£13 sterling), and he went home rejoicing to his wife at the wonderful beauty and cheapness of some purchases he had made at Melun. Madame de Flers groaned in her spirit, but congratulated herself in silence on her having at least made room for the new acquisition, when, lo! she raised her eyes, and beheld her friend of the morning pushing along the identical wheelbarrow in which he had carried off his load, the contents being the precise articles she had sold for £9, which M. de Flers had repurchased a few hours later for £13.

January 11th.

Last night M. Gustave Doré gave a splendid entertainment at his private residence in the Faubourg St. Germain to a large circle of distinguished personages. Among those present was Mr. W. Gladstone, cousin of the Premier. The hotel now in possession of the Doré family is one of those spacious mansions the vast proportions of which recall the days when the *ancienne noblesse* of France existed, and had fortunes equivalent to those still held by our own great families. M. Doré's dining-room is adorned by the magnificent cartoon of Francesco di Rimini, which attracted the attention of the artistic world at the Exhibition some five or six seasons ago, and the great oil-painting of which hangs in his *atelier* in the Rue Bayard. His magic power of reproducing flying forms was never more strikingly displayed than in this sublime composition, which by many competent judges is considered the finest he has as yet put on canvas. In recesses at each side are prints of "Peace" and "War," the first of his works engraved on steel in this country, and therefore preserved by his family as a souvenir of his earliest efforts. Two Alpine scenes complete the decoration of this apartment, and two similar *tableaux* likewise deck the *salon*. After dinner we withdrew to his private *atelier*, lighted *à giorno*, and there were fully able to appreciate the gem I have already described, entitled "Le Premier Regard," and a still later production of immense merit. The subject is a scene in the Vosges country, where M. Doré spent most of the holidays of his school life, whilst his father was *ingenieur des ponts et chausées* at Strasbourg. The gloom of the distant forest seen by the glint of the setting sun's rays from amid the clouds of coming night, the rampant vegetation, the sprouting trees that have overgrown and choked all traces of man's work and almost conceal the ruined castle turrets—all this is given with that magic power of representing wild and luxuriant landscape, that massing of light and

shadow, which is so specially the attribute of Doré's genius. Were I to give the names of those who crowded his *salons*, received with courteous hospitality by his mother, Madame Doré, I should simply recapitulate the best-known names in Paris Society. Louis Engel performed his delicious fantasia of Irish airs on the organ; Saint-Saëns—Rubinstein's rival, as you are aware—executed on the piano that most intricate of Beethoven's compositions, the *Valse des Derviches*, with the rare musical science and exquisite sentiment which have won for him so great a reputation, and he graciously acknowledged the enthusiastic applause which greeted his execution by performing his march in the *Tannhauser*. Lorenza Paghance was singing a Spanish serenade as Riego himself would have sung it, when the entrance of Madame Alboni diverted our attention. The great cantatrice has too often been heard at the Opera in London to make it necessary for me to speak of the glorious tones of her splendid voice.

January 14th.

M. Zadoc Kohn was invested yesterday with the dignity of Grand Rabbi at the Synagogue, Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth, which was brilliantly illuminated for the inaugural ceremony. The congregation kept their hats on, as is the custom amongst Jews. M. Renan, M. Prévost-Paradol, M. Crémieux, the lawyer, and M. Franck, of the Institute, were amongst the strangers of distinction present. The galleries were crowded with ladies. M. Cohen was at the head of the Israelitish Consistory. M. Halphen replaced M. Gustav de Rothschild, absent in consequence of the recent death of his father, and acted as vice-president of the central committee. He therefore read the Emperor's decree sanctioning the nomination of Zadoc Kohn. The hundredth Psalm was chanted by Blum, of the Lyrique, and a French hymn was sung by M. Raumbourgh, a Jewish poet, after the sermon preached by M. Kohn's predecessor. The collection was made whilst Rossini's Prayer in Moses was executed by

violoncellos, guitars, and harps. Suddenly a panel covered with crimson velvet was withdrawn, and the tabernacle of Moses was displayed, whence the Sepher (the scroll of the law) was unfolded, whilst M. Ketten sang an appropriate air. Blum sang during the ceremony of replacing the Sepher within the tabernacle. The final Hallelujah was executed whilst the rabbi, authorities, and consistory quitted the synagogue. M. Zadoc Kohn has scarcely attained his thirtieth year, and is the youngest Grand Rabbi elected since the days of Jeremy the prophet. His great learning, vast acquirements, and profound knowledge of Judaic lore have been the cause of his election to this high office.

January 15th.

Judgment has been delivered in a case which has revived the memory of the great romancist Balzac, in which Gustave Doré's name is likewise mentioned. The litigants are the publishers MM. Lévy and Garnier. Madame de Balzac, Russian by birth, and ignorant of business matters, on the death of her husband sold her rights of proprietorship of all Balzac's works to M. Lévy. In 1857 M. Dutocq applied to Madame de Balzac for permission to republish the *Contes Drolatiques*, illustrated by Gustave Doré. Madame de Balzac authorised him to do so by letter, on condition that no artist but Doré should be allowed to illustrate her husband's work. Her letter, like most compositions of her sex, is vague and unbusinesslike, and therefore admits of two interpretations. One party asserts that by this letter Madame de Balzac has ceded to M. Dutocq all editions of the *Contes Drolatiques* illustrated by Doré, whilst Madame de Balzac states that she only meant to cede to him the right of issuing an edition of 10,000 copies. In the course of the trial it appears that M. Dutocq paid M. Doré £1,600 for his drawings (in 1857), and that the expenses of the printing, paper, engraving, etc., amounted to £3,200. Judgment has been delivered confirming Madame de Balzac's statement; consequently MM.

Garnier, who are M. Dutocq's publishers, will continue to publish their octavo illustrated edition, but have no right to issue the one in 12mo form, which, not being illustrated, is injurious to MM. Lévy's interests.

January 29th.

A grand wedding at the Tuileries! Miss Shaw is going to marry M. Thierry, ex-captain of the Imperial Guard and treasurer of the Emperor's private charities. Miss Shaw's story is well known. Before the birth of the Prince Imperial the Empress requested a celebrated Court physician, much consulted on such emergencies, to send over an English head nurse, qualified to take charge of and direct the nursery of the future heir-apparent. If my memory serves me, Dr. L—— despatched not one, but sixteen equally qualified persons. They arrived at the Tuileries, and were ushered into an apartment, where they awaited Her Majesty's entrance. The young Empress walked round the room addressing a few gracious words to each, and in a few moments sent for Miss Shaw, intimating to her fifteen companions that she hoped they would remain a week in Paris, and assuring them that during their stay at her expense every attention would be shown to them, and accordingly they were taken to see the sights, theatres, etc., and most hospitably entertained. Miss Shaw has during the thirteen years which have elapsed since that morning proved fully worthy of the trust placed in her by the Imperial parents. She has had the sole charge of the young Prince's health, and till lately never left him day or night. He was, at the age of seven, formally taken out of the hands of his governess, Madame Bruat, widow of the admiral, and of subgovernesses, and transferred to the care of a head tutor, M. Monad; but Miss Shaw has still been retained about his person. It is but right to mention that her judicious care and unwearied devotion have been repaid by the utmost kindness on the part of both the Emperor and Empress. Up to the age of seven Miss Shaw was invariably to be seen in attendance on the Prince in his

drives and during all outdoor exercise. Since that period one of the Court broughams has been placed at her disposal, and her life at the Tuileries made as easy and agreeable as possible. The Prince Imperial is warmly attached to his faithful nurse, and during a severe attack of scarlatina from which she suffered two years ago manifested the strongest affection for her. He owed the fluency with which he spoke English when a very young child mainly to her—a fact which has greatly facilitated his study of our language. The future bride is as fair a specimen of the Saxons of Yorkshire as could be found, and the respect and goodwill she has won in a foreign palace does credit to her north-country origin.

February 4th.

Count de Nieuwerkque, it is rumoured, is about to resign his lucrative and most agreeable post of Surintendant des Beaux Arts. The immense majority of artists and true connoisseurs, who have a strong objection to that most ruinous of all practices, picture-cleaning, and that still more barbarous one of picture-cutting, so as to fit the painting under treatment into a frame of a different form to that for which it was intended, will not deplore the resignation of the handsome Count. In no country has the system of restoring —that is of spoiling—the works of the great masters flourished as in France. The "Antiope" of Correggio being thus treated, has lost much of its beauty; Guido's "Virgin," is positively worn down. Poussin's "Moses Trampling on Pharoah's Crown" has become, in the hands of the restorers, a daub of red and black; Claude Lorraine's "Port of Messina," a masterpiece of harmony, in which the sun dazzled the beholder, has thus acquired a brick-coloured surface. Even "Vernet" has been thought old enough to be destroyed. However, for these and many similar mutilations M. de Nieuwerkque is not responsible. He has continued a system long inaugurated with regard to the national pictures of France. Three inches were cut off a *chef d'œuvre* of

Schidone years ago, and there is a bill extant for restoring Raphael's cartoon of the School of Athens, and another for cleaning and brightening up another picture by the same divine artist. *Du reste*, there has been no partiality shown to the works of the French masters. To decorate the drawing-room ceiling of the Duchess of Nemours, Louis Philippe did not hesitate to order Lesueur's fine picture, "The Fall of Phaeton," to be clipped of its corners. M. de Nieuwerkque has been lately attacked for the loose manner in which he has lent pictures belonging to the nation to decorate the official residences of the ministers and other public functionaries, and even to the Cercle Impérial.

February 7th.

The story of the attempt to poison the Duke de —— at the last *bal de l'opéra*, by means of a poisoned *bonbon*, to be offered to him by an anonyma, who refused the proffered bribe of £800, is the theme of much gossip. The explanation of this dramatic incident is the old story. M. le Comte de ——, a lover of Madame la Duchesse, finding the husband an inconvenient obstacle, determines to get rid of him, and not wishing to appear before his mistress as the actual murderer, endeavours to bribe another to do the work for him. It is a vaudeville in action, and the *bal de l'opéra* an eminently appropriate scene of action: there is nothing wanting in the time, place, or general *mise en scène* to create a capital drama. The *dramatis personæ*—a duke, a duchess, a count, and a queen of the *demi monde*. The scene selected for the action—the *bal de l'opéra*. The costumes of the personages are all in perfect keeping—masks and dominoes; the poisoned medium—a *bonbon;* but seldom in the nineteenth century have we had a similar drama enacted in real life, and by persons before whom the world of flunkeyism bows low, for invitations to whose *soirées* it has cringed and intrigued, kissed the fair hand of Madame la Duchesse, and been only too proud of the honour. The episode is worthy of

record, inasmuch as it is an illustration taken from life of society as existing in this capital—a revival of the best days of the Regency, but without the grand-seigneur tone, the artistic colouring, or the generous prodigality of those days. The orgies of the latter half of the nineteenth century in the capital of the Gauls are the orgies of *parvenus*, who copy from the old masters, but in gaudy, flaunting colours, and neither look the gentlemen their prototypes undeniably were, nor imitate their hideous immorality with the merit they undeniably had of doing the thing well.

February 22nd.

Madame Victor Hugo has left in her will the pen with which her illustrious husband wrote the first volume of the *Contemplations* to Jules Janin, with the following message:—"To our friend in sunshine and in shade, to the valiant defender of all exiles and of all courage, I bequeath the pen with which my husband wrote the first volume of the *Contemplations*. It will be found in one of the small drawers of my lemon-wood secretary, which is in my bedroom." The pen with which Victor Hugo wrote *Les Chatiments* was given by him to Camille Berru, the secretary of *Indépendance Belge*, who has had it carefully placed beneath a glass and preserved in his library, with a note from the author to certify the fact.

February 25th.

On Sunday next Rossini's Mass will be performed for the first time at the Italiens, with the powerful aid of Madame Alboni. Thus will the 77th anniversary of the great composer's birth be celebrated. Meyerbeer was amongst the selected circle of *virtuosi* invited by M. Pillet-Will to be present at the performance of this Mass at his house, when, at his own expense, it was performed for the first and only time. The rival genius is described as having been overcome with emotion and admiration. On returning home he took

up his pen and wrote to Rossini, in Italian, the following expression of his enthusiasm :—

"To Jove Rossini.

"Divine Maestro,—I cannot allow this day to close without thanking you for the immense enjoyment which listening to your last sublime creation has caused me. May Heaven preserve you till your hundredth year, so that you may create other *chefs d'œuvre*, and may God grant to me an equal number of years in order that I may be able to hear and admire those fresh creations of your immortal genius.

"Your faithful admirer and old friend,

"D. G. MEYERBEER.

"*March 15th*, 1861."

March 1st.

Lamartine died at his house at Passy at eleven o'clock last night, attended by his niece, Madame de Sessia Lamartine, and his nephew, M. de Montereau, as well as the other members of his family. The death of the poet-statesman has long been anticipated. This afternoon a photographer is engaged in reproducing his features. Born the 20th October, 1790, at Maçon, the poet has therefore attained his seventy-ninth year. His father, captain in a regiment of Light Horse, suspected of sympathising with the imprisoned Royal Family, fled from Paris with his wife and infant children, when his boy Alphonse was three years old, to his native town of Maçon; there, however, he was imprisoned and sentenced to death. Some months elapsed, Captain Lamartine was forgotten, and after some time the revolutionary tempest lulled, and an order came for his release. He immediately withdrew to the family Château de Milly, for which the poet to the latest hours of his existence preserved so deep an affection. It was in this retreat he learnt to read, and the Holy Bible was the volume from which his mother taught her boy his first lesson; to this teaching in after life he constantly referred as having early impressed his mind

with poetic imagery and grand thoughts. The Bible was illustrated, and he never forgot the scenes thus impressed on his eye: his mother was a woman of lofty courage and devotion, and to her holy teaching the genius of the poet owed its Christian tone. To his last hour he loved to recall the fact of her having procured a lodging opposite the gaol where her husband lay, and she held him up at stated periods in order that the father might be solaced in his gloomy cell by seeing his child through the gratings of his window. Graziella was his first love, and her story his first *chef d'œuvre*. But in our enthusiasm for his poetry we must not forget how, in the zenith of his fame, he, in 1848, risked and lost a magnificent fortune, and sacrificed ease, luxury, an aristocratic name, a sumptuous retinue, in his devotion to his faith. Wise, prudent and firm, Lamartine stood nobly against rash aggression and intemperate zeal in the midst of a political whirlpool. He inspired the timid with hope, the despairing with courage, and the intemperate with patience; the purity of his principles and the consistency of his morality have rendered him the model of a French patriot. On a wild and raging sea of threatening, stormy men he threw the aid of his eloquence and the help of his own faith until the troubled mass of dangerous and surging elements of war melted away in peace. All the papers of this evening consider his death as a national affliction which ought to be commemorated by the ceremonies of a public funeral, yet it was the expressed desire of M. de Lamartine that his body should be conveyed to Saint-Point, to be interred with the rest of his family without pomp or display. The Abbé Daguerry, curate of the Madeleine, and preceptor to the Prince Imperial, was sent for yesterday, at about four o'clock, in all haste, to administer to the dying poet the rites of the Church. The death agony set in soon after, but happily he did not suffer. *La France* of this evening opens a public subscription to erect, on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, a statue to his memory, on the pedestal of which will be inscribed the memorable words he addressed to the infuriated mob:—

"The tricolour flag has gone round the world with the Republic and the Empire—with our liberties and our glories —whilst your red flag has only gone round the Champs de Mars, dragged in the blood of the people."

La France subscribes 500 f. towards the monument. To do this country justice, it is only fair to acknowledge that the Corps Législatif voted, three years ago, £16,000 to M. de Lamartine in acknowledgment of the public services he rendered the nation.

M. Troplong is also dead; he expired at five this morning. In him the Emperor loses a steady and faithful adherent. Owing to both of these deaths and to the continued indisposition of the Empress, the State concert was to have been postponed; but in order not to inconvenience the artists, as well as the numerous *invités*, the Emperor has decided that it shall take place.

The next twenty days are the busiest in the *ateliers* of French artists. The 20th of this month is their Domesday. The jury of the exhibition is inexorable, and admits of no laggards. By special favour I was received this morning by the veteran landscape-painter Corot, who, with Ingres and Delacroix, may be said to have been the illustrations of the Orleanist monarchy. Corot is, however, as young, as full of life and energy, as in his earliest days. I found him palette in hand, painting, in a blouse, a velvet cap scarcely covering his white hair. On his easel lay a fresh triumph. "Mon Catalpa!" exclaimed the old man, his eye fired with genius and with a characteristic simplicity, rejoicing in having successfully reproduced his beloved tree and a bit of charming landscape around his country home at Ville d'Avray. In the very centre of the foreground is the grand old tree throwing out a profusion of branches just burst into leaf; around its trunk pale violets, golden cowslips, and crimson foxgloves are blooming, whilst crystalline groups of grey lichen and mosses, with their fibres of green and gold, cling to the old bark and produce the most exquisite harmony of colour. On the left stands a mansion, bosomed deep in trees, through

which the sun makes its way in scattered lines, dropping here and there on the roof and gables. In the foreground a young peasant knits, whilst her father saws branches of fallen timber. On the right the eye extends over a pleasant landscape, painted with a truth of effect bordering on illusion. It is the blossoming time of the year, in all its tender beauty, its beaming green, and luxuriance of light and balmy air—a delicious picture, and one to my mind far more attractive than either of those which excited so much enthusiasm at last year's exhibition. Perhaps no artist has more excelled in the art of representing cloud scenery than Corot, and in this picture the fleecy wreaths floating on sky of pale blue, the scattered mists of flakes of light from the far distance are exquisite in truthful beauty. Corot's second picture, "La Liseuse," is less in his own style, and pleased me less. "Le Printemps" is a gem, and needs not the signature of Corot to ensure a high price. From the great landscape-painter's *atelier* it was but natural I should go on to that of his favourite pupil, M. Oudinot; and at this season a drive to Neuilly is anything but disagreeable. He has inherited all the natural force and truth which characterise the productions of his master, and knows like him to endow the still and barren landscape with a spirit of tenderness which captivates the imagination while it enchants the eye. M. Oudinot loves to wander by the wild wood and foaming river, and note down the varied aspects of the landscape in his compositions, which are all taken from nature and sketched on the spot. For the exhibition he has a setting sun, behind an oak forest; through the parted branches its fierce rays gleam, while the foreground of grass is lighted by its declining brilliance. Oudinot's second picture is of the ruins of Madame de Maintenon's château at Choisy-le-roi, surrounded by splendid trees, beneath which sheep are grazing. This historic reminiscence is interesting, inasmuch as the original mansion of the old devotee is fast disappearing.

March 2nd.

In the Corps Législatif yesterday the President announced in the following words the death of M. Troplong: "France has just lost one of its best, one of its greatest citizens," whereupon M. Pelletan rose and exclaimed, "Lamartine also is dead, and he also was a great citizen!" To this M. Schneider replied, "The House and France will share the feelings expressed by M. Pelletan." It has been remarked that Lamartine expired on the 28th of February; that is, on the twenty-first anniversary of the memorable day when he, with such admirable courage, exposed his life by appearing on the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, declaring to the infuriated mob that as long as he lived the red flag should not be the flag of France. The disease which carried him off was internal paralysis. The room in which he expired in his châlet at Passy, presented to him by the city of Paris, was small, and furnished with but few traces of his former splendour. The window looks on the surrounding gardens. On reaching the top of the staircase a corridor, decorated by the bust of Anne Martin, leads to his apartment. Opposite the door of his room is a press with glass doors, and adorned by incrustations of painted porcelain and sculptures in wood. The furniture is of brown *reps*. On the white marble chimneypiece is a clock of marble, and at each side of the mirror a miniature—one being of his mother, and another of the Virgin, sent to him from Italy. Opposite his bed hangs the portrait of his beloved child Julia, and near it that of his wife. His bed, like the press, is adorned by medallions in porcelain, and round the twisted columns are *torsades* of brown *reps*. He may truly be said to have fallen asleep in death, so peaceful were his last moments. The day when the Chambers voted the gift of £16,000 to Lamartine he said to his niece, "When one has creditors one must bear everything; but, remember, it is as though France had shot me through the heart"; and, in truth, from that day he

evidently declined. He imposed on his relations the promise that no funeral honours should be paid to him. "Let no one, at the moment when eternity and the future will at last be unveiled to me, disturb my ecstasy by the noise of the idle words and the miserable thoughts of the world." He lies on his bed, and his countenance is described as not only serene, but as a magnificent expression of unearthly peace. On his breast has been laid a small crucifix which he always carried about his person, and which he said had been given to him by one he had loved. He had been residing at Passy since the 28th of December. The house will, according to the terms of the deed of gift from the city, be inherited by his niece, the Countess Sessia Lamartine. The Emperor, it appears, has decided that Lamartine shall have a public funeral. On Monday Lamartine had been well enough to drive in to town, to pay a visit to the Count de Rambuteau, after which he took a turn in the Bois. He returned home, as has been his habit of late, at five o'clock. To excite a smile in presence of an open grave is scarcely admissible; but as the anecdote realises an incident of his political life you will forgive my reproducing it. Emile Ollivier related yesterday to a group of deputies at the Corps Législatif that M. de Lamartine, being at the Hôtel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women in type and brutality strongly resembled the famous *poissardes* of the first revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented anything but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. "Citizen," replied the foremost amongst them, standing with arms akimbo in front of her comrades, "the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you." The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and

the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: "Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands." And thus by a stroke of the most subtle flattery did the author of the *Méditations* escape the fifty kisses of the Megaras of the Revolution of '48.

March 3rd.

Le Gaulois contains an article well worth perusing, from the pen of Alexandre Dumas, on the death of Lamartine. It is one written more with the heart than with the brain, with the soul than with the imagination. It is entirely French in the construction of the ideas emitted, and would not bear being clad in English garb; but Alexandre Dumas has seldom done anything in better feeling or in more appropriate language. Still one regrets to perceive the sceptical tone with which the romancist concludes his last adieu to the Christian poet. *La Liberté* has followed the suggestion of *La France*, and opened a subscription list in its columns for a monument to the memory of M. de Lamartine, and so has M. Rouher's organ, the *Public*. The provincial papers are imitating this example, and already considerable sums are being added to the subscriptions of the papers. The *Journal Officiel* contains a decree, beginning with the usual formula: "Napoléon, par la grace de Dieu et la volonté nationale," considering the eminent services rendered to the country in difficult times, to all whom it may concern, decrees that the funeral expenses of M. de Lamartine shall be defrayed by the Treasury, etc. Meanwhile, the family announce that they accept with gratitude this mark of the Emperor's sympathy, but that in obedience to the last wishes of the illustrious dead they are compelled to have the ceremony performed at Saint-Point. Consequently Government has sent down orders to the Prefect of Sâone-et-Loire and to the commanding officer of the forces at Lyons to hold them-

selves in readiness to carry out the decree published in the *Moniteur*. The family have notified to their friends that a special train is to start this afternoon, in order that they may be present at the ceremony which will take place to-morrow. This morning, at ten o'clock, the mortal remains were sealed in a leaden coffin; but, previously, a scene of the most heart-rending nature took place. Madame de Sessia, the poet's niece, and, since the death of his daughter, the loved Julia, his adopted daughter, insisted on being present during this operation, which was accomplished amidst the sobs and tears and bitter grief of the assembled family, the Countess being specially overcome by emotion. Her uncle had of later years more than once expressed a hope that he would die in her presence since she had proved so great a consolation to his declining years. That this much was granted is a pleasant reflection. But to return to the scene described by an eye-witness as replete with touching sorrow for the illustrious dead. Whilst the family were thus absorbed in grief, Father Hyacinthe, for whom Lamartine had a great friendship, entered unexpectedly, and by a few words of Christian sympathy appears to have been able to bring consolation to the afflicted relatives. The coffin was then carried out of the house and taken to the Lyons railway, in charge of M. de Tour (nephew), M. de Montereau, and several devoted friends, amongst whom were Baron de Chamborant and M. de Rambuteau.

March 4th.

I must not omit to mention that the Princess Metternich's birthday was celebrated by a grand dinner given by the Count and Countess Pourtalès. As her carriage drove up to the Pourtalès Mansion, Rue Trombet, a footman in the livery of the family advanced to the door of her carriage and followed her into the hall, entering into conversation with her as she ascended the staircase. The Princess, fancying he was either slightly drunk or mad, thought it better to pay no attention, and naturally made him no reply. As she

was ushered by a groom of the chambers into the Countess's drawing-rooms, the impertinent Jeames vanished. Before she had time to recover her surprise dinner was announced. As she took her seat on the right of her host, she perceived to her utter amazement the identical lacquey who had almost frightened her coolly taking a chair by her side. The Princess turned to the Count for an explanation; he, however, was preoccupied, as the Irish say, by accident on purpose, and he was engaged in speaking to the lady on his left. The Princess looked round once more to ascertain if her eyes had not deceived her, and suddenly recognised the features of one of her oldest friends, the Count de l'Aigle, well known to all who have hunted with the Imperial stag-hounds at Compiègne, in the disguise of a footman. This practical joke excited a merry laugh.

As announced, the State funeral of Lamartine took place yesterday morning at Saint-Point. Troops were under arms, and lined the road from the terminus to the church of St. Vincent as early as seven in the morning. The crowd was tremendous, and a seat in the church was not to be had, unless for those who had received special invitations. At the gates of the town of Saint-Point M. de Chamborant, in the name of the family and friends, thanked the civil and military authorities for the homage they had paid to the illustrious dead. At the entrance of each village through which the cortège passed deputations led by the clergy advanced to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to him who had been their compatriot and friend. The coffin was lowered into the vault long previously prepared by M. de Lamartine himself, and laid next to his mother, his wife, his daughter, and his son, the latter having died in his childhood. The Academy was represented by Jules Sandeau and Emile Augier, and amongst the others present were Emile Ollivier, M. de la Prade, and Alex. Dumas *fils*. The town of Maçon has subscribed 5,000 f. (£200) towards the monument to be erected to the memory of the poet.

March 10th.

We have anecdotes *en masse* of Lamartine. One detail of his personal habits is interesting. The original manuscripts of all his works are in the possession of his family, and throughout the whole of this immense collection of manuscripts scarcely an erasure or correction is to be found. This is specially observable in the case of his volumes of the *History of the Girondins*, each volume of which costs the publisher £4,000. In his dress he retained the old fashions of his youth, and always wore the narrow coat and tight trousers which were worn in the palmy days when the cut of Count d'Orsay's coat was the model of all well-dressed bipeds.

March 11th.

Prosper Mérimée is dead. He was not only a romancist, but also a historian and a distinguished archæologist. The *Théâtre de Clara Gazul* was the first volume which attracted notice, and, in fact, made his name. The list of his works is long. The *Monuments Historiques de France*, the history of Don Pedro of Castille, and an *Episode de l'Histoire de Russie* are amongst the works which will remain as standard books in French literature. The list of the romances which issued from his pen is long, and proves the fecundity of his imagination; the articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue Archæologique* the extent of his learning. M. Mérimée was inspector-general of the ancient and historic monuments of France. It was whispered, some years ago, that a marriage was in contemplation between M. Mérimée and the mother of an illustrious lady. This union was, however, strongly objected to by her son-in-law, whose voice is not seldom heard in the councils of Europe. M. Prosper Mérimée died at Cannes in his sixtieth year.

March 14th.

The first day's sale of Rossini's snuff-boxes by no means created the excitement amongst amateurs of curiosities that was anticipated. Two amongst these royal gifts alone went for higher than £4. There was a ring of splendid diamonds which fetched 140 guineas, and another set with a table diamond which went for £120. At yesterday's sale the *Figaro* states that a gentleman bid for a watch which subsequently proved to be of copper; on the contrary, a pistol of Louis XV., sold for being adorned by a metal of which our saucepans are made, proved to be mounted in gold.

March 15th.

The Marquise de Caux is positively the rage at St. Petersburg. Her concert for the poor brought £1,600. She walks about enveloped in sables of the densest black, and consequently of the most rare quality—on her head a *bajilik*, her face protected by a black velvet mask—escorted by the Emperor and Grandduke Vladimir. She sings three nights of the week at the opera, and it is as difficult to secure places as on the first day of her arrival.

If you wish for a rare literary treat, read the *feuilleton* of Jules Janin on Hector Berlioz, written in the veteran *feuilletonist's* best style. He relates touching anecdotes of the early life of the great composer, when he, a poor medical student, first conceived the melodies which he reproduced in his subsequent operas. It was by immense self-denial and extra work he accumulated sufficient money to purchase a ticket for the *parterre* of that same opera house which he was destined to fill by his own harmonies. He took his seat as Miss Smithson was singing, with exquisite pathos, the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. As he walked back on a wet, starless night to his miserable student's room in the Hôtel Dieu, he swore to himself to win the charming cantatrice

whose accents had enthralled his soul, one day or other, as his wife. How she became his guiding star to fame—how on the first night of his *Harald* amidst the applause that greeted his name, his only feeling of triumph was when Paganini literally fell at his feet in admiration—how he struggled, conquered and suffered, Jules Janin tells, with the pathos and simple charm of which he is master, but which of late years he has seldom given us. The captain in the French Navy, whose recent death from lightning at sea was the last blow which killed Berlioz, was son of Miss Smithson. After her early death Berlioz married a second time, and again had the sorrow of losing a young wife.

March 17th.

The first day's sale of the late M. Berryer's library and art collections produced 35,000 f.; his walking-stick was sold for three guineas, and a snuff-box bearing the *fleur-de-lys*, enamelled on gold, for twenty guineas. A sketch of Rossini, bearing the inscription, in that *maestro's* handwriting, "To Berryer, the dearest, most faithful, and most illustrious of my friends, Gioacchino Rossini," went for 100 f. His writing-table, a perfect marvel of workmanship, was bought for a small sum, considering its intrinsic value — namely, forty-four pounds; the silver statuette of Demosthenes, presented by Count de Montalembert to Berryer, seventy guineas. The Carpenters' Company bought back the *chef d'œuvre* they had offered to their counsel in a difficult case, when he successfully pleaded their cause.

March 18th.

The *Tribune* gives us a rare historic treat by publishing a letter of Louis Philippe, in which the late King reports a conversation he had held with the Prince Regent on the First Emperor. The Emperor, when an exile at St. Helena, requested an officer of the English Navy to convey to the Prince Regent a demand on his part to be re-established on the throne of France, alleging the inefficiency and instability

of the Bourbons, and declaring that his energy alone could govern the country. Napoleon, wishing to explain his views to the Prince Regent, demanded to be conveyed to London. Time has proved that the letter, which at the time, probably, was sneered at and most likely made a subject of jest, was stern common-sense. The Bourbons were given a fair trial; the elder branch was found wanting, and the younger branch, in the person of the recorder of the anecdote, given the helm; but, after a time, he failed to steer the ship, and the people recalled the exile's representative, and have experienced that his energy alone could govern the country. Time has proved the inefficiency and instability of the Bourbons on three thrones they occupied at the time Napoleon wrote his letter from St. Helena, and France, Spain, and the two Sicilies have successively confirmed his opinion.

April 7th.

In a correspondence from Cairo lately published, giving an account of the visit paid by the Viceroy of Egypt to M. de Lesseps's town, Ismailia, the fact is mentioned of His Highness having been received at the house of M. Voisin, the distinguished engineer to whose talent M. de Lesseps owes so much. M. Voisin gave a *bal-costumé* in honour of the Viceroy's visit. Having been acquainted with him since his childhood, I am able to give you some interesting details as to his life, and this I do with all the greater pleasure, as his brilliant career is a fresh proof of the success which inevitably crowns great talent combined with dauntless perseverance. In a narrow lane, called Le Passage des Deux Portes, at Versailles, may still be seen a low public-house, surmounted by a signboard, on which is painted an immense green pear, beneath which are the words, "A la poire verte" (to the Green Pear). This tavern was frequented by workmen, and kept by a respectable and intelligent widow, a Norman by birth, who never up to the last hour of her life gave up her costume of a Norman peasant. She had two sons; at an early age both these boys displayed remark-

able intelligence, and of this fact the mother determined to avail herself. By rigid economy she managed not only to send them to school, but thence to college. There her boys carried off every prize. The eldest, the one who last week entertained the Viceroy of Egypt, won the first prize for mathematics at the Sorbonne, and entered the Ecole Polytechnique. His brother followed his example, and is now a captain in the artillery. The engineer, appointed as Government civil engineer at Boulogne, built the splendid jetty which was inaugurated by the Emperor, on which occasion His Majesty took off the cross attached to his own uniform and bestowed it on M. Voisin. M. de Lesseps was only too glad to secure the services of so distinguished and scientific a man, and at once entrusted him with one of the most important positions as regards the creation of the Isthmus. The mother of these noble sons is dead, but as long as she lived her two children were more than devoted—they were proud of her; and many a time I have seen the old lady, simply clad in her peasant's dress, walking on the *tapis vert* of the Versailles Park, amidst the *ancienne noblesse* which congregate there of a Sunday to listen to the band, with her sons in uniforms at each side of her, respected and almost venerated by all who knew the story of her life.

April 12th.

M. Jules Janin, the veteran critic, gives in the *Débats* of this morning the following delicious illustration of the civilisation of the present century. Writing of Guttenberg, he mentions that it occurred to the *savants* of Europe that whilst its capitals were adorned by statues to generals and marshals, not a stone had been raised to the memory of the man whose invention had spread religion and learning over the whole world. A statue was forthwith, though somewhat late, to be erected. Europeans in general were to be invited to subscribe. There were none who had not benefited by the art of printing; therefore not the poorest would refuse. France subscribed eighty pounds, Italy twenty, Great Britain

and Ireland five pounds, Switzerland sixteen shillings, and Belgium two pounds two shillings and one penny.

April 18th.

M. Brandimarto Saletti, secretary of the Municipal Council of Florence, desired his head clerk last Monday to purchase four lottery tickets for him, the numbers of which he knew were not as yet sold, at £1 each, and accordingly handed him a hundred-franc note. The clerk, a most trustworthy person, carefully folded the note and placed it in his waistcoat-pocket. Meeting a friend on his way home, however, he utterly forgot the commission, till next morning, as he passed the lottery office, it recurred to him, but, alas! it was too late; the numbers his employer had desired him to purchase had been bought up, and the list closed. On reaching his office he found M. Saletti absorbed in business, and he determined to delay the confession of his lapse of memory till after the drawing. He therefore dived into his own particular office and said nothing. M. Saletti, however, an inveterate lottery player, was on the alert, and at the exact hour rushed to the nearest office, where the pleasant spectacle greeted him of the four numbers he had selected having won no less than 1,800,000 f. Wild with delight, M. Saletti rushed home to tell the glad news, and the frantic excitement of the family can be conceived. On his way back to the Hôtel de Ville he met the syndic of Florence, M. Terezzi, whose congratulations were most hearty; then Count Cambray-Digny, the Finance Minister, who did his best to calm him, and laughingly said, "Only think of its being you who thus help to empty the treasury!" Once in his own office, he rang. More dead than alive appeared his head clerk. "Give me quickly the receipt," asked M. Saletti. "Here, sir, are the hundred francs." "What hundred francs?" "Do what you will with me, sir; send me to the galleys or the guillotine, but I forgot to buy the tickets!"

June 2nd.

The American colony last night gave a farewell entertainment to their late representative, General Dix, at the Grand Hotel, which surpassed in taste and magnificence any banquet as yet offered to an outgoing ambassador in Paris. You are familiar with the spacious dining-room and reading-room of that much-patronised establishment. The latter was cleared of furniture and reserved for the service. The dining-room, always admirably lighted, was last night illuminated by about double the number of lustres generally in use. Between each recess in the richly ornamented walls was placed a flourish of flags, the central one being the tricolour of France, and the others the scarlet and white stripes and stars of the United States. If my memory serves me, perhaps six tables ran across this vast hall, whilst one was placed along the head of the room. Flowers in profusion; plate of elegant, and in some instances artistic design, gave distinction to the appearance of the tables, whilst around them ranged a perfect galaxy of "fair women and brave men," the former dressed with the splendour and lavish expense which so well suits the style of American beauty. There were four hundred present, and this immense number of persons of high social, financial, and literary standing will not surprise those who have enjoyed the cordial hospitality bestowed with much genial courtesy by the General and his charming daughter, Mrs. Walshe, who up to the hour of her marriage presided over her father's receptions, and on her return from her wedding tour resumed a position where she had acquired such well-deserved popularity. The only marvel was that even a larger number did not crowd the *fête d'adieu*. Dr. Evans and Mr. Elliot Cowdin have the merit of the arrangements, which in every detail were admirable in good taste and magnificence. Nothing could have been more perfect; and *blasé* as we all are with these sorts of banquets, we are agreed that we have seldom spent a more enjoyable

evening. The event of interest naturally was the General's speech, which is one of the most remarkable I ever listened to. *Galignani* gives a full report of it. This paper so often cuts into its contemporaries that I consider myself justified in using a pair of scissors, and thus sending you, if not the entire speech, the following passages, which bear on the Emperor, Empress, and the influence of Imperialism on the progress of France. You will admit that a more impartial witness could scarcely be found than an ex-American minister:—

"The advantages enjoyed in Paris by the American colony, which has become so populous as almost to constitute a distinctive feature in the physiognomy of the city, can be by none better appreciated than by ourselves. We are as completely under the protection of the Government as the citizens of France, and we are required to contribute nothing directly to its support. We are living without personal taxation or exactions of any sort in this most magnificent of modern capitals, full of objects of interest, abounding in all that can gratify the taste, as well as in sources of solid information; and these treasures of art and of knowledge are freely opened to our inspection and use. Nor is this all. We are invited to participate most liberally—far more liberally than at any other Court in Europe—in the hospitalities of the palace. I have myself, during the two years and a half of my service here, presented to their Imperial Majesties more than three hundred of our fellow-citizens of both sexes; and a much larger number presented in former years have, during the same period, shared the same courtesies. With these associations of the past and of the present, the prosperity of this great empire cannot be a matter of indifference to us; and it speaks strongly in favour of the illustrious sovereign who for the last twenty years has held its destinies in his hands, that the condition of the people, materially and intellectually, has been constantly improving, and that the aggregate prosperity of the country is greater perhaps at the present moment than it has been at any former period.

(Cheers.) It is worthy of remark, too, that the venerable leader of the Opposition in the Corps Législatif, one of those remarkable men who leave the impress of their opinions on the age in which they live, recently declared that the Government, in many essential respects, was in a course of liberal progress. As you know, the debates in that body on questions of public policy are unrestricted; they are reported with great accuracy, and promptly published in the official journal and other newspaper presses; and thus the people of France are constantly advised of all that is said for or against the administrative measures which concern their interests. In liberal views and in that comprehensive forecast which shapes the policy of the present to meet the exigencies of the future, the Emperor seems to me to be decidedly in advance of his ministers, and even of the popular body chosen by universal suffrage to aid him in his legislative labours. Of her who is the sharer of his honours and the companion of his toils, who in the hospital, at the altar, or on the throne, is alike exemplary in the discharge of her varied duties, whether incident to her position or voluntarily taken upon herself, it is difficult for me to speak without rising above the level of the common language of eulogium. (Cheers.) But I am standing here to-day as a citizen of the United States, without official relations to my own Government or to any other. I have taken my leave of the Imperial Family, and I know no reason why I may not freely speak what I honestly think, especially as I know I can say nothing that will not find a cordial response in your own breasts. As in the history of the ruder sex, great luminaries have from time to time risen high above the horizon to break and at the same time to illustrate the monotony of the general movement, so in the annals of hers brilliant lights have at intervals shone forth and shed their lustre upon the stately march of regal pomp and power. Such was one of her royal predecessors, of whom Edmund Burke said, 'There never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.' Such

was that radiant Queen of Bohemia, whose memory history has embalmed, and to whom Sir Henry Wotton, in a moment of poetic exaltation, compared the beauties of the skies. And such is she of whom I am speaking. When I have seen her taking part in that most imposing, as I think, of all imperial pageants, the opening of the Legislative Chambers, standing amid the assembled magistracy of Paris and of France, surrounded by the representatives of the talent, the genius, the learning, the literature, and the piety of this great empire, or amid the resplendent scenes of the palace, moving about with a gracefulness all her own, and with a simplicity of manner which has a double charm when allied to exalted rank and station, I confess I have more than once whispered to myself, and I believe not always inaudibly, that beautiful verse of the graceful and courtly Claudian, the last of the Roman poets—

'Divino semita gressu claruit';

or, rendered into our plain English and stripped of its poetic hyperbole, 'the very path she treads is radiant with her unrivalled step.' (Loud applause.)"

Such eulogiums, emanating from an American statesman so much respected as is General Dix by his colleagues of the Corps Diplomatique, must be agreeable to the Government at a moment when so many organs of the press make it a point and seem to take a spiteful pleasure in upbraiding and vituperating the Emperor who for eighteen years has at least proved a faithful ally to England, and who has done more for the education and general welfare of the working classes than did any of his predecessors.

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